APRIL 1967



## Hot-Weather Target: Your Heart

Heat and humidity may have the same effect on your heart as violent exercise. Here is expert advice on how to minimize the stress

is simply a problem of keeping comfortable. To physiologists, it is more a matter of being kind to one's heart and circulatory system. For heat is hard on the heart: medical statistics show that the first few days of a heat wave inevitably bring an increase in heart attacks.

For more than 20 years Dr. George Burch and his associates at the Cardiovascular Laboratories of Tulane University School of Medicine in New Orleans have been doing research into people's responses

to heat stress. From these studies has emerged much basic information about how our heat-dissipation mechanisms interact to keep body temperature within the extremely narrow range—only a few degrees—that is compatible with life.

Most of us are familiar with these basic mechanisms. We know that small amounts of heat are disposed of by the skin surface. But when heat and humidity are overpowering, our primary cooling mechanism is sweat. Profuse sweat that pours off the body in rivilett and virtually wasted, however: it is

vaporization of sweat that cools most efficiently.

We see dogs panting in hot weather to lose heat from the lungs. Human lungs can also lose heat at times, but precise measurements show that our lungs are unreliable cooling agents: heat is lost when it should be preserved, and gained when it should be lost.

Our most efficient physiological "heat pump" is the circulatory system. When blood of sufficient temperature reaches the hypothalamus, a tiny nerve centre in the middle of the brain, complex heat-dissipating mechanisms are triggered. The heart works harder to increase the volume of blood flow. Blood carries heat from muscles and internal organs. Peripheral blood vessels dilate. Sweat glands "distil" sweat from blood plasma. Rate of blood flow may become extremely high—and the heart may do a prodigious amount of involuntary work.

"In many ways," Dr. Burch says, "effects of heat and humidity are equivalent to strenuous exercise."

During two hot and humid New Orleans summers, Dr. Burch and his colleagues made clinical studies of patients in adjacent wards of a hospital. One ward was air-conditioned, the other was not. The measurements indicated that patients' hearts did 57 per cent more work in the warm and humid ward than in the air-conditioned ward.

"Obviously, the ideal way to beat the heat and be kind to one's heart

is to keep cool. For this, most people need artificial aids—and some wisdom. Work at the Cardiovascular Laboratories indicates that air conditioning, even part of the day, is beneficial. Efficient air conditioners not only cool the air but wring large amounts of moisture from it, and the drier air encourages cooling evaporation of sweat. If only one room of a house can be air conditioned, it should probably be the bedroom. A comfortable night's rest enables one to meet the morrow's torrid weather with more fortitude.

Fans neither dry nor cool the air, but they help by moving air over our skins, so that evaporation of sweat is assisted and one feels cooler. A fan in a closed room cannot cool the room. A properly placed fan of sufficient size can, however, draw cool night air into a house or expel accumulated hot air. Some trial and error in opening a door or window and closing others to get the most effective air stream is usually necessary.

For cooling the body promptly, cold showers are effective, but they usually stimulate a compensatory heat production. A tepid bath has longer-lasting benefits. But studies show that water-cooling only a small portion of the body may suffice: heat lost from part of the body cools the body as a whole.

Persons at rest in a room at a temperature of 105 degrees F. (40.5 degrees C.) and a relative humidity

of 75 per cent were able to remain quite comfortable for long periods of time simply by keeping one hand and forearm in water at 59 degrees F. (15 degrees C.). When a larger area of the body, between the shoulder blades and thighs, was cooled—by sitting in a water-cooled chair—the subjects endured extremes of heat and humidity almost indefinitely. Some spent the time reading comfortably in temperatures as high as 116 degrees F. (46.5 degrees C.).

It is vastly more cooling to submerge a hand and forearm in water than to fan one's face. Although the hand and forearm constitute only about five and a half per cent of the total body surface, the great numbers of blood vessels in fingers and hands bring large amounts of blood in proximity to the cooling water bath.

Cool drinks are warmed to body temperature rather quickly after consumption, and absorb a little heat in the process. But the main reason for adequate water intake in hot weather is replacement of fluids lost in sweat. In healthy people, thirst is a reliable guide to fluid intake. Hot foods, Dr. Burch says, are best avoided, and meals should not be large but should be taken frequently in small amounts through the day. Ordinary seasoning of food takes care of the summer needs of salt replacement in most people.

Light, porous clothing, of whatever colour, is ideal for hot weather. The coolest garments are made of cotton or blends of cotton with other fibres that have "wicking" ability: the power to soak up perspiration and promote evaporation from surfaces of thousands of textile tendrils. This vaporizing mechanism is "drowned" if garments become sweat-soaked and cling to the skin. A change to dry clothing promotes cooling. Fabrics which are too closely woven to permit free passage of air, or which are made of hard, smooth fibres to which moisture sticks without penetrating, may actually act as heat blankets.

Since it takes several days or even weeks to become acclimatized to hot weather, allowance must be made by throttling down a bit on the fast-paced rate of living. Meanwhile, the art of taking things easily is worth cultivating. Women are more adept at it than men; their rate of metabolism is usually lower. Experts in the art know that another bus will come along, that one can step into an air-conditioned building for a breath of coolness, that most streets have a shady side, and that many tasks can be postponed until the cool of the morning or evening.

Remember: keeping cool is more than a matter of keeping comfortable. It's a matter of health.

Condensed from Today's Health

An imaginative programme, carefully balanced between idealism and practicality, is getting to the heart of the basic educational problem in emerging nations

## Foreign Aid: School to School

By JAMES DANIEL

children filled baskets of food and clothing for poor people at Christmastime. Today, although there are still pockets of poverty in the United States, these regions are so remote from the average American home, and their needs so often transcend simple charity, that the natural idealism of the young is frequently frustrated.

A number of schools and communities, however, have found a way to channel this idealism into a new and singularly effective kind of foreign aid: the sponsorship of school construction in emerging countries. For there are vast reaches of the world where even a one-room school represents hope and progress

in capital letters. In these rural villages and urban slums a showplace school, with usually one or two rooms, snug windows, a roof that doesn't leak and plain wooden benches and tables, can be built for about 1,000 dollars, a price well within reach of most schools in the United States.

Already, under a unique schoolto-school programme started just over three years ago, nearly 100 such schools have been built or are nearing completion in countries in Asia, Africa, Latin America and the Near East. Planned in co-operation with the Peace Corps, and financed with the pocket money of American schoolchildren, whose contributions pay only for the construction

Condensed from The PTA Magazine

materials the recipients could not afford themselves, these schools may well constitute one of the biggest bargains in the history of foreign aid. Not only does their insistence upon self-help produce tangible results at astonishingly low cost, the schools also establish a direct line between the people of the United States and those of the community being aided.

The programme began in the autumn of 1963 when Gene Bradley, then working for General Electric, was elected president of the Rosendale Elementary School Parent-Teacher Association in Niskayuna, a suburb of Schenectady. The school was so well equipped that Bradley was warned by his predecessor that his biggest problem would be finding useful things to do for it. To Gene Bradley it seemed "somehow not right that we should be hunting for extras to give our children."

Several weeks later, on a business trip to Washington, Bradley asked a friend who had headed a U.S. foreign-aid mission in the Near East, "What would you do with a thousand dollars?"

"I'd build a school," the friend replied. "I don't mean that I'd send in a construction team. I'd give the local people the cement and a blockmaking machine and some supervision and let them do the work."

Back in Schenectady, Bradley discussed the idea with his school board and considered whether or not they had the right to send money out of town for the benefit of children elsewhere. They decided they had.

Rosendale's Principal Laura Enders commented, "Teachers are always looking for ways to make geography, social studies, languages and composition more interesting. The possibilities for tying in this kind of project with study are endless."

With such solid backing, Bradley returned to Washington for advice. The Peace Corps director, Sargent Shriver, said the idea was "uniquely suited to the Peace Corps idea of self-help" and recommended that for a pilot project he should consider Colombia, which has a shortage of 40,000 classrooms and an adult literacy rate of only 30 per cent.

Later, on a tour of Latin America, Bradley visited Colombia, talked with Colombian educational authorities, Peace Corps and foreign aid representatives and the U.S. Ambassador. Selected as a site for the school was Casablanca, a rural village with 80 school-age children and no school. A Peace Corps volunteer moved into Casablanca to explain the project. Soon the parents had formed a committee, acquired a plot of ground, cleared it and begun to dig trenches for the foundation.

At Rosendale Elementary School, to keep interest high, project chairman David Jones built a model of the Casablanca school, which was displayed together with letters

in Spanish from Colombian boys and girls. In reply to the letters, Rosendale's second formers prepared a booklet describing their favourite games. Even kindergarten tots at Rosendale quickly learned to find Colombia and Casablanca on a map.

Money-raising projects were now begun at the Rosendale school. The Girl Guides sold biscuits made from a Colombian recipe. Films were shown on Saturdays in the school hall. In April the school fair was held at the same time as a fiesta at the school site in Casablanca. Rosendale parents sold tickets and refreshments, the science class arranged an animal show, the ceramics class sold handmade pins and beads, and other classes put up stalls for hoopla and fortune-telling. Colombian costumes sent by the U.S. embassy in Bogotá and a sale of Colombian folk art donated by a New York importer supplied a Latin American touch.

The fair brought in 800 dollars. Together with 350 dollars raised in other projects, this not only bought the materials required to build Casablanca's La Escuela Rosendale but enabled Rosendale to adopt another Colombian village and send it more than 40 school-supply kits and a library of Spanish books on home and community improvement.

So successful was the project that Sargent Shriver asked General Electric to grant Bradley leave of absence to set up a nationwide programme under which U.S. schools could help found sister schools abroad. Realizing that there were many practical problems to be worked out, the Peace Corps was hesitant to announce its plans. But newspaper columnist Roscoe Drummond heard of what Rosendale had done and wrote about it in April 1964. Immediately, more than 500 other communities and schools enquired about the programme.

In Rochester, New York, for example, teacher Norman Sternbach of East High School saw the school-to-school programme as tailor-made to improve the city's image of its young people. At his suggestion, the class voted to raise 1,000 dollars to found a school.

Soon school-to-school projects were launched throughout the United States. As a result schools were sponsored in Colombia, Brazil, Guatemala, Tanzania, Ethiopia and the Philippines.

Youngsters have displayed ingenuity as well as effort in raising funds. Broome Junior High of Rockville, Maryland, produced a folk-song concert. The Douglas High students of Portland, Oregon, worked behind the Christmas giftwrapping counter of a department store in the town. Maloney High of Meriden, Connecticut, held a Peace Corps flag day.

Money for schools is not transferred from the United States until the local people have obtained property rights to the land, cleared it and put in the foundations,

and the local government has agreed to provide teachers. Local contributions must amount to a minimum of 25 per cent of building costs, and often they are more.

The village of Santa Isabel de Siguas, five hours by car up an Andean valley from Peru's second largest city of Arequipa, provides a typical example of how the programme works. Steve McCutchan, a Peace Corps volunteer, was sent there to help get a school started. In the village there were 80 families and 64 potential pupils. The parents, most of whom were small farmers or tenants, had formed a committee to build a school the year before.

The parents raised sufficient money to qualify for the 1,000-dollar school-to-school grant. In addition, they donated 200 days and 83 nights of labour. During the two months it took to build the school, an average of one family in four was represented each day in the volunteer work-team.

McCutchan, who worked beside the villagers, says, "Properly handled, these gifts can build pride, not rob people of it. The people of Santa Isabel know that they couldn't have built the school without the 1,000 dollars from school-to-school. But they also know the 1,000 dollars couldn't have done it without them."

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### Married in Haste . . .

One of the telegrams sent to the bride and groom at a wedding in Edinburgh read: "Enjoy yourselves. It's later on you'll think!"

-Bettine Robertson

### Man's Eye View

A FEW years ago I left my country home and found a job in the city. Proud of my earnings, I bought new clothes, which I displayed to my family when I was home on a visit. I was modelling a new bathing suit when my father walked in. I said, "Daddy, see what I've got?"

Looking me over disapprovingly in my rather skimpy suit, he replied, "Almost."

—Mrs. R. K.

I sat next to an elderly couple on a train. The man was reading his paper while his wife watched the boarding passengers. Down the corridor came a tall girl in backless sandals, her hair in large pink curlers, and wearing a shapeless shift. With prim disapproval, the woman nudged her husband. The man peered over his spectacles.

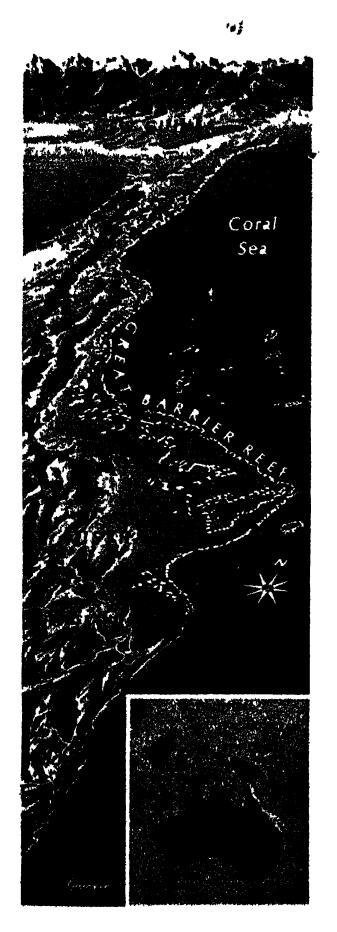
"Looks," he commented mildly, "as if she's just got up to go to the bathroom."

—Margaret Scott

### Australia's Coral Wonderland

By Francis and Katharine Drake

This dazzling kingdom harbours a wealth of marine life unmatched anywhere in the world



NDER CONSTRUCTION for the past 50 million years, a many-splendoured wonderland, is now attracting an increasing number of fascinated visitors from all parts of the world. This is Australia's Great Barrier Reef, an Immense and justly tamed coral rampart which wraps itself like a protecting arm round Queensland's seaward shoulder north of Brisbane. Lying 20 to 150 miles offshore, 1,250 miles long and hundreds of feet thick, the Reef covers 80,000 square miles and is far and away the largest structure ever built by living creatures.

One of the wonders of the world, this mighty coral kingdom owes its existence to trillions of insignificant organisms hardly bigger than a pinhead; creatures that cannot see, hear or even move around, and have been building inch by inch over the ages.

So vast is the structure wrought by these polyps, few visitors see more than a fraction of it; many depart without setting eyes on the incomparable Outer Reef where, amid scenes of elemental fury and paroxysms of spray, rock and ocean clash head on in their immemorial battle for supremacy.

The Great Barrier emerges at low tide as an intricate complex of terraces, pools, caverns, crevices and chasms, harbouring virtually every member of marine society. Visitors see everything from the dazzling little firefish, flaunting diaphanous

fins like Salome's veils, to the immovable giant clam, more than four feet across, human-waist-high, and weighing a quarter of a ton.

The flight over the Reef's lagoon



is breathtaking. We peer in disbelief at a surface of matchless colours—peacock blues shot with turquoise, exuberant purples daubed with gold, violet, jade. From one end of the lagoon to the other, scattered like emeralds, appear hundreds of fairytale islands, sides zooming sheer from polished water, edges trimmed with golden beaches, crests agleam with mint-green jungle vegetation.

The myriad strange and wonderful inhabitants of the Reef are best seen by "fossicking," an Australian pastime usually defined as "rummaging around." Our fossicking outfit is simple—blue jeans, rubber boots, socks, a stick, old leather gloves.

The rule for the gloveless is "Don't Touch"—coral scratches become infected quickly in the tropics;

some reef-dwellers sting, nip, spike, poison. The shore-hugging seawasp, a few square inches of jelly, can kill a man in two minutes with one sideswiping tentacle. Wisest plan is to go with a veteran fossicker.

At ebb tide, underwater coral



gardens appear at the sea-edge, so we hasten across the emerging reef. At the surf line, two turtles are paddling by, only a few yards away, eyes at half-slit, backs big enough for a bridge game, ancient faces expressionless as stone.

The water is so clear it seems not

to exist; coral gardens show up with the richness of an Oriental rug. That weird-looking coral sculpture, seemingly only an arm's length away, is actually 50 feet down. So Mad Hatterish is the underwater scenery that in no time we begin "seeing things." We discover a navy-blue cauliflower, a rainbowhued hedgerow and a fine crop of heliotrope mushrooms growing upside down on pink grass.

There are dozens of "flowers," perfect in texture and outline, but bewildering in colour-blue chrysanthemums, pea-green poppies, lavender apple-blossoms, clumps of jade lilac embowered in shocking-

pink ferns.

Soon buildings begin to show up -a miniature Tower of Pisa, the façade of the Parthenon. Enough instruments are scattered about flutes, lutes, organ pipes, bagpipes —to strike up a band.

But a sea-edge is no place for wool-gathering. The tide can sneak up and cut off retreat in a matter of minutes.

Marooned fossickers, attempting to swim back, have sometimes encountered potential killers —tiger and hammerhead sharks. barracuda, devil rays, sea snakes, octopuses, moray eels. Most feared by Reef waders is the hideous, footlong stonefish. This is so camouflaged with scabs, warts, slime and bristles that it is almost invisible when lying on the bottom of a pool. Down its back runs a line of 13

razor-sharp spines, each embedded in twin poison sacs. Few unwary fossickers who have trodden on a stonefish have recovered from even a prick; those who have, tell of pain so excruciating that death seemed preferable.

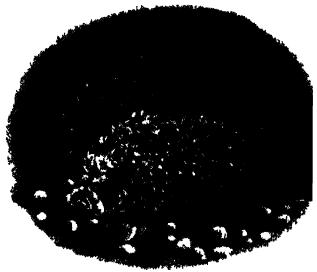
No need to fear the enormous dugong, though. This beast was once, because of its half-human face and sorrowful sighing, believed to be a mermaid. Like a mermaid, it is harmless.

The fish cavorting in the pools are completely unreal. Their colours are dazzling, patterned with tiger stripes, spots, spirals, checks, even asterisks. And just as unorthodox are the shapes-wafer-thin, triangular, rectangular. Others are carbon copies of dragonflies, beer bottles, fountain-pens.

We discover an 18-inch porcupine-toady that actually has two shapes. Except for the teeth, which can snap barbed wire in two, it looks sedate as a sole; when we toss in a shell, presto! it turns into a dark green balloon, a-bristle with venom-

tipped spikes.

We see an orange-red goatfish, harrowing sand with a pronged beard; a walking fish, which spends most of its time out of water, one eye on the sky, the other revolving. Most bemusing of all is a preoccupied little-angler fish peeping over a ledge. It is actually casting, dangling in front of its mouth a miniature fishing rod which sprouts from its brow. Nature even baited



STONEFISH

its "line" with a blob to resemble raw meat.

We trudge to where some giant clams wait, hinge-side down, rigid as tombstones. The shell of the biggest one is agape by ten inches, exposing a seaweed-coloured mantle flecked with iridescent green algae. Despite its man-eating reputation, it feeds only microscopic on organisms.

We cannot resist touching that great fleshy mantle with our stick to see what will happen. Instantly the monster squirts like a hose; shell edges move, but they do not slam shut. The clam cannot close without

BĒCHE-DE-MER



first siphoning off water; this takes six or seven seconds—ample time to withdraw hand or foot.

Wherever we turn, we encounter the grotesque 18-inch bêche-de-mer, gorging on coral grit, heaving along its obese, inner-tube-like body on

tiny retractable feet.

A delicacy in Asian circles, it looks dingy and uninteresting until lifted, when a singular capability comes to light: the bêche-de-mer simply eviscerates itself. Out fly intestines and other internal organs. Far from dropping dead after this macabre exhibition, the creature promptly grows a complete set of replacements.

Crab armies are all over the place, racing for shelter, vanishing into commandeered shell-homes. One handsome fellow with blazing red eyes and a china-blue back is the size of a soup plate; another, a species of spider crab, is so shaggy it looks like motorized seaweed.

More wonderful shell varieties are found near the Reef than anywhere else in the world. These include the prized pearl shell (the Barrier supplies 85 per cent of the world's mother-of-pearl market); the huge, reddish-gold bailer, still used to bail out boats; the perfidious textile and marbled cones, so exquisite they beg to be picked up, yet so venomous that one touch can be fatal.

Strangely enough, the originator of this vast realm of guile and beauty, the reef-building polyp, is hard to detect, for it is little more than a blob of gelatinous tissue. With only three "working parts" mouth, tentacles and inside cavity —it is full of surprises.

The all-purpose mouth absorbs food, expels waste. The tentacles conceal secret weapons in the form



of numerous coiled whips of stinging cells. When edible organisms brush against the tentacles, the whips lash out, paralysing the victims, which are then drawn into the mouth.

Inside its cavity the polyp transforms limy secretions extracted from

the sea into a skeleton. As successive generations of coral colonies die, their skeletons gradually pile higher and higher. Cemented by the accumulation of reef debris, they form the basic material of which the whole gigantic structure is composed.

Polyps can live only in depths penetrated by sunlight. Building areas, therefore, must be shallow— 50 to 70 feet. Below 180 feet all polyps perish. Yet bores made in the Barrier Reef show that the coral extends thousands of feet below the 180-foot limit.

Gradual subsidence of the coastline is the most generally accepted explanation for this—a theory put forward by a young naturalist named Charles Darwin in 1831. Aeons ago the shore must have extended to the present Outer Reef; the islands were peaks of a towering

coastal range. By freak coincidence, the shore sank at the same rate as corals normally grow upward, leaving the lagoon perpetually shallow. Geologists believe that this process may have been going on for 50

million years.

The thought of this inconceivable stretch of time adds to the wonder and mystery of the Reef as we come to the end of our fossicking. For the life-giving tide has returned to feed and refresh all that wait on its measureless bounty. The Great Barrier orchestra begins to tune up—a medley of weird sounds: suck-suck from the thirsty clams; scrape-scrape from the crabs; and, from countless tiny waterfalls, a decorous murmur.

It is a sound as old as creation, as new as the surf pouring life into yet one more generation. It is the pulse of eternity, that mythical throb of all living things.

### Misinterpreted

DURING a United Nations discussion on aid for developing countries, a delegate drew attention to the connexion between health problems and the provision of privies. An interpreter, not knowing what a privy was, translated it into French as "private law." His colleague immediately spotted his mistake and passed him a note with just two letters on it: "W.C." The first interpreter glanced at it, smiled indulgently, scribbled a reply and passed it back. "You run along," his astonished colleague read, "I'll be all right." -Charles Roetter, The Diplomatic Art (Sidgwick & Jackson, London)

### Are You a Self-Startect?

You may not have been born with inner drive—but you can still acquire it

#### By OSCAR SCHISGALL

"Often I half-awake at night thinking about a serious problem and decide that I must ask the Pope what to do about it. Then I wake up completely and remember that I am the Pope."

In two sentences, Pope John pointed out the difference between the responsibilities of those people who must make their own decisions and of those who live by following the decisions of others—in other words, the self-starters and those who are led.

We all want to be considered selfstarters; it's a normal bit of egotism. Practically all the pioneering figures who have illuminated history have been self-starters. The people who get to the top in anything are selfstarters. They earn the rewards, the power, the approbation. But what does it take? What is the magic fuel that sets a person's inner engines working? In recent months I have been asking psychologists, doctors, business leaders, teachers.

"One thing that marks a self-starter," a psychologist said, "is a desire to satisfy himself—his self-esteem or his conscience. He wants not only the high regard of other people; he must also have his own."

And once he sets himself a course, the truly self-motivated person usually proceeds with the utmost confidence. He has no intention of letting any obstacle stand in his way.

When Charles Lindbergh completed the first solo transatlantic flight, a newspaperman in Paris called out, "Did you ever have any doubts that you'd reach Europe?" Lindbergh grinned and answered,

Condensed from Chicago's American Magasine

"Do you think I'd have started if I thought I might make it only partway?"

There are many other common denominators, according to the students of human behaviour. Most self-starters, they say, seek the gratification of a personal ambition, perhaps of acquiring more luxuries, or of accumulating money, as the primary gauge of a successful life. Others wish to be recognized as leaders. This involves a desire for higher status and the love of public admiration—or even the admiration of some particular person. Some seek the sheer exhilaration of outdoing all competition; everybody likes to win a race. And then there are the fighting crusaders who have only a desire to do what they believe is right.

But what we generally applaud in self-starters is the way they seize opportunities that others ignore. They have more than energy; they have vision and imagination.

But what about the people who seem to lack these qualities? Can they be turned into successful selfstarters? I put this question to Donald Sheff, director of a firm offering management-development courses to would-be executives. I asked him how he goes about trying to turn an ordinary young man into a dynamic, strongly motivated self-starter.

"We urge him to study the cases of people like himself who found better ways of doing dull, routine jobs," Sheff said. "We try to make a man understand that there must be a better way of doing his job, whatever it is, and that if he wants to stand out among his colleagues he has to find that better way. Once he starts actively seeking it, he has to that degree become a self-starter —and he is on his way up."

Business leaders agree on the importance of encouraging people to put their own ideas into action. They scoff at those who say, "A man either has the inner drive or he hasn't—if he isn't born with it, you can't change him." Several eminent psychiatrists have told me that strong self-motivation may flare up in a person at any time in his life. All he has to find is something that he wants so enthusiastically or so desperately that he will give every ounce of his energy and skill to get it.

History is full of cases that confirm this view. Heinrich Steinweg, for instance, was a humble cabinetmaker in his middle years before an idea electrified him and turned him into a hard-driving self-starter. Abandoning all other projects, he brought wood and wire into the kitchen of his home and built the first Steinway piano.

The head of a medical school told me about a quiet, plodding pharmacist in his forties who decided one day that he simply had to be a doctor; nothing else would fulfil his life. He paid a man to run the pharmacy for his family and went off to

#### THE READER'S DIGEST

medical school. He qualified at the age of 47. Now, in his sixties, he is a successful and extremely happy doctor. "Don't ask me what made him do it," my informant said. "One day he just caught fire. He felt that his life would be wasted if he didn't do it."

Some people are born with so powerful a sense of self-motivation that they never stop driving themselves. Eighty-one-year-old pianist Artur Rubinstein is constantly rerecording compositions that he recorded with great success only a year or two earlier.

Once when he told me he was about to re-record some Chopin mazurkas, I said in surprise that I couldn't see why; I thought his previous recordings of these had been perfect. "Nonsense," he said. "Once a man believes that he has achieved perfection, once he loses the motivation to do better, he may

as well stop living. He has nothing more to contribute."

This constant urge to do better, to accomplish more, is the priceless asset of the truly self-motivated person. It is one of the things that make him colourful, dramatic, a profitable user of time. When the famous American editorial writer, Arthur Brisbane, returned from lunch one day, he found four men playing cards near his office. It was 20 minutes to one. As Brisbane paused, scowling, one of the men nodded at the clock and explained, "We've still got 20 minutes before we go back to work. Just killing a little time."

That afternoon Brisbane wrote an editorial that might be the creed of all self-starters. It ended with the words: "The man who is always killing time is killing his own chances in life. The man destined for success makes time live by making every minute useful."

#### Birth-Mark

WITH the arrival of their sixth child, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Cummings sent out announcements: "Proudly Announcing Another One of Our Short Cummings..."

—D. K. G.

### Hitting the Headlines

On ARTICLE about Dutch painter Jan van Eyck in the Sun: "I LIKE EYCK."

In Los Angeles Times: "Typewriter Heiress xxx's out Husband."

On New York *Post* report of a Russian professor's invention to prevent formation of fog at sea: "He says IT WILL NEVER BE MIST."



This determined Prince has transformed a feudal country into a showplace of prosperity

### Tunku Abdul Rahman's Malaysian Miracle

By DAVID REED

is South-East Asia's most successful statesman. Under the rule of the 64-year-old Tunku—the title means Prince—Malaysia is going through an era of economic progress that is transforming a backward, feudal country into a showplace of prosperity. Per-capita income is the second highest in Asia (topped only by that of Japan).

Although Malaysia's economy is still tied largely to rubber and tin—it is the world's biggest producer of each—tens of millions of pounds of private capital are being poured annually into new industrial

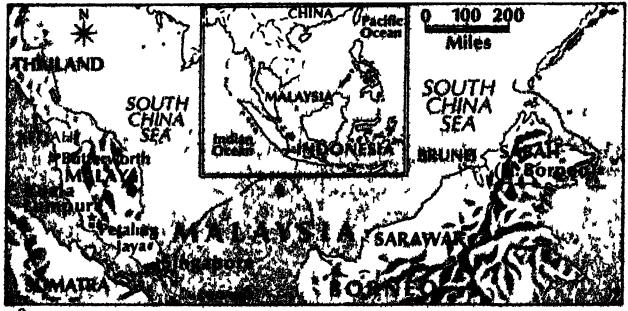
enterprises. The country's gross national product in 1965 shot up by 8.5 per cent—more than twice the rate of most developing countries. A five-year plan, just completed, so ared above estimates, private investments rocketed to Rs 857 crores or 30 per cent more than the target.

What makes this success all the more remarkable is that it has been achieved in the face of some awesome problems. In 1957, when Malaya received its independence, it was still fighting against communist guerrillas. In 1963 it federated with Singapore, also a former British colony, and with two other former British possessions on the north coast of Borneo—Sarawak and Sabah A new name was coined for the federation.

During that year another threat materialized as Indonesia's President Sukarno embarked on his "crush Malaysia" campaign But, with British help, Malaysia beat back the attack and, when Sukarno fell from power, Indonesia's three-year "confrontation" was called off. In 1965, Singapore left the federation, imposing strains on the economy. Yet, as before, Malaysia not only survived, but in some respects emerged stronger than ever.

The Malay Peninsula is a cross-roads of the world. It lies just north of the Equator, between the Indian and Pacific oceans Most of its people live along the coasts, where food can be grown with a minimum of effort and the seas and rivers teem with fish

The rubber tree is ideally suited to the Malay temperament, one can neglect it for weeks, or even years, yet it will still faithfully produce latex. But while the native Malay with his easygoing ways sits and watches the world go by, the country's second largest racial group the Chinese—is incredibly industrious, and pretty well dominates the



economy. The Malays resent this, and Malaysia has become a pressure cooker of racial tensions.

In this 'situation Tunku Abdul Rahman is generally thought to be one of the few Malaysians who can keep the country together. His great talent is that of conciliator, and he has shown it in many instances.

Diplomacy. By gentle persuasion, he talked Britain into granting independence years ahead of schedule. When independence came, he restrained his more hotheaded followers and made sure that the transition was carried out without violence. Today, he is using his natural diplomacy to persuade the Malays and Chinese to live together—if not in perfect harmony, then at least in peace.

The Tunku practises the interracial amity he preaches. His first wife, who died many years ago, was Chinese. Two of his adopted children are Chinese; one of them was given to him as a birthday present

by a Chinese family.

Adbul Rahman's rise to prominence surprised everyone—including himself. An eminently honest man, he has a humble, dogged determination to serve his country. He has enlisted intelligent and able men to help him run the government. A member of a proud, thousand-year dynasty, he is never carried away with a sense of self-importance. At public functions, he often takes snapshots of the crowd while they, in turn, are taking snapshots of him.

He is also quite unflappable. When Indonesia sent jets zooming over Malaysian territory in a show of strength, he was asked if he would try to halt these violations of Malaysia's air space. He replied with characteristic candour: "Of course not. With our handful of planes, their pilots would be home and in bed before our boys got off the ground."

In a world where rulers pose as supermen, the Tunku behaves like an ordinary human being. He plays golf almost every day, although he is an atrocious player. He owns a race-horse and enjoys watching it run, though it seldom wins. His home, a rambling bungalow, is a bedlam. In addition to his five adopted children, some 50 other youngsters, the offspring of aides, guards and servants, have free run of the house and often interrupt councils of state by bursting into a room and climbing on to the Tunku's lap.

Abdul Rahman's life is a mirror of Malaysia itself, the old and the new. He was born in 1903 in Alor Star, capital of the Sultanate of Kedah. His father, the Sultan, had eight wives. The Tunku's mother, a beautiful Siamese, was the Sultan's sixth and favourite wife, and Abdul Rahman was the seventh of 13 children she bore him.

With a dozen or so older brothers, Abdul Rahman had no chance of succeeding to the throne. But he was a Tunku and, by his mother's orders, was carried to school each day on the shoulders of a retainer. Abdul Rahman's teachers are unanimous in remembering that he was not a bright pupil. But his mother saw to it that he was awarded a government scholarship for overseas study.

In 1920, he sailed for England and studied at Cambridge, where he drove a fast sports car and accumulated 28 convictions for traffic offences. But to everyone's surprise he scraped through his final exams.

Soon afterwards, he embarked on what was to be a 25-year effort to become a barrister. He was admitted as a student at the Inner Temple, but his passionate interest in parties and racing left little time for study and he failed his bar exams.

Abdul Rahman, then 27, returned home and joined the civil service. As a district officer, he served in a remote jungle area which he covered largely on the back of an elephant. When the Japanese invaded Kedah, the Tunku remained at his job, but secretly recruited men to serve in British-led resistance bands.

In 1946, he went back to London, determined to pass his bar exams somehow. Malay students there, reading aloud to him, pounded enough law into his head to get him through—at the age of 46. Asked to speak at a formal dinner at the Inner Temple, he convulsed the sedate gathering by declaring: "Tonight I not only celebrate my being called to the Bar, but also my

Silver Jubilee as a student at this Inn."

When the Tunku returned to Malaya in 1949, British and Malayan forces were combing the jungles for communist terrorists. The Tunku became active in politics. In 1951, a quarrel almost wrecked the United Malay National Organization, the country's chief political group. Its leaders, many of whom had known the Tunku when they were students in Britain, cast about for a new president and, with some misgivings, settled on him. Four years later, as head of UMNO, the Tunku was propelled into the post of chief minister of a pre-independence government. He soon showed that, if forced to do so, he could shoulder the burden of leadership and be remarkably tough.

Iron Will. The terrorists had asked for peace talks, and a meeting was arranged between the Tunku and Chin Peng, the guerrilla leader. Chin offered to call off the fighting only if the communists were recognized as a legal political party. The Tunku turned him down flat, saying that his government would never recognize a group that relied on murder to further its aims. Staring coldly at Chin, Abdul Rahman added: "One side must give in—and I will never give in."

Chin returned to the jungle and kept trying to persuade his followers that they were fighting for the country's freedom. Then, in 1957, the Tunku cut the ground from under

him politically by gaining the coun-

try's full independence.

The burst of economic development that has swept over Malaysia since then shows up most vividly in the capital city of Kuala Lumpur, which was founded a little more than a century ago as a tin-mining camp. The city's population, now about 400,000, has doubled in the last decade. An impressive 19-storey Parliament House, built at a cost of nearly Rs. 4 crores, dominates the skyline. Shops are jammed with goods. There is a Rs. 25 crore university which houses 3,500 students. On the outskirts of town, giant dredges work day and night, sucking up precious tin-bearing mud. Farther out, there are vast groves of rubber trees.

Model Town. Near Kuala Lumpuris the brand-new industrial town, Petaling Jaya (Success), planned from the start as a model community complete with schools, shopping centres and recreational facilities tor its present population of 60,000. There, in a 700-acre industrial park, private investors have opened 150 new tactories which manufacture tyres, paints, chemicals, sewing machines, roofing materials and air conditioners. In a move unique in Asia, young Malaysians of all races, many from poverty-stricken villages, have been trained to take over even the technical and managerial jobs in the new factories.

In one town after another, the noise of bulldozers, cement mixers

and riveting machines proclaims new construction. At Butterworth on the west coast, Japanese businessmen, teamed with local investors, are opening a Rs. 18 crore steel mill. Near by is a Japanese-Malaysian sugar refinery costing Rs. 5 crores.

Meanwhile, the government is promoting one of the largest ruraldevelopment programmes in the world: it is spending Rs. 235 crores on clearing 566 square miles of jungle for 27,000 impoverished peasant families. Villages are being built complete with schools, water systems and clinics. Each peasant is being given a prefabricated house and ten acres of rubber trees or oil palms, for which he is to repay the government over a period of years. The aim is that, when the trees are mature, each settler will have an income of Rs. 9,000 a year, a princely sum in Asia.

The government is also constructing networks of irrigation systems, so that farmers will be able to raise two crops of rice a year, thus doubling their incomes. One such project, costing Rs. 51 crores, and involving two dams, will provide enough water to double-crop more than 400 square miles of rice fields.

What is behind Malaysia's extraordinary success? Foreign and local experts cite several reasons. One is that the country has two solid money-earners: rubber and tin. Another is that it is not burdened with a corrupt and inept bureaucracy: Malaysia's civil service, organized by the British, is remarkably efficient and honest.

But the most important reason, experts feel, is that Malaysia has chosen a free-enterprise economy. Says Deputy Prime Minister Abdul Razak, a dynamic Malay regarded as the Tunku's likely successor: "We are trying to level everyone's income upwards—not downwards. Only by encouraging private companies can you build up a tax revenue that will, in turn, help the poor."

Modern capitalism, as practised in Malaysia, is a far cry from the times when businessmen came to Asia to plunder the local economies. Foreign investors today, in addition to swelling the treasury with tax payments, are obliged to seek out local partners. The response on the part of the Malaysians has been astounding. When Esso (which has invested Rs. 22.5 crores in an oil refinery and ammonia plant), announced that it would sell shares to Malaysians, it found the issue so much in demand that shares had to be awarded by lot. Today, Esso has 15,000 Malaysian co-owners.

One of the most ardent defenders of free enterprise in Malaysia is the Tunku. Repeatedly denounced by communists and leftists as a "tool of the imperialists," he replies: "They can call me what they like. What have most countries that carry out socialism got to show for it? Who is suffering? We or they?"

As Malaysia begins its second decade of independence, it is faced with a number of problems. Tin reserves are being depleted. Rubber prices have fallen in recent years because of competition from synthetic rubber. To offset these developments, the government is trying to promote a thorough diversification of the economy.

Malaysia's race problem also remains acute and now, after the withdrawal of British troops, the country must shoulder the full burden of its defence costs. As a result, the government is seeking foreign aid for the first time.

A visitor recently asked Tunku Abdul Rahman if he is worried about his country's present problems. "I can't remember ever being worried," he answered. Even, the visitor asked, during the confrontation by Indonesia? "No," the Tunku replied "My people weren't worried, so why should I have worried?"

That philosophy, as far as the Tunku and his people are concerned, applies to the future, too.

### Faulty Vault

YOUNGSTER outside a bank noticed three pennies lying on the pavement, caught under the facing on the wall of the building. "Look, Mummy," he said. "The bank is leaking."



### DEATH IN MID-AIR!

### A disastrous collision—and a miraculous escape

By Keith Wheeler

o sky has ever carried anything like the giant, 250-ton, treble-sonic XB-70 research plane which, last June, was rammed and destroyed by an F-104 Starfighter 25,000 feet above the Mojave Desert in California. That XB-70 and its older and less sophisticated sister ship were the only aircraft ever designed and built to get up to 70,000 feet and higher, and cruise economically a third of the way round the world at 2,000 m.p.h. This capacity put the pair beyond price, for they were the only working laboratories in which to solve many mysteries still lying between man and the supersonic transports of the future.

Because the plane was a flying electronics research laboratory, a three-ton computer inside preserved on tape 20,000 messages a second from 1,170 data sensors mounted all over it. Vital segments of this information were fed to a receiving station on the ground. It is thus possible to reconstruct precisely what occurred when the XB-70 died.

That day the giant had serious work to perform. The main task was directly related to supersonic-transport research. One strenuous objection to SST development is sonic boom, the bone-shuddering blast behind any aircraft exceeding the speed of sound; studies are being made to find ways to reduce this

Condensed from Life

unpopular blast. The XB-70 was to make sonic-boom runs and also airspeed runs to calibrate its instruments with measuring devices on

the ground.

The XB-70's take-off at 7.15 on a clear June morning was routine. Pilot Al White rode in the left-hand seat and Major Carl Cross in the right. Each was positioned just in front of an ejection capsule—an upright, open-fronted box designed to slam shut and be rocketed out of the plane to parachute down in critical emergency.

For the test portion of the flight the XB-70 was assigned two escort planes. They were a stub-winged Starfighter piloted by Joe Walker and a T-38 trainer flown by Captain Peter Hoag, with Colonel Joe Cotton as his passenger. All were expert pilots.

The escort planes were to be joined by two more aircraft for the photographic part of the mission, in which the XB-70 would lead its flock at the point of a V with Walker on the XB-70's right wing. A photographic jet would follow the five-plane formation.

The XB-70 performed its scientific duties without a hitch. Then it slid down to rendezvous with the other planes. Because of the photographic jet's lesser capacities, the mission had been briefed to get down to 20,000 feet, slow down and "pose." With the planes finally assembled, the formation settled into an oval pattern. The photographic

mission began, and the planes flew smoothly in clear air.

Suddenly, against a shrill but muted scream of tormented metal in the background, the tape records Cotton's excited voice: "Mid-air! mid-air! mid-air!" The cry of disaster. Another voice called: "Joe Walker ran into him and I think he's had it." And then, 21 seconds after contact, Cotton's voice came again, demanding, pleading: "Bale out, bale out, bale out!"

Touch of Death. Pictures taken seconds before the first contact show that Walker's Starfighter, for some reason, had moved forward until its tall tail was nearly even with the XB-70's right wingtip.

"Joe may have simply moved in for a closer look at something," Al White said later. "He was a curious guy. It was one of the things that

made him a great pilot."

The first contact could have been almost feather gentle, but once it was made the rest was inevitable and took place in 2.8 seconds. The left span of the Starfighter's tail moved up and touched the very tip of the XB-70's right wing. Joe Walker's plane pitched upward, rolled sharply to the left and somersaulted all the way across the 105 feet of the XB-70's arrowhead wing span, lashing it four more times and slicing the big plane's two vertical fins. Then it smashed down on the XB-70's left wing and broke in two.

Far forward—20 feet behind the XB-70's pointed snout and 165 feet

ahead of the point of initial contact
—Al White did not know he had
been hit. "I heard a loud thump, and
I heard somebody yell, 'Mid-air!'
But I didn't know it was us."

That weird uncertainty lasted 16 seconds. For that long the XB-70 held steady. Then it abruptly surrendered to its mortal wound.

"The plane yawed violently to the right," White remembers. "Then it was upside down and nose down, and then right side up and nose up. It did this twice, and then a big piece of the left wing broke off. I couldn't move against the G forces. But then it settled into a flat spin. Centrifugal force was still shoving me forward, but at least I could move a little."

To encapsulate and eject from an XB-70 requires two conscious motions by pilots, but these touch off an intricate sequence of events, most of them powered by explosive charges. First: pull up either the left or the right, or both, yellow hand-grips built into the armrests. Second: squeeze either left or right, or both, triggers set into the yellow handles.

Trapped. White's first motion slammed him back into the capsule recess and, as planned, jerked his shoulder harness so tight that he could scarcely move. Also according to plan, his heels struck the door-triggering device and set off the charge to snap the capsule doors shut. But he was immediately conscious of exeruciating pain. His

right elbow was trapped outside the capsule at the hinge point of the doors. As a result they could not close. More important, about six inches of doubled elbow was outside the capsule, and with his right hand jammed against the yellow handle, he could not get free.

Using his left hand, White worked painfully at his right fingers, trying to prise them loose. He could have pulled the left trigger and fired his capsule out of the plane, but the clearance between the ejecting capsule and the frame of the aircraft was only four inches. Had he pulled the trigger, part of his elbow might have been sliced off.

"With that crazy tumbling and the spin, I was completely disorientated. And I could see Carl Cross. His head was bobbing around as if he was working hard at something. I knew he hadn't begun to encapsulate because he was still forward; his seat didn't move back."

The giant was falling fast now, and Al wrestled frantically with his arm. Though he scarcely knew it, his left hand worked one right finger free, then another, then all of them, and pulled the now unlocked hand away from the yellow handle. In agony, he finally dragged the wounded elbow inside.

"Once that arm was in I didn't waste any time. I squeezed the trigger, the rocket fired and I went out with the capsule doors still open."

The XB-70 was only 66 seconds from impact when White's capsule

shot free. His parachute opened almost immediately, but his ordeal was a long way from finished.

The spinning XB-70 swung past what seemed only inches from White's capsule. "That long nose went by and I thought the next time it comes round it's going to get me. At that point the plane and I must have been falling at the same speed."

Though the charge which should have closed the capsule doors was spent, they could, with difficulty, be closed manually.

And there was one imperative reason for closing them: White's trapped arm had interrupted another vital event in the escape sequence. An XB-70 capsule, weighing with pilot approximately 800 pounds, falls fast even with its parachute open. To absorb the shock of landing, a pneumatic cushion should have inflated automatically as the main chute deployed. It had not done so because the bag could not inflate with the lower door swung down against it. Al wanted the door closed so he could inflate the bag manually.

"But it didn't work. Even after I got the doors closed I couldn't find it. I was still disorientated. Shock, I guess," White says. "Then I heard the XB-70 hit the ground. It made a terrible explosion and an enormous plume of smoke came up."

At five minutes and 22 seconds after the accident—four minutes and 11 seconds behind his dead

aircraft—White's capsule slammed down on a rocky slope about a mile from the XB-70's wreckage. The engineers calculated that in the instant of impact Al's body weighed 30 times its normal 190 pounds. The shock of landing virtually paralysed the organs of his lower body. For days the doctors considered that internal injuries could still kill him.

Inside the capsule, which had flopped over on its side, Al summoned his tormented body to fight free. "I was moaning. And I was freezing cold and stiffening up fast, but I wanted to get out of there. I tried to prise open the top door, but it snapped down again. The second time, I got my helmet in the crack and worked it back towards the hinge like a wedge. When I had the door open about 18 inches, I stuck my head and shoulders out."

A little later, White was able to force his body all the way out. A helicopter dropped a rescue team about 50 yards from where he lay.

Major Cross's body was found in the XB-70 with his seat still forward in the ejection capsule. He may never have been able to begin the escape sequence, perhaps because of the same violent forces which had nearly killed Al White. Ten miles from the wreckage of the XB-70, neither the charred ruins of Joe Walker's Starfighter nor his decapitated body could reveal anything about why he had died.

F pogs could talk, they wouldn't make such good friends.—John Titus

# Manys Manys

### ... the problem is to go on giving it up

#### By Nigel Balchin

to give up smoking. I would not like to think I had become such a slave to tobacco that I could not do without it. Personally I have given up smoking repeatedly. I have just gone out without cigarettes, and when people have offered them to me I have said quietly and firmly, "No, thank you," and lit my pipe.

The difficulty, to my mind, is not so much giving up smoking as going on giving it up. The prospect of a negative policy like that for the rest of one's life is appalling. In consequence I have tried from time to time the various remedies which

people say are helpful.

1. Chewing-gum. The snag about this one is simply the chewing-gum. After all, the only thing that matters about smoking is that it shortens one's life. And if the alternative is eternally masticating a sort of sticky

grey rubber, the sooner one's life is shortened the better.

- 2. Eating sweets. This is a pleasant method, but not very effective. Unfortunately, sweets leave a sweet taste in the mouth, and directly I finish one I find myself lighting a cigarette to take the taste away.
- 3. Gradually cutting down one's ration. This seems to be an admirable method as far as it goes. You simply put ten cigarettes in your case and resolve to make them last the day. Nothing could be easier than that. In my own case it worked admirably. I found that my expenditure on cigarettes dropped 50 per cent almost at once. But my friends complained so bitterly that I was forced to abandon the scheme.
- 4. Sheer will-power. Fatal. It cuts both ways. This is the sort of thing that happens: I take out my cigarette case. Then I remember that I

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am exerting will-power. "No," I say to myself, "surely you, a rational being, are not going to admit yourself a slave to this—this drug? Remember what that article in the paper said, 'Smoking takes five years off your life." So far so good. But then the trouble begins. Because clearly a rational being wouldn't let himself be scared by an article in a newspaper. And anyway it will be a test of real will-power to see if I can smoke this cigarette and then stop—just like that. After which, naturally, events take their usual course.

5. Having definite smoking times. This method has worked for

me many times. I simply resolve to restrict myself to a cigarette after each meal. Snag: The thing deteriorates into two cigarettes after each meal and one before it. After that, I feel the whole operation is such a wangle that I might as well return frankly to the status quo.

6. My present method. Operating at the moment and definitely with success. Amounts to a solemn promise to myself that I will touch neither cigarettes nor a pipe for at least a week. At the end of that time the craving has gone and one is happier, healthier, has a keener brain, more breath and fewer headaches . . .

Only snag: The price of cigars.

### Beatnik Brigade

HAIR has a language of its own. Decorate your chin with a beard, and it means: "What an intellectual I am!" Wear your locks down to your shoulders, and it is a way of saying you are a rebel. Do you know who was the first man to wear his hair like that? A very old gentleman. "His hair, parted in front, hung down in virile locks, but not below the shoulders." It is Father Adam who wore his hair that way, and it is Milton who thus describes him in *Paradise Lost*. All Adam needed was a guitar and a public to be the first beatnik.

—James de Coquet in Figaro, Paris

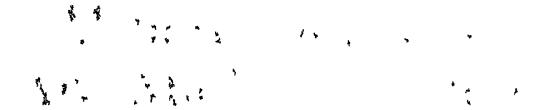
### At Your Service

It is customary when being interviewed for the job of salesgirl to be asked, "Who is the most important person in this store?" To which the applicants dutifully reply, "The customer." Recently an applicant was being interviewed by our manager, and when he came to the big question she shyly half asked, half answered, "The manager?"

She got the job.

-- Joan Cushing





A French château is the unexpected setting for a social experiment that could have worldwide implications

By J. D. RATCI IFF

stands a fairy-tale château—white limestone towers and turrets, graceful Gothic windows, lovely formal gardens. Inside you might almost expect to find elegantly dressed aristocrats dancing a cotillion. Actually, the inhabitants are human dross—down-and-outs,

ex-convicts, alcoholics, petty thieves—all participating in one of the most remarkable social experiments ever undertaken.

Says Jean-François Perrette, owner of Oublaisse and sponsor of the experiment: "Society provides treatment for crippled children, care for the aged and the indigent. But it has

few answers except jail for the social outcasts we deal with here.

"I am neither a reformer nor a romantic, but I think it's time we started looking for other solutions. At Oublaisse we try to give these social rejects self-assurance, teach them trades, make them self-supporting. Considering what we have



Jean-François Perrette and his wife

to work with, it is surprising how often we succeed."

Perrette is quite as remarkable as the experiment he has been conducting, on his own property and at his own expense, for the past 18 years. At 68, he looks a dozen years younger. Tough in body as well as mind, he works a 14-hour day that would put many a younger man in hospital.

"I might very well have been a social outcast myself," he says. His father died when he was eight, his mother had to go out to work to keep them, and Jean-Brançois was left to fend for himself. At 17 he joined the French Army to fight through the First World War. Afterwards, home and penniless, he took whatever odd jobs he could find, including salvaging nails from old crates, and eventually saved enough money to start a small business making rubber bands and rings for preserving jars.

The business prospered, but in 1929 rubber prices crashed and Perrette was wiped out. A year later he started up again and by 1939 had accumulated a small fortune.

Then came the Second World War, and Perrette served as a tank commander, collecting three wounds, eleven decorations and a major's commission before ending up in a German prison camp in Brittany. He managed to escape—in a refuse cart—and joined the French Resistance.

At the end of the war, Perrette decided to help homeless, purposeless ex-servicemen by establishing a rest home. An ideal property came on the market—the derelict château at Oublaisse. Seized by the government because its owner had collaborated with the Nazis, it was for sale at the knockdown price of Rs. 90,000. Its rooms were littered with the filth of tramps who used the place as temporary shelter. Much of the furniture had been burnt for warmth. The great drawing-room had been used as a sheepfold, and

the château's 250 acres of onceproductive farm and woodland had run wild.

Perrette bought the once-lovely ruin and began a massive clean-up. Then, several dozen homeless exservicemen moved in. It soon became clear, however, that many of them were simply settling down to idle away the rest of their lives. An important ingredient was missing.

"Work is the best remedy for most of man's ills," Perrette decided, and in 1951 he revised his plans. In future he would take in anyone willing to work. Those completely lacking in skills could do odd jobs about the house and farm; others would learn trades. The men would be paid a starting rate of Rs. 1 a day, plus free board and lodging. And once they were rehabilitated, Perrette would attempt to get them jobs.

Restrictions were kept to a minimum: after all, Oublaisse wasn't a prison. If inmates wanted to spend their meagre earnings on cheap wine, for instance, that was their affair. "You don't cure alcoholism by shutting off the supply," says Perrette. "The only hope is to substitute new interests."

Clearly, the experiment had to be almost completely self-supporting. And just to feed a population that at times rose to 225 was costing a small fortune. It meant cows, pigs, chickens, sheep and acres of garden and orchard.

Furniture was another problem.

A workshop was set up, and trees on the property were felled for timber. Then the men set about making beds, chairs and tables. Sheep were sheared for mattress stuffing. All this activity provided training in carpentry, animal husbandry and agriculture for mostly unskilled men.

As word about the château spread,



The new 50-room annexe built by Oublaisse residents

the dispossessed and dispirited began to drift in. Social workers sent some, others were referred by the courts. They were greeted with a hot meal, a shower, clean clothes and a plain but neat room. Then they were given jobs.

From the start, Perrette made it a firm rule to accept anyone, no matter how great the problem. One despairing widow brought seven children. The blind, the crippled, those denied jobs because of criminal records, shaking drunkards, soon

filled the château to the rafters. More space was needed.

The "dregs of the dregs" set to work mixing and pouring concrete, glazing windows, fitting pipes, making wooden roof supports. There were a few men with some training, but for the majority it was learn-as-you-go. They built an astonishingly professional 50-room annexe.

Other things were needed—recreational facilities, for example. Since near-by villages had no cinema, why not build one for weekly shows? Result: a 550-seat cinema, with everything, including the seats, made by carpenters and metal-workers at Oublaisse.

As things progressed it became clear that the experiment had to have extra income. The nucleus of a woodwork shop already existed, so Perrette decided to enlarge it and find out what could be profitably manufactured there.

France's nationalized electrical industry wanted standard mountings for home electric meters. Oublaisse began supplying them by the tens of thousands. Fencing and parquet flooring were also manufactured.

Why not a plastics factory? More buildings were constructed while Perrette made market studies. Inexpensive moulded shower cabinets and fibreglass boats looked promising; the new factory at Oublaisse is now turning them out in quantity.

In 1965 total goods sold amounted to nearly Rs. 21 lakhs—a long step



The woodwork shop brings in valuable extra income

towards self-support but not quite enough to keep operations out of the red. Perrette still has to dig into his own pocket each year for something like Rs. 75,000 to balance accounts. Since he is nearly broke himself, he is trying to get a government subsidy to make up the deficit.

To help with his huge task, Perrette has the perfect assistant in his attractive Vietnamese wife. Nguyen Thi Ngoc had excellent training for the mountain of responsibilities at Oublaisse.

After the French military collapse in Indo-China 100,000 Vietnamese poured into France. Her job in Paris was to find a new place for them. She referred many to Oublaisse and thus met Perrette. With energy to match her husband's, Nguyen oversees a thousand household duties: repair of donated clothing, laundry, teaching the untrained the elements of cookery, supervising bakers who

make bread from the farm's own wheat.

By now more than 3,000 people have passed through Oublaisse, covering the entire spectrum of human misery and defeat. They have come from Spain, Turkey, Germany, Algeria, Italy, Yugoslavia and from many other countries.

Often entire families arrive, such as a middle-aged French ex-serviceman, his wife and three children. A confirmed alcoholic, he confesses frankly: "I was an outcast and with good reason. I was at the absolute bottom, no job, no money, dispossessed from my home." At Oublaisse his children went to the château school, for which the state provided teachers; his wife learned laundry work and the man himself became a skilled bricklayer. He, in turn, taught the trade to his two sons. This family might have become public charges. Instead, they have a comfortable home in a Paris suburb with a family income of over Rs. 4,500 a month.

Two Germans, former French Foreign Legionnaires, became vagrants because they didn't want to go home to communist East Germany. Vagrancy to petty crime to jail would have been the normal progression. Instead, at Oublaisse they learned cabinet-making, and later set up a small furniture manufacturing business.

One seemingly hopeless case was a legless Algerian war veteran with not a friend in the world, not a sou

in his pocket. He might have become a beggar. Instead, he was fitted with artificial limbs, learned scientific farming, borrowed money to acquire land and married. Today, he is justifiably proud of his family and their bright, cheerful home.

All cases, of course, don't end in success. Some men have been at Oublaisse for as long as 12 years and will never leave. Yet they make useful contributions: keeping accounts, working in the kitchen, doing odd jobs in the factories.

Others can't stand the discipline; they simply drift away. A number, some ten per cent, have to be dismissed for drunkenness, fighting and other disruptive activities. But over all, Perrette's figures indicate that about 40 per cent of real problem people are salvageable. Some of these go out into the world with heads high, and make a place for themselves. Others are better off in a "protected" environment—small towns where help will be available if needed.

The pretty little village of Ecuillé, three miles from the château, offers such an environment. At the outset the villagers were hostile to Perrette's experiment. They didn't want jailbirds for neighbours, and scorned the parade of the defeated that came into town on pay day to crowd the bars.

Actually, behaviour was surprisingly good—most of the men drank their wine quietly and returned to the château. A police officer told

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me: "In the past four years there has been only one arrest for a criminal offence: a man stole two bottles of eau de vie. In the past 18 months there have been two arrests for drunkenness. That is all—and it isn't much." As good behaviour became apparent, and as Oublaisse men began to move into town to become good, industrious citizens, hostility dwindled.

So, what are the implications of Oublaisse? Is this just an isolated experiment conducted by a remarkable man, or is it something more?

Perrette himself says: "This is a problem facing every country. There are an estimated 400,000 hardcore problem people in France, and proportionately as many elsewhere. As the pace of life quickens, their numbers will increase. Here at Oublaisse we have tried to give the world a blueprint of what can be accomplished with this expensive segment of the population."

From Britain, Belgium, Yugo-slavia, the United States and else-where, sociologists have come to observe Perrette's rehabilitation work at Oublaisse, and plans are under way to establish similar centres in a number of countries. "There really isn't anything very difficult about it," says Perrette. "It simply amounts to putting a man to work, teaching him a trade, giving him a little self-respect, and letting him feel useful—perhaps for the first time in his life."

Simple though it sounds, it could be the most promising step yet taken towards solving one of the thorniest problems facing the world today.

### Old Master

Approaching the late Hans Knappertsbusch, beloved conductor of the Munich Orchestra, a young admirer nervously enquired: "Conductors today, like Karajan and Maazel, usually do without a score. Why do you still use one?" Old Knappertsbusch paused thoughtfully, then answered, "Because I can read one."

—The Guardian, London

### Speech is Silver

"I YIELD to no man in my belief in the principle of free debate. The sound of tireless voices is the price we pay for the right to hear the music of our own opinions. But there is also a moment at which democracy must prove its capacity to act. Every man has a right to be heard; but no man has the right to strangle democracy with a single set of vocal cords."

# LOOK! NO HANDS

With a fantastic array of mechanical devices, engineers are revolutionizing goods handling in industry

### By James Nathan Miller

lated lorry roars into the cavernous San Francisco waterfront warehouse to pick up huge rolls of newsprint shipped from Canadian mills. As the driver parks alongside a pile of the rolls, a sturdy little forklift comes scuttling up, its arms clamped tightly round a one-ton roll. Gently the arms lift the roll on to a tray-like piece of plywood that lies on the floor of the lorry's gaping rear end.

Now comes a puzzling manoeuvre. The driver has to move this plywood pallet, with the great paper cylinder on it, to the front of his trailer 40 feet away. Yet the lorry has no rollers, no conveyer belt, and the pallet has no mechanical aids. All the driver does is push lightly at the side of the roll and it goes gliding along the lorry floor as if floating on air. How is it done?

The roll and its plywood pallet are floating on air. A motor beneath the lorry pumps air into channels under its floor, and the air blowing up through holes in the floor raises the pallet a few thousandths of an inch, allowing it to drift friction-free.

Air-bearing devices like this are now spreading throughout U.S. industry. At one General Motors assembly plant, I watched as mountainous stacks of station-wagon roofs—each stack weighing more than three and a half tons—were effortlessly floated out of goods trucks into the plant's storage area. Here the air wasn't blown up from the floor; the pressure was created by a blower in the pallet, so that the load sat on its own bubble of air wherever it went.

Ingenious as it is, the air-bearing

idea is just one of the many startling inventions in a highly significant goods-handling revolution. The significance is this: a huge percentage of the cost of making a product can go into haulage distribution and warehousing, yet none of these movements adds anything to the product's intrinsic value. Many engineers regard goods handling as the last frontier for major advances in industrial productivity.

**Driverless Trains.** At the Cameron Machine Company's factory in New Jersey, a little train stands beside a big lathe. This train is a baftery-powered tractor with a couple of trucks, into which a workman dumps parts to be moved to the inspection station. Though there is no driver aboard, the train suddenly lets out a blast from its horn and lurches ahead. With no tracks to guide it, it charges to the end of the aisle, makes a precise 90-degree turn into another aisle and halts at the inspection station, where it waits for the parts to be unloaded. Then it sets off again to the eight other stops on its route, moving endlessly round the plant, led by a signal from wires buried in the floor.

Such driverless tractors are guided in various ways. At one warehouse in Miami, Florida, an optical device on the bottom of a tractor focuses its electronic brain on a white line on the floor, and the tractor goes wherever the line leads.

In many other warehouses, trucks mysteriously follow order-pickers

from bin to bin, starting and stopping like faithful dogs at heel; they are controlled by radio units fastened to workers' belts.

In recent years, goods-handling engineers have dramatically changed the internal workings of warehouses to rush products through in record time and at less cost. The Sears, Roebuck Fashion Distribution Centre in New Jersey, for instance, has been so integrated into the movement of Sears goods that the customer in effect starts its conveyer moving the moment she buys a dress at a Sears retail store.

The price tag on the dress is a perforated card, and the half torn off by the salesgirl is sent to this warehouse, where it is run through a computer. The computer gives Sears' merchandise managers the information needed to replenish each store's stock daily.

The efficiency of this procedure is amazing. Watch as an order-picker in a storage area selects the items which the computer says are needed by a particular store. He suspends the dresses on their hangers from the bar of a little overhead trolley, then flicks some code numbers on the two telephone-like dials that are built into each of the warehouse's 2.000 trolleys.

Off drifts the trolley-load of dresses from the shunting track of the storage area to the conveyer's main line, then on to their prescribed dispatch area and straight into a waiting van. So smooth has this new warehouse made the flow of merchandise that most of the dresses are never taken off the hanger from the time they leave the manufacturer until the customer tries them on.

Another warehouse I visited has gone one fantastic step farther. This is the frozen-storage room of the Kitchens of Sara Lee, in Illinois. Through the window of the warehouse's control booth, you see a floor area bigger than a soccer field topped by a roof four storeys high. The space between is packed with tens of thousands of cases of frozen cakes and buns that are continuously being moved in from the refrigerators and out to waiting lorries. Suddenly the significance of what you see dawns on you: there is nobody in the entire warehouse.

Each morning, a computer flicks through the day's list of outgoing orders; then it is ready for business. When the lorry backs up to the loading bay with an order for Global Frozen Foods in New York, the order is there, majestically gliding out of the warehouse on a conveyer belt: 60 cases of cheesecake, 500 cases of cinnamon buns, and so on—all picked out and placed on the conveyer by four-storey-high stacking cranes that move back and torth in the storage aisles, raising and lowering their grasping arms to reach into the racks and grab the right amount of each item.

If a stevedore were to walk on to the Matson Navigating Company's freight wharf in Honolulu, he'd think he had come to the wrong place, for there are no big piles of crates, no cargo nets swinging between ship and dock—only row upon row of 24-foot-long, boxlike aluminium containers. The dock isn't even called a freight yard; it's a "container yard," and it represents what is potentially the biggest leap forward in the whole goods-hand-ling business.

Containerization is based on a simple idea: give the shipper a standardized container, let him fill it with whatever he sells, then standardize your lorries, cranes, forklifts—even ships and railway trucks—to handle just this one container.

Today over half of Matson's freight is handled in this way, resulting in a phenomenal speed-up. In 1957, before containerization, it took more than a week to unload and reload a ship; now a ship can turn round in a day.

Other Advances. There is practically no elemental force that engineers won't resort to. A new process of injecting air into pipes to "fluidize" bulk commodities has opened up the possibility of movement by pipeline for a wide variety of dry products: sugar, chemicals, grain, wood chips. At some steel plants, it used to be difficult to handle the close-packed layers of sheet steel one at a time; now powerful magnets at the edge of the stack throw out a field that magnetizes each sheet identically, repelling it from its

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neighbour, and thus making it easy to separate them.

Many of the new devices seem almost human. "The ultimate objective with forklift trucks," says West Shea, managing director of The Material Handling Institute, "is to imitate the dexterity of a man's hands." And they are getting very close to achieving this. Forklifts that carry metal coils, for example, have big thumbs that stick through the hole in the middle of the coil; others have elbows that can be bent to work in narrow aisles. And a new vacuum lift for newsprint avoids damage to the paper by clamping on to its outer edge with a suction cup.

The new methods are beginning to affect the handling even of people. At the Los Angeles, San Francisco and Dallas airports, passengers are

moved down long corridors by conveyer belt. At Dulles International Airport, near Washington, they are "containerized" in a waiting-room which drives out to the plane.

There's no end in sight. In an article in Scientific American, engineer L. K. Edwards proposed that one of industry's oldest goods-handling devices, the pneumatic tube, could be used to solve the transport problem. He suggests a Boston-to-Washington tunnel, through which half-mile-long trains full of people would be driven by air pressure at speeds up to 500 miles an hour.

One goods-handling engineer summed up the whole thing: "When it comes to transportation, the only difference between a person and a tin of beans is that you have to treat people a little more gently."



### Pressed for Time

When the late Cecile Sorel celebrated her 92nd birthday, a guest said, "What's 92 years in relation to history?"

"For a cathedral it's nothing," she answered dryly. "But for a woman it begins to count."

—Noel Anthony, NANA

### Arrested Development

A circus manager appraised the little man who had applied for the job of animal trainer, then asked, "Aren't you rather small for this work?"

"That's the secret of my success," replied the applicant. "The animals keep waiting for me to grow bigger."

—Charles Wadsworth

WHEN a piqued hostess chided actor David Niven for failing to greet her with a kiss at a Hollywood dinner party, he explained, "I was waiting for the interest to accrue."

—B. G.

Two distinguished researchers discuss the failure of sex education today, and propose a new basis for future teaching

### In Defence of Love

By Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson

that there is a crucial difference between sex and sexuality. The distinction is largely ignored in our society. Indeed, we are obsessed with sex while being uncomfortable, evasive and disapproving about sexuality. As a result, millions lead impoverished marital lives and unwittingly prepare their children for the same fate.

What is the difference between sex and sexuality? Sex is physiology—what happens to the body as a result of sexual activity. The concept of sexuality is harder to pinpoint. Perhaps we can say that it is the dimension of personality that gains its

impetus from the reproductive drive.

It is our maleness or femaleness, from infancy onward, that stamps our whole being. Nothing defines us more than our sex—not our nationality, age, temperament, intelligence, or income. This concept is so simple that it hardly seems worth saying. And yet it has become so complex and so crucial that it is precisely what we need to understand and must, in some way, transmit to our children.

Sexuality does not suddenly emerge at puberty. The infant "learns" it at his mother's breast, from the touch of her hand, the warmth of her body, the sound of her voice.

He learns it from the different way in which his father holds him, the different sound of his father's

DR. WILLIAM MASTERS and Mrs. Virginia Johnson are co-authors of Human Sexual Response (Churchill, London) a study of the physiology of sex as observed in the laboratory.

voice. He learns it by touching and being touched. He learns the pleasures of sensual stimulation, the pleasures of sounds, smells, warmth, embrace. And it is from this learning, from these beginnings of sexuality, that his capacity for tenderness, for warmth, for love and for sex is nurtured.

A striking corroboration of this process was the famous Harlow experiment with monkeys at the University of Wisconsin. Two doctors reared a group of monkeys without any real mothering. In place of mother monkeys they used wire or cotton figures, and instead of being allowed to grow up together, the baby monkeys were separated. When fully grown these monkeys did not show normal sexual behaviour. They rarely mated. They had never "learned" sexuality.

Facts of Life. Most parents are dimly aware of sexuality in their children. But they often feel that the less said to children about sex the better; that, once ignored, the whole problem will go away. In practice, "sex education" consists of a few minimal facts about how babies grow inside their mothers, plus, in the case of girls, a few facts to prepare them for menstruation and for warding off pregnancy. This method of dealing with sexuality by pretending it doesn't exist has been around for centuries, with rather poor results. It doesn't fool anybody, least of all children, but adults are happy with it.

A minority of parents, in recent years, have held the contrary theory that the more said about sex the better. If children are bombarded at an early age with information about reproduction, sex and birth control, they will grow up so familiar with sex that—again—the whole problem will go away. This method has not had the large-scale testing that the older one has had, but evidence suggests that it gets the same results as Method One.

It seems to us that neither is very successful in producing warm, responsible, *loving* human beings because, at worst, they deny both sex and sexuality, and, at best, they fail to nurture sexuality.

The traditional method of avoiding the whole matter produces ignorant young people who don't know any better than to get into trouble. More important, it doesn't work because you can't impose realistic controls on sexuality when your attitude says that it doesn't exist. And even if such parents do pluck up courage and talk to their children about the birds and the bees-or, more bravely, about how the seed gets into Mummy—the same kind of denial is usually present. The child's real questions about his feelings, his real curiosities about sex and about love and how they may be related, are not only unanswered, they are not even acknowledged.

People who play the big sex game in the home are not dealing with sexuality, either. These parents think they are being modern because they toss out words with such facility. They get everything so much out into the open that they do not allow the children to explore their own feelings. Their children may know a great deal about the mechanics of reproduction, and they may have an impressive vocabulary, but they remain confused. There is probably not an obstetrician or gynaccologist who hasn't encountered the bright, well-informed, well-educated girl-pregnant. Information about sex is no substitute for a knowledge and a sense of the power of sexuality.

Surprisingly enough, there are some children who do manage to survive this mis-education or lack of education about sex, and who miraculously grow up to become adults capable of giving and receiving love. There is the lucky child who grows up in an atmosphere which conveys, not so much by word as by a kind of aura, that his parents have a truly sexually enhanced union. parents don't say, "We do this and that," to the child, but they imply it by showing warmth and interchange.

. These parents are honest, though not necessarily outspoken. They may not talk to their children about sex, because they cannot find the right words easily; but they somehow convey the impression that sexuality is there and that it is good.

This, it seems to us, is the first and most important thing to establish:

sexuality is there, and it is good. We accept our interest in it, and we want to try to understand it. Once parents have acknowledged this to their children—verbally or in the context of their lives, or both—then and only then can they talk effectively about the obligation people have to use this gift of sexuality with intelli-

gence and responsibility.

**Double Standard.** We have no blueprint for teaching young people sexual responsibility. But we do feel that more needs to be said to boys than to girls. The concept, bolstered by ancient laws, that sex is a husband's right and a wife's duty continues to make for marriages in which sexuality is exploited and dishonoured. And the same double standard, as it applies to young people, is destructive to the integrity of both sexes.

The boy is allowed to "go as far as he can." The entire responsibility for the limitation of sexual experiment rests with the girl. The implication is that the girl, being non-sexual or less sexual, is better able to control her behaviour.

Today's so-called sexual revolution is an understandable revolt of young women against this idea. But that revolt has left a complete vacuum in responsibility. The boys have never been expected to take any responsibility, except perhaps for the prevention of pregnancy. Now that the more efficient means for prevention are controlled by girls, even that duty is gone. The

#### THE READER'S DIGEST

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girls are now asking, "If sex, just plain sex, is all right for boys, why not for girls?"

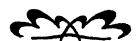
We must stress with our young people, and with boys in particular, that the mishandling of sexuality is a violation of a boy's integrity as well as a girl's. The concept of sex without the wider dimensions of emotional readiness, tenderness and warmth does not turn boys and girls into adults, but into underprivileged people who will never know the glorious meaning of mature adult sexuality.

The facts about human reproduction should be known by every 11-year-old, but somewhere between the ages of 12 and 16 a youngster needs to know more. He needs to know what sex is for, apart from creating babies. He needs to know that there are ways in which men

and women exploit each other's sexuality, and ways in which they honour it.

At every stage, a child needs the acknowledgement of his interest, his impulses, his perplexity—at the same time that he has his parents' guidance as to the behaviour that is socially acceptable for his age. This is very different from the authoritarian do's and don'ts that so many parents hurl at their children.

The way that we communicate with our children is immaterial. What matters is our understanding of their sexuality, and their understanding of why it should be responsibly used. Perhaps if we ourselves honour and respect sexuality, the children will sense its promise: the incredible warmth and tenderness and love that are embodied in mature sexual expression.



### Critical Condition

GEORGE KAUFMAN, New York playwright and critic, once wrote in a review of a bad Broadway comedy: "Judging by the laughter at the rear of the house, someone back there must have been telling jokes."

-G. O.

AFTER a preview of a Western, one critic wrote on his comment sheet: "When you cut this picture, cut it into very small pieces." —D. H. H.

Newspaper film review: "Guns of the Timberland opened on Thursday. Out of respect for the tree from which this page of newsprint was made, we shall discuss it no further."

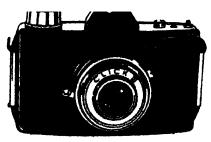
NICOLAS CHAMFORT, eighteenth-century French writer, commenting on a couplet: "Excellent, were it not for its length."



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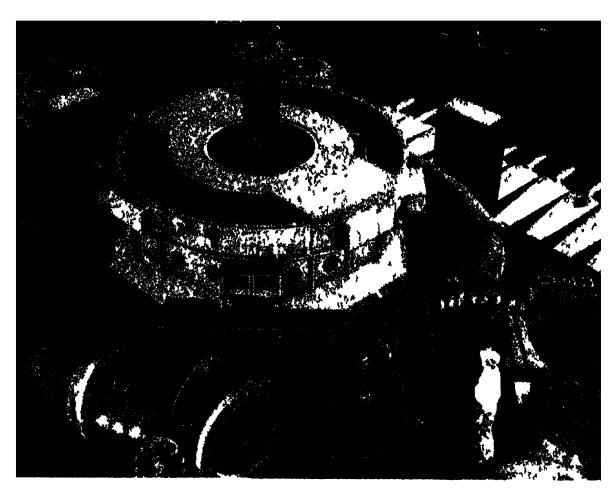
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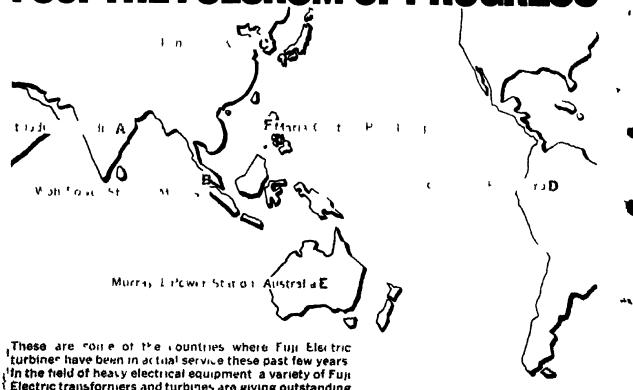


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# Simon Marks -Merchant Prince

By Sir James Paterson Ross

An intimate portrait of the business genius who made the Marks and Speacer stores an indispensable part of British life

of the 1930's, Simon Marks, Chairman and joint Managing Director of Marks & Spencer, the famous British chain-store, was making one of his regular inspection tours of the Marble Arch store in London. He asked a salesgirl to get him some item, then noticed that it was nearly 12 o'clock and postponed the request until after lunch. "It doesn't matter," she said. "I won't be having lunch. I can't afford it."

Simon Marks was shocked and embarrassed. He immediately launched an inquiry which revealed that some of his salesgirls, who were the sole support of their families, did not have the price of lunch. His solution was to install canteens in each of his stores, where a hot three-course meal was served, costing 50p for employees under 18, 80p for



those over 18, and Rs. 1.25p for senior staff. Those prices, established in 1933, have remained fixed to this day (thanks to a Rs. 2 crore yearly subsidy for the company's 239 stores).

Having launched his canteens programme, Marks then developed a whole panoply of employee benefits. Today each store has a visiting doctor, a chiropodist (salesgirls inevitably have trouble with their feet) and a dentist, their services available without charge to all employees.

In over half the stores there are hairdressing salons, where for a modest charge a girl can get a shampoo-and-set while eating lunch. Recently, the free medical programme was extended to mass testing for uterine cancer (more than 2,000 women have taken the test, with 13 cancer cases caught in time). When employees are sick, they are

paid full wages, less state benefits. And there is a generous pension scheme.

The Marks & Spencer welfare operation was typical of what happened when Simon Marks's imagination was fired. He never took the narrow view that a business existed merely to make money. He had a vision of bringing high fashion to every town at a price all women could afford. "I shall not be content," he used to say, "until every shopgirl can dress like a duchess." To a remarkable extent, he succeeded.

Simon Marks became a millionaire many times over, but it was his firm conviction that the possession of wealth imposed heavy obligations. "One can become rich in all kinds of ways," he once said. "But what's the point of it unless you do something with your money? Rich men must learn to give."

His own generosity was legendary—vast benefactions to the Royal College of Surgeons, to University College, London, to the building of Israel and to many other causes. Equally remarkable was his ability to prise money out of other wealthy men whose charitable impulses lay



SIR JAMES PATERSON Ross was a close friend of Lord Marks, whom he first met as President of the British Royal College of Surgeons in 1957. Sir James was surgeon to the Queen for 12 years, until his retirement, and Professor of Surgery at London University from 1935 to 1960. Since then he has been Director of the British Postgraduate Medical Federation.

less close to the surface. "Rich men run when they see me coming," he used to tell me, chuckling.

I first met Sir Simon—he was knighted in 1944—in the summer of 1957, when I became president of the Royal College of Surgeons. Sir Archibald McIndoe, one of my colleagues and an old friend of Simon's, took me to see him at the Marks & Spencer head office in London. We were on a moneyseeking mission. During the war, most of the College's buildings had been bombed into ruins. An ambitious programme of rebuilding was under way, but now we had run out of funds. Construction on new research laboratories and lecture theatres would have to stop unless we could raise another Rs. 52 lakhs.

We outlined the problem to Sir Simon. He asked several searching questions, made a tour of the construction site—and promptly gave us a cheque for Rs. 16 lakhs. Within a matter of days, another Rs. 15 lakhs was forthcoming from his family and firm.

He then set about helping us raise the balance of the funds we needed. The procedure was to invite prospective donors to lunch at the College with him. We would outline the College's programme of expanded scientific research and post-graduate medical education, take our visitors round the stark steel skeletons of the unfinished buildings, and expose them to Sir Simon's eloquence about the social responsibilities of wealth. He was a superb salesman—disarming in his quiet enthusiasm, impressive in his detailed knowledge of the College's work, but never guilty of the "hard sell."

Marks was short (five foot five) and slightly built, brisk in his movements, always dapperly dressed. His smile was pixyish; his humour, like his manner, quiet and understated. When he was created a baron in 1961, he told a friend of mine, "I much preferred to be Sir Simon—it had the ring of riding a charger and saving ladies in distress. 'Lord Marks' somehow has a much flatter sound."

Eye for Detail. Legends clustered about him. Though he presided over one of the largest businesses in Britain (in 1965 its sales were over Rs. 500 crores and its before-tax profits nearly Rs. 63 crores) he always showed a fantastic passion for detail. "He was a continuous one-man quality-control commission," said a long-time associate.

On one occasion before the war, executives were enthusing over a new line of women's shoes. Marks picked up one of the shoes, detached its lace and with a flick of his wrists snapped it in two. "However beautiful the shoe," he said softly, "the customer will condemn it if the lace breaks." The merchandise was withdrawn until a stronger lace could be substituted.

At an elegant London dinner party, the hostess remarked to him

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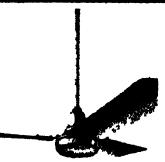
Specially formulated superfine, supersoft talc. Safeguards against nappy rash and perspiration acidity. Unlike ordinary powders, JOHNSON'S Baby Powder has smooth flakes which absorb moisture without clogging skin pores. So soothing... so delicately perfumed.





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that the girdle she had recently bought at Marks & Spencer was too short for comfort. Marks insisted that she give him the offending garment forthwith. A day or two later, she was deluged with queries from the merchandise-development department; in the end, new specifications went out to the manufacturer.

An important part of his routine, on every working day, was to visit one or more of his stores. He would poke about, asking the salesgirls what items were moving, inspecting everything. He rarely announced himself in advance. Sir Archibald told me of an occasion when the perplexed manager of one store received a report that an eccentric old man was investigating the shelves under the sportswear counters. The manager hurried along, only to discover the ever-inquisitive Lord Marks.

Marks even indulged his passion for store-trotting when on holiday. One summer, he got the bright idea of sailing along the south coast of England in a chartered yacht, stopping off at each port where there was a Marks & Spencer store to visit.

Simon always idolized his salesgirls. They were his front-line troops, the ultimate authority on what pleased the public. Whenever someone came along with a new item, his first question was likely to be, "Have you shecked with the girls on the counter?" To the girls, he was the ultimate in avuncular



How it all began-from "Marks' Penny Bazaar" in 1884 at Leeds market

graciousness. "What's your name?" he would enquire of a new girl in a store which he visited frequently. "Miss Jones," came the timid reply. "I mean your Christian name," he would persist. "You and I are going to see a lot of each other. I can't just call you Miss Jones, can I?"

To his managers, when they erred, he could be tough. His remarkable memory could itself be withering. He bounced into one store, after an absence of seven years, and asked the startled manager, "Any more rotten apples lately?" That had been the one default in the food hall on his previous visit.

Often called "the greatest merchant prince England ever produced," Simon Marks attained that status from the humblest of origins. He was born in Leeds, Yorkshire, on July 9, 1888, the son of young Jewish immigrants from Poland. His father, Michael Marks, was an

unlettered man, but full of enterprise. In 1884, he established a Penny Stall in Leeds market to sell household odds and ends—buttons and thread, clothes pegs and pastry tins, candlesticks, soap and crêpe paper.

The idea soon caught on and spread to other market towns; by 1894, the young merchant went into partnership with Tom Spencer, a cashier in a Yorkshire textile firm. By the time Spencer died in 1905, leaving no heir, Marks & Spencer had expanded to some 70 "Penny Bazaars."

Simon Marks, clearly destined for the family business, went to Manchester Grammar School, where he encountered another youngster named Israel Sieff, who was to become his lifelong friend. Simon decided not to go to Manchester University, as Sieff did, but instead spent two years on the Continent, learning French and German, so that he could deal more effectively with the firm's suppliers. He returned to England in 1907, the year his father died at the age of 44.

From then on, Simon's story largely became the story of Marks & Spencer. He was made a director of the firm in 1911, and chairman in 1916—a position he held until his death in 1964. At the beginning of the First World War, he served as a signaller in the Artillery. In 1915, he was seconded from the army to serve as secretary to Dr. Chaim Weizmann, who had just launched,

with the blessing of the British Government, his efforts to establish a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

Wartime inflation undermined the Marks & Spencer formula, making it impossible to limit prices to a penny. By war's end, the stores were carrying a varied line of household

goods costing up to Rs. 105.

In the mid-1920's, Marks made a trip to the United States to survey chain-store operations, returning stimulated with new plans. One day he complained to Israel Sieff that he had no one in his organization with whom he could have "intelligent conversation" about his new marketing ideas. Sieff volunteered to join Marks & Spencer for a year; he is still on the job, having succeeded Simon as chairman after the latter's death.

Over the years, the price ceiling has of course increased. Men's clothing was added, as were food items, but the basic lines of Marks & Spencer were established 40 years ago when Simon Marks and Israel Sieff joined forces.

Quality Control. The essence of the operation is simple enough: the economies of bulk buying and mass distribution make available merchandise at popular prices. But low prices were not enough; Marks was obsessed with quality control. To achieve it, he pioneered an unusual arrangement with suppliers.

He would contract for some 70 per cent of a manufacturer's annual production, assuring him a

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guaranteed market; in return, the manufacturer would supply "St. Michael" brand products according to the detailed specifications of the Marks & Spencer testing laboratories. Virtually every item of clothing is pre-tested for fabric strength, colour fastness and durability of stitching; the laboratories have also pioneered a variety of uses for the new synthetic fibres introduced since the war. Little wonder that Simon appreciated the intricacies of research in medicine!

The stores are unusual in other ways. No receipts are issued to customers, but refunds and exchanges are allowed at any Marks & Spencer store. The chain seldom advertises—their customers' "word of mouth" advertising is regarded as far more valuable. Every store is almost antiseptically clean. Distressed by cigarette ends underfoot, Marks was one of the first to prohibit smoking in stores.

Paper Bonfire. Lord Marks's most unorthodox innovation involved the biggest bonfire of paper ever seen in British business. When he was visiting one of his stores, a salesgirl showed him a stock-order form that she could not fathom. Studying the slip, Marks was equally baffled. "What use is it put to?" he asked. "I'm not sure," she replied. "But it's the system."

The slip, it turned out, was part of a programme of inventory control designed to check stock losses and to inform the manager what to re-order. Pondering the incident, Marks decided that a vast amount of needless form-filling went on in his organization. He abolished the stock-order slip, allowing salesgirls to go into the stockrooms themselves to replenish their counters.

A painstaking survey was launched to abolish all unnecessary paperwork. Marks went himself on some of these inspection tours. I remember hearing of the delightful moment at the Marble Arch store when Marks, rummaging through personnel files, suddenly asked, "Can anybody tell we why we want to know what this man's former employer said about him before he came to work for us 11 years ago?"

The order soon went out to reduce all personnel records to essential information. In two years, some 26 million form sheets weighing 120 tons were scrapped—at a saving of Rs. 10 crores. (The Royal College of Surgeons was the happy recipient of some of the redundant filing cabinets.)

As unnecessary paperwork was eliminated, so were unnecessary jobs. Rank-and-filers freely contributed suggestions for economies, for Marks assured them that no one would be fired. Instead, the reduction in the work force would come through voluntary resignations, death and retirement. In the last ten years, the number of employees has decreased from 24,700 to 20,800, while selling space has increased 33 per cent and business volume

### THE READER'S DIGEST

99 per cent. Once again, savings have been passed on in lower prices.

Business was by no means all of Simon Marks's life. He was a devoted family man, an expert on Impressionist art and antique furniture, a keen tennis player. His services to his country were long and varied.

Before the Second World War, he stimulated the creation of the Air Cadet Corps, to further interest in aviation among young men who one day, he foresaw, would be needed for a vastly expanded RAF. During the war, he devoted much time to the Ministry of Petroleum Warfare, working on such projects as "Pluto," the submarine pipeline to France, and "Fido," a system to disperse fog from airport runways. When he was made an honorary fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, early in 1958, he was one of only four laymen to be granted that honour, apart from members of the Royal Family.

To the end, Lord Marks remained a modest, unassuming, lovable person, vibrant in spirit, gazing always towards the far horizon. He died at his desk.



### Rhyme and Reason

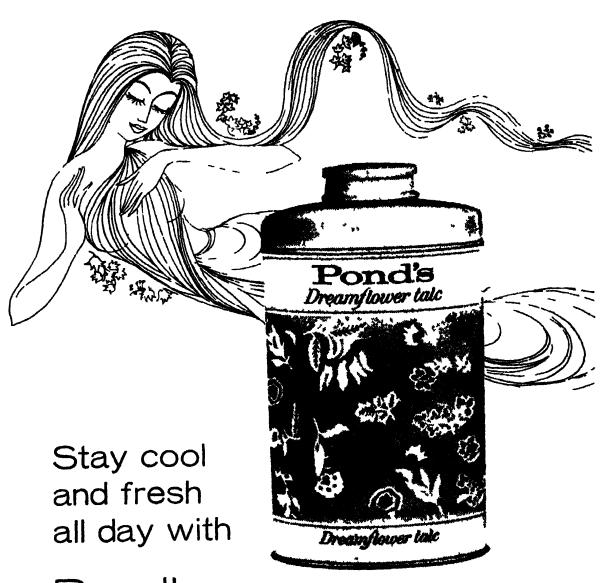
He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare, And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

-Raiph Waldo Emerson

### Night Watch

A 15-YEAR-OLD boy stood with his downcast father before a local judge in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The boy had been charged with breaking and entering a local school at 2 o'clock one morning. After advising the boy that he would be required by law to make full restitution for the damage, the judge said, "Because I want this to be a lesson you'll never forget, in addition I sentence you to walk round that school at 2 a.m. every morning for the next 30 days."

Turning to the boy's father, he continued, "And because you didn't know where your son was at that hour of the morning. I sentence you to accompany him to that school and walk round it with him every morning for the next 30 days. When parents are aware of the whereabouts of their children at all times, half the battle is won."



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In this chain of volcanic islands, little bigger than the State of Rajasthan and only fifteen per cent arable, the prodigious Japanese are growing almost enough food today for their 100.5 million people

## THE GREAT JAPANESE FARM REVOLUTION

By Paul Friggens

TAPAN, though still the lovely postcard land of cherry blossoms, idyllic garden farms and brooding Mount Fujiyama, is experiencing a startling new day down on the farm. Since the Second World War, this nation, which has raised itself phoenix-like from the ashes of its war-torn cities, has undergone a similarly astonishing change in the countryside. "Mechanization and modernization are transforming the Japanese farm," Ichiro Miyabe, president of le No-Hikari, Japan's leading farm magazine, said to me. In the process, the new power era is bringing about a social, economic and political revolution.

Today about 98 per cent of Japan's farms are more or less electrified. Farmers plough with power tillers, fight plant pests with sprayers and helicopter, enjoy the use of milking

machines and lighten the labour of rice harvesting with their new miniature threshers. On the big "commercial" rice-farms, self-propelled combines now harvest the crop, while the coming development in rice will be aerial seeding, thus eliminating the backbreaking labour of hand-transplanting practised for 3,000 years.

In this volcanic chain of islands, little bigger than the State of Rajasthan and only 15 per cent arable, the prodigious Japanese are growing almost enough food today for their population, now over 100.5 million! Japanese children are eating better and growing taller. Over-all, farmers have boosted their production 40 per cent since the war and nearly tripled farm income. It is impressive evidence that even in underdeveloped, overpopulated Asia, free independent farmers can

indeed better themselves beyond expectation. With a revolution in agriculture and growing industrial might, Japan is on the road to becoming the first non-Western nation to win a comfortable standard of living within a democratic system.

Says former U.S. Ambassador to Japan, Edwin Reischauer, "While communist agriculture has been in perpetual trouble, Japan's free-enterprising farmers have been producing more every year, and achieving a rising standard of living. I consider the postwar progress in rural Japan a triumph of free society."

Small wonder that the developing nations are looking to Japan's inspiring example, and their emissaries flocking there to study it. With its small farms (average two and a half acres), teeming population and, until recently, ancient farming methods, Japan's experi-

ence is especially meaningful to

these countries.

The West has a big stake in Japan's farm revolution, too. For the economy, well-being and indeed the future of Japan is bound up with its free, efficient, anticommunist farmers—a "bulwark of democracy," Reischauer calls them. "Leave it to the farmers and Japan will never go communist," a veteran foreign observer told me.

What were the seeds of Japan's remarkable agricultural revolution?

Until the Second World War Japanese farmers were exploited

under a feudalistic farm tenure system that had held the country back for centuries. Absentee landlords owned most of Japan's farms, exacting a 50 per cent or more rental in kind. The Japanese peasant lived in illiteracy and poverty, and the country was torn by frequent tenant uprisings, while the cities faced recurrent rice famines.

Then, in 1946, General Douglas MacArthur instituted his history-making land reform. He abolished absentee-ownership and prohibited rent in kind. By this decree some 28 million separate parcels of farm property were wrested from the absentee landlords. The new tenants were given 20 years to make com-

pensation.

Incentive. In two years, land reform had turned penniless tenants into 4.5 million "capitalist" proprietors. Experiencing real incentive for the first time in their lives, these new landlords not only fed the broken nation, but in time purchased the electric motors, petrol engines, power tillers and threshing machines that have helped Japanese industry boom. What an example they are to the barefooted peasant farmers I have seen elsewhere round the world, still harvesting rice and wheat by the Biblical flail or threshing with their feet! And to Red China, where they drudge without incentive, and famine always threatens.

There have been, of course, other factors in the revolution. Take, for

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example, the spectacular strides in farm science. By patient selection and crossing of fast-growing varieties of rice, Japanese scientists have developed an earlier-maturing strain which they can harvest in August, to beat the September typhoons which so often ravage the crop. And now, with the heavy use of commercial fertilizer and chemical weed and pest control, Japanese farmers get the highest yields per acre in the world.

Soil-less Farming. In the last ten years Japan has lost more than 500,000 acres to roads, railways, factories and urban sprawl. But the resourceful Japanese farmers have responded by growing thousands of tons of vegetables without any soil whatever.

The idea grew out of the Allied Occupation. For centuries the Japanese had used human excrement to fertilize their crops. Fearing disease, Occupation forces ordered them to experiment with soil-less farming. You should see the result.

On a 60-acre strip of sandy beach in Shimizu, south of Tokyo, I toured 300 greenhouses in which farmers are growing tomatoes, cucumbers, melons and eggplants in six-inch beds of gravel. Pumps water and fertilize the plants. "This scheme cuts labour 50 per cent and ends problems with soil, weeds and pests," Dr. Yukata Hori, experiment-station horticulturist explained.

In addition to farming without

soil, the Japanese are wresting new farms from the sea, by constructing dikes and filling in reclaimed areas, as the Dutch have done for centuries. The 43,800-acre Hachiro-Gata Inlet, one of several, has just been reclaimed by drainage. And in the shadow of Mount Ontake, the tamous holy mountain, the Aichi Irrigation Project, a 100-year-old dream, was completed in 1964. It cost Rs. 94.5 crores and 50 lives. But today it waters 44,000 farms and provides 70,000 urban customers with electric power—the greatest multi-purpose project in Japan's history.

The Japanese used to eat mainly rice and fish. After the war, consumption of meat, milk, poultry and eggs soared. Dairying expanded from a few thousand cows to more than 1.3 million and is still growing by about six per cent a year. And at the Aichi experiment station, scientists are combining the best qualities of large- and small-breed chickens in one superlative bird. A poultry farm outside Tokyo houses 100,000 laying hens. All told, the Japanese are raising more than 100 million chickens a year.

Another reason for Japan's great strides in agriculture is the added incentive provided by farmer-owned co-operatives. Pre-war Japanese cooperatives were dominated by the landlords, who reaped the benefits. General MacArthur reorganized them, and today there are some 24,000, whose membership includes most of Japan's six million farmers. As the Japanese say, "You'll find three things in every village—the village hall, the school and the

co-operative."

The co-ops deal in every phase of buying and selling, and even provide such social services as information on birth control. The Ihara Cooperative I visited at Shimizu, for example, has a membership of 1,000 farmers. Doing a yearly business of nearly Rs. 13 crores, it markets fruit, sells fertilizer and farm supplies, provides technical advice, fire, hospital and health insurance, and credit and savings facilities. Just outside Tokyo the co-operative movement has opened a Rs. 7.5crore institute which is training leaders for a score of Asian nations. It is paying off.

In Thailand, for example, Japanese agronomists are teaching farmers how to grow high-yielding maize. It will be vastly cheaper to ship from South-East Asia than from the United States, and the Thais will buy hard goods in return. In India, Japan is now operating a series of "model farms," featuring Japan's advanced farming techniques—and, of course, Japanese-made farm implements. Having saturated the domestic market for now, Mitsubishi and other great farm-machinery manufacturers are promoting exports.

The Japanese realize that their revolution would not have gone far

without education. Since the war

their agricultural colleges have mushroomed and today Japanese farmers are nearly 100 per cent literate. "We call our farm youth training school 'Tsuishin,' which means 'Progress Without End,'" principal Nobuyoshi Yamazaki greeted me. They train secondary school boys and girls to be proud they are farmers, and that farming is a business.

Young Reformers. After two years, boys and girls leave determined to make changes. "I think young people must break foolish old traditions!" a youth boldly told me before his elders. At Tsuishin, for example, I found that one boy wanted to start a dairy, another to enlarge his father's four-acre vineyard, and a third to get into soil-less farming.

In the last ten years the Farm Youth Training programme—sponsored jointly by Japan and the California Farm Bureau Federation —has sent more than a thousand hand-picked boys to the United States for a year's on-farm training and "democratization." Hiromu Otsuka, who farms in a mountainous area where his family has cultivated rice for generations, is typical. "First thing when I come home, we get more land and buy milk cows," says Otsuka. Already he has doubled the farm's income. He uses a labour-saving milking machine, though his father frowns on this extravagance, Observing his success, Hiromu's neighbours

are now adding dairying to their rice farms.

One of Japan's biggest educational influences is the Agricultural Extension Service, a corps of 13,000 men and women farm advisers, modelled on the U.S. system. Riding motorcycles, these tireless advisers bring fresh techniques to the remotest areas. They also lead 6,000 government-sponsored rural youth organizations offering instruction in scientific farming and home economics and give guidance to the projects of some 200,000 members of the Future Farmers of Japan.

All this education is profoundly affecting the farmer. As a tenant, he toiled from dawn to dark with scant concern for reading and advancement. But today he subscribes to a daily newspaper and farm magazines, travels to experiment-station demonstrations, and is tremendously influenced by television, which brings him not only a popular "farm hour," but the world.

With all this progress, one might think the Japanese farmer would be content to stay down on his farm. He isn't—for economic reasons. His two-and-a-half-acre farm is too small, and he faces a cost-price squeeze. So he has taken on a second job in town. What other way can a farmer finance his tractor, rice harvester, milking machine and commercial fertilizer, to say nothing

of home modernization and television?

Though average farm income has jumped from Rs. 5,550 to about Rs. 15,000 in recent years, it still barely keeps pace with the spending. Thus an estimated half to two-thirds of all farmers now hold second jobs at night. Commuting by bicycle, motor bike and afoot, they jam the narrow twisting roads morning and night. Many thousands go to industrial cities in off-season winter months to find work.

Back at the farm, meanwhile, the women are carrying much of the work and responsibility. "Mama farms," they are called, and Mama—who, only a generation ago trailed three steps behind her husband like a chattel—is demanding more sayso and convenience as the price for carrying on. Industry recognizes her as a customer, advertisers direct their appeals to her. Ie No-Hikari shows her fashions and homemaking and holds 2,500 meetings a year to softly encourage her demands.

The Japanese have a saying: "Two things became stronger after the war: nylon stockings and the place of women." It is the women of Japan, perhaps more than the farm revolution, who will guarantee that this lovely land of cherry blossoms and Mount Fujiyama will never be the same again.

THE New Delhi Golf Club the ground rules specify that, if a monkey picks up a ball, it must be played wherever he drops it.

—c. s.

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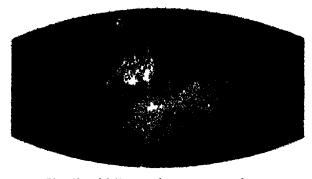
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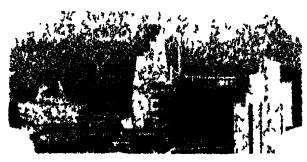
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# Now That April's There...

By LAURIE LEE



no other country, as though the island were its natural home, the original spawning-ground of the season. For one thing it seems to last longer here, lingering like a prolonged adolescence, stumbling, sweet and slow, a thing of infinitesimal shades, false starts, expectations, deferred hopes and final showers of glory.

The first intimations come as early as January, when a sudden breath of warm air can release a quick prelude of birdsong, valiant but half-deceived—the throbbing cry of a blackbird, or the muted call of a dove. Perhaps the sky very

LAURIE LEE, poet and author, was born in Gloucestershire. He has vividly recalled his childhood days in the best-selling autobiography, Cider with Rosie. His other books include A Rose for Winter, and The Firstborn—featured in The Reader's Digest for March 1965.

#### NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE . . .

briefly turns from grey to rose, clouds break to a warm southern light, and the soft change in the air makes one pause in the street, look up, remember . . .

But these signs are the outriders, scouting ahead of the big battalions. Winter hardens again and settles back on the world. February is a month of silence and frozen growth, when all the germs of Spring stand on the brink of stillness, life loaded, ready-poised for the sun's first spark.

Then almost overnight comes gusty March and the first real rousing of Spring—a time of blustering alarms and scrambling awakenings. The cold East wind puts an edge to activity. Hares dance in the shivering grass. Rooks load their loud nests on the bending treetops and the wild duck mates in the reeds.

There is a fierce drive now in the antics of the earth. Giant combs stir the woods, shaking out catkin and pussy-willow—the golden first flowers of the trees—and the birds no longer hop singly about, or brood mutely under bushes, but suddenly take wing and chase each other, clamouring with new intentions.

March is the time of Spring's first hot certainties, melting the winter's sleep around us, when the dawn songs of robin, blackbird and thrush are like drops of warm oil in the dark, liquid sounds that pour softly upon our deadened senses, healing us back to life. The early flowers, too, just appearing in the woods—

## An English poet's song of praise to Spring

pointed periwinkle, anemone, violet—are sharp tiny stars on the cold black ground, sudden cracks in the earth's big freeze.

The earth tilts, there is an extension of light at both ends of the day, more health in the face of the sun. Buds are swelling, farmers ploughing their fields, cottagers turning the clods in their gardens; cocks crow, hens lay, the pond is cloudy with frog-spawn—you know at last that things are going to be all right.

March is the wild time, the great alarm that stirs up the roots; the month, as they say, that comes in like a lion, then goes out like a lamb—shading away into April, all fury spent, its shaggy head laid be-

tween its paws.

And April, indeed, is the lamb of Spring, the Pascal lamb of resurrection, which walks through the burgeoning English landscape in the pure coat of its Easter wool. White is the colour now, with honeyed pyramids in the orchards and drifts of thorn-flowers like snow in the hedges, where the first slow bees, still aching with cold, come fumbling to unlock the petals.

The enlarged blue skies pulse with showers and sunshine, clouds are lively as kicking babes, while the tender new light washes down from the heavens, purging the world of the wastes of winter. Between the showers of April even the sunlight is wet, a moist gold like transparent honey, mistily dripping

across the hills and valleys and filtering into the damp warm depths of the woods. The fatty gold of this sun seems to cover the ground so that all the flowers become pieces of it—the yellow crocus and celandine, the first marigold in the marsh, the butterpat primrose and daffodil. Later the mysterious bluebells collect in pools, deep and still in the forest shadows, fringed by opening ferns and the bitter ivy, blank as the eyes of witches.

April's resurrection is the holiest of times, the dressing of the goddess of earth, as the sharp new green powders the edge of the woods and the first skylark runs his song up the sky. All the birds are nesting, crouching on jewelled little eggs and packing the bushes with feathers; the swallow returns, swooping in from Africa; and the cuckoo gives his first warm shout of the year.

April is the sign for the first Spring Festivals, as old as man's life on earth, with the worship of the green, the celebration of birth, of salvation and the open air. Lent was a period of fasting, almost of fear, a placating of the hidden sun; but with the arrival of Easter, man comes out of his shelter, looks about him and doubts no more. All the pagan anxieties that still sit in our bones, locked there through the winter by shackles of cold, are assuaged on this happy morning.

The townsman feels the thrust of Spring through the pavements,

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Flake the fish finely, removing all skin and bone Melt the butter or margerine on a slow fire, add the Brown & Polson Patent Comflour and blend well. Remove from heat, add milk and stir well. Return to heat and oook, stirring continuously until the muture forms a ball in the centre of the pap, leaving the sides clean. Remove from heat, add fish, essence and seasonings, and mix well ingether. Divide into small portions, toll into oblong shapes. Cost with egg and breadcrumbs and fry in hot fat. Drain well and serve hot.



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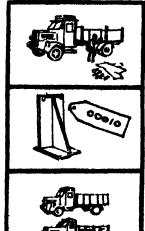
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(with cab and body to suit)

102

grows restless, repaints the front of his house, plants seeds in his window-box, or joins in the ritual washing of cars before the first drive to the crowded sea. In the country the memory is stronger, with nature a more overwhelming presence.

I was born and brought up in Gloucestershire, a place of steep hills and secret valleys, and the Spring customs that belonged there, some of which I knew as a child, were once common throughout England.

At Easter, there was the usual giving of eggs, ancient emblems of life and fertility, the tustomary glut of white weddings, the bleaching of choirboys' robes, the decorating of the church in the first of the green. There are still, even now, the rituals centred on water: the blessing of wells by flower-decked children; and the annual outing to the Severn to see the big Spring tide, awesome symbol of regeneration, which coincides with the moon and comes roaring upriver with the mighty thrust of a god.

In the country at least, April was the true time of the year's beginning, with the new-sprung green, the return of the sun, the yeast of the Easter rising. Then came the First of May, and perhaps the greatest feast of them all.

Everything, suddenly, begins to happen at once; the woods are brilliant as new-washed salads, mornings are clear as water, skies soft as wool, and nature gives a loud green shout of abundance. "Going a-Maying, then?" we used to ask each other. We'd walk through the fields at dawn, taking great gulps of the milky air and counting the flowers in the grass.

It was Spring, said the proverb, when a barefoot maid could tread on three daisies at once. Our sisters soon proved it, ripping off shoes and stockings; then scrubbed their cheeks in the dawn-wet grasses—the cheap and traditional beautifier of Spring, said to endow one with eternal youth.

May the First was for May-walking, for choosing the May King and Queen, and for setting up the ribboned maypoles. It was also the occasion for gathering flowers and branches and for bearing them home in triumph: buttercups, buckets of cowslips for wine, wood sorrel, crane's-bill, cuckoo-flowers; scented sheaves of wild fruit-blossom coated with drunken moths, crab-apple, cherry and sloe-anything, that is, except the ash bloom of the blackthorn, which meant death to the head of the house . . .

Once May Day was the year's great holiday for labour, when man straightened his back from his crouched servitude to the soil. It was the time, particularly in my part of the country, when the people went early to the hills, among the encampments and tombs of their ancestors, to see the May sun rise, as though to meet it half-way in

welcome, and then to spend the free day as their fathers had, in a semi-pagan rough-and-tumble.

There was the hill, near Gloucester, where the young men of the parish used to fight a battle between winter and summer, ending always in victory for the boys in green, crying: "We have brought the summer home!" Elsewhere there would be cheese-rolling, foot-racing, wrestling, and the lifting of giant stones. The May-games on the hilltops were a kind of village Olympics, out of which the year's new heroes were made.

Spring in England may be less robust today, and many of these village ceremonies may be fading out. But not all of them; for some are still kept alive in the games of the country children. When I was a boy, it was the children to whom the Spring rituals most clearly belonged. It was we who went Maywalking, kept the superstitions, turned telephone posts into maypoles, decorated chosen little girls with half-dead daisies, and climbed the hilltops to wrestle for prizes. Our elders, who once would have

taken part, now stood aside and watched.

Just as today I, too, watch the children of my village intent on their ancient games, and feel the flicker of that original magic, the shafts of light that once raced through my bones, see in the running boys the white harts of the forest, in their combats the defeat of winter, and in some small grubby girl, with her sheaf of limp wild flowers, smiling Flora return to earth.

For the long English Spring, rising to its peak of May, is still a conquering power in our lives. In spite of rubber, concrete and insulations of asphalt, we are not cut off from it yet. Its revolution each year transforms the face of our world, changes the sky, shakes our very roots. Its fragile intensity is one of the miracles of the land, rocking us again with disquiet and rapture, thawing out for a moment even the frozen heart, and warming its pulse to the beat of poetry.

Spring is our beginning again, a hint of our immortality, a resounding proof of the renewal of life.\*

#### 

## Hourglass Figure

My sister-in-law was discussing the merits of a certain film star's monumental measurements. "I'd like to know who decides this figure business," she said. "What gives them the idea that 42-25-36 are ideal measurements?" My wife, after tossing these figures around in her mind for a bit, replied dejectedly, "I've just found out what's wrong with me. I'm upside down."

# Quite frankly, KESOPHANE has improved on the banana skin!

Kesophane the wrapping material is a lot like a banana skin it wraps a product in keeps troubles out! But the comparison stops there Because a banana skin is not transparent, not printable, not protective enough. And it can be pretty dangerous when left around

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## Humour in Uniform

IN 1940 our battered old aircraft carrier was limping back to our home port after patrol. We felt even shabbier when the brand-new American carrier *Enterprise*, sleek and gleaming, came over the horizon towards us.

Our captain was of the bulldog breed, and had heard the current rumour that Britain might be buying a carrier from the United States.

"I like your looks," he signalled Enterprise. "Are you for sale?"

-T. W. K. HUTH

WHEN an American newspaper published a story saying that girls in Thailand had been reprimanded for their "open kissing greetings" of GI's, I clipped the article and sent it to my nephew, who is now on duty with the U.S. Marines in Thailand.

He replied that he immediately posted the clipping on the company's notice board. The next day, as he walked past, he saw that someone had pinned a carefully printed headline on the story, reading: "Love Thai Neighbour."

—JAY ROSENBURG

My NEPHEW was stationed at a bomber base in Newfoundland for three freezing years. The winters were long, the summers short, the landscape bleak and the living quarters primitive. When it was John's turn to be

posted, he and his family were joyous.

At the party given for those who were departing, each family was presented with a gift—an unpolished, unadorned, ordinary stone picked up from the ground at the base.

"What a nice, sentimental memen-

to," John commented.

"Memento nothing," someone answered. "We reckon that if enough people take enough stones out of here, the place will eventually disappear."

-Adelaide Tatto

The Mess sergeant was among the Army's best. His kitchen was a model of cleanliness and efficiency, and inspection by top brass never made him nervous. One day he was stirring up a concoction calling for lots of fresh eggs, and was adding them six at a time. He took three in each hand, broke them on the side of the pot with one crack, shook them into the mixture, and tossed the shells over his shoulder.



The inspecting officers happened to arrive just at this time and, after watching with great interest, one of them asked, "Sergeant, what happens if you pick up a bad egg?"

Without missing a motion, the sergeant replied, "A bad egg, sir? In the army, sir?"

Manoais

#### THE READER'S DIGEST

AFTER various officers had addressed the new intake of U.S. Army personnel, a young lady stepped on to the stage. She represented Special Services, which operates the clubs, libraries, cinemas and other facilities on U.S. military bases.

When the resounding applause prompted by her appearance had finally died down, she stepped confidently forward and began, "Thank you, gentlemen. As you can see, I am wearing the uniform of Special Services. Many of you already know that this uniform covers all the recreational facilities provided for you by the military."

—I. L.

My U.S. Naval Reserve unit was undergoing a personnel inspection by a senior officer, and I had primed my 17-and 18-year-old recruits to look their absolute best. When the inspecting officer found a glaringly non-regulation pair of shoes on a young reservist, I was embarrassed. But I was even more embarrassed by the exchange that followed.

"Don't you know that this style of shoe is non-regulation?" the inspecting officer asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the recruit. "But I have foot trouble. I have permission to wear them."

"Who gave you permission?" demanded the inspector.

"My mother, sir," answered the recruit.—Lieutenant William Goodwin, usna

AFTER my first month as a new cadet at my officer's training college, I was completely indoctrinated in the principle of unquestioning obedience. One afternoon, on an errand from one

barracks to another, I was halted by a sharp command out of nowhere. Too intimidated to look round, I stood fearfully waiting to hear what rule I had violated. Instead, I received one command after another: "Right turn! Left turn! Quick march! Halt! About turn!"

It was a full half-hour of these silly manoeuvres before I finally spotted my tormentor—a happy-go-lucky painter having his lunch break, sitting at a third-floor window, munching his apple and having a marvellous time.

-- HAROLD GREENEY

I HAD about 20 new students each week while teaching a unit of an electronics course at an air force training depot. To learn their names, I made a paper name tag for each man and placed it on his desk. On the second morning of a new class I noticed that one man had no name tag on his desk, so I asked where it was.

"Sorry, sir," he replied. "I memorized it yesterday and threw it away."

—F. R. R.

PRECISELY at three p.m. every Wednesday we held a gas drill at our Home Guard site. It was on a Monday morning, however, that the Colonel arrived for a site inspection.

Finding nothing to fault, he turned to the Site Commander and said: "Colthurst, what would happen if I sounded the gas alarm?"

"Nothing, sir," Colthurst replied.
"Nothing!" exploded the Colonel.
"Why not?"

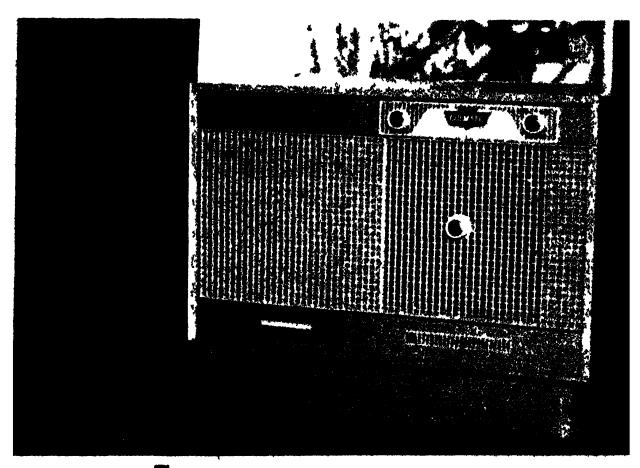
"Because," said our commander mildly, "it's not Wednesday, sir. And it's not three p.m."

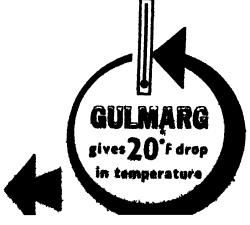
—J. H. Games to

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No one in the village of San Joaquín will ever forget the courageous doctors who risked their lives to solve one of the most baffling medical enigmas of our time

## The Great Bolivian Fever Mystery

By Trevor Armbrister and Donald Stroetzel

Joaquín the harvest was over, and a farmer named Julio Añez decided to celebrate. He killed a cow and invited his friends to a feast. They ate and drank, and the sound of guitars rippled in the soft night air.

About a week later, Añez awoke with a slight fever. Soon he developed a headache and a searing pain in his back. His temperature rose rapidly. His hands and feet began to shake. His tongue trembled, and a thin trickle of blood oozed from his gums. On his seventh day of illness, he fell into a coma and died without regaining consciousness.

At first, neighbours were inclined to attribute Affez's death to "bad

meat" consumed at the party, especially after three others who were there died in the same way. But, when 300 villagers—one-eighth of San Joaquín's population—developed similar symptoms over the next four months, and when 100 of them died, Bolivian authorities knew they were facing a disease of terrible dimensions.

What was it? In desperation they vaccinated against smallpox. The epidemic continued. Then they disinfected the village on the chance that the disease was a form of typhus. Still it raged. Bewildered Bolivian doctors began to suspect that they were dealing with an unrecognized disease.

If so, the chances of finding a cure

were slim unless the cause and means of transmission could first be discovered. For this they would need not just doctors but "medical detectives"—modern microbe and virus hunters. And these specialists would have to control the killer quickly. Already, many of the 125,000 people in Bolivia's Beni Province were close to panic. And the disease might spread to other provinces, even to other countries.

**Challenge.** By coincidence, a wellqualified medical sleuth—37-yearold Ronald Mackenzie—happened to be in Bolivia's capital of La Paz. An epidemiologist from the U.S. Middle America Research Unit (MARU) in the Panama Canal Zone, Mackenzie had left a lucrative general practice in California to return to medical school to study public health. Now he was in Bolivia for a few weeks with a nutritional study team, "not because I knew anything about nutrition but in the hope of finding a real research challenge." When Bolivian health authorities begged him to fly to Beni, he suspected that he had found it.

As the creaking plane laboured through the turbulent air above the Andes, Mackenzie pondered over the disease that the newspapers in La Paz were calling "black typhus." He had never seen typhus, but the symptoms the Bolivian doctors had described to him didn't sound like any variety of that ailment. The convulsions, the severe muscle pain,

womiting blood, near-black stools—suddenly a thought struck him. It sounded very much like a strange malady that felled hundreds of American soldiers during the Korean War. The U.S. Army had directed a major research effort to find its cause, but concluded only that it resembled other equally mysterious haemorrhagic fevers which plague the Russian country-side from time to time.

When Mackenzie arrived in Beni Province, he set out on horse-back to examine the countryside. He rode through a series of dusty alturas—patches of high ground—set amid swampy pampas. In the altura of Orobayaya, the scene was especially eerie. Cocks crowed as Mackenzie and two Bolivian doctors rode into town, and cows and pigs wandered about freely—but of Orobayaya's former population of 600, only two families remained. The rest had died or fled.

Mackenzie could do nothing to alleviate the suffering. Antibiotics, often effective against tropical diseases, seemed strangely impotent. He could only collect evidence that might eventually lead to a cure. If he had guessed right about this being a haemorrhagic fever, then the likely cause was a virus. A short time before, doctors in the Argentine had isolated a virus which caused "Junín haemorrhagic fever," prevalent in farming areas. He wanted to look into that further.

Meanwhile, by questioning the

villagers, he unearthed a curious clue: the town had no cats. They had all died, the people explained, a couple of years before—soon after government disinfecting teams had sprayed the town with chemicals to wipe out malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Could man's efforts to control one disease, Mackenzie wondered, have succeeded merely in opening the door for another? Could rats or mice be the carrier? Perhaps. But Mackenzie remembered that Bolivian authorities had already tried rodent extermination.

For three nights, the MARU man and his Bolivian colleagues camped in ghostly Orobayaya, collecting insects, plant life and bits of dust that might provide clues. He also took blood specimens from people who had weathered the disease. These specimens were flown to MARU's laboratory in Panama. And soon, back came the first solid fact: this was not typhus. But weeks of further testing failed to show a relationship to any other known malady.

In spite of the frustration, the half-dozen medical researchers at MARU were as excited as Macken-zie by the challenge he had unearthed. For tracking mystery maladies is the purpose for which the tiny research group had originally been established. MARU's director, parasitologist Henry Beye, shared Mackenzie's suspicion that the disease was one of the haemorrhagic fevers. But, as scientists, they needed real evidence. All through

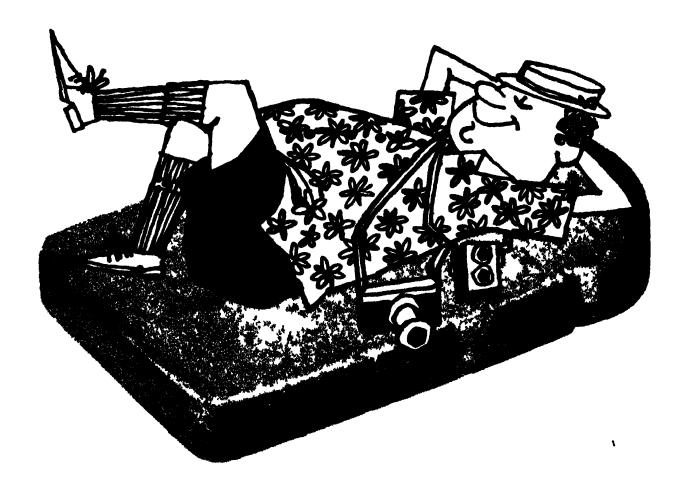
the second half of 1962, Beye, Mackenzie and other MARU experts shuttled in and out of Beni Province, taking more blood specimens, collecting animal blood, ticks and mites. No clue could be overlooked.

Meanwhile, the Bolivian government's appeals for help were becoming more urgent. Early in 1963; a meeting was held between top U.S. health officials and representatives of the World Health Organization, the U.S. State Department and the Bolivian embassy in Washington to map out a crash programme. Most of the professional staff of MARU, it was decided, should go to San Joaquín. Karl Johnson, a virologist, and Merle Kuns, an ecologist, now joined Mackenzie.

**Progress.** One research aid was autopsies on the victims. At first they yielded nothing. Then, on the night of May 18, 1963, Mackenzie and Johnson wheeled the body of threeyear-old Oscar Carvallo into the laboratory. Opening the boy's abdomen, the doctors removed marblesize sections of liver and spleen. Then they cut into his skull and extracted a tiny sliver of brain. Every virus, the doctors knew, clings habitually to a specific human organ; some favour the brain, others the heart, liver, kidney or spleen. Doctors have no way of knowing in advance which organ may be involved.

On May 27—nine days after the autopsy—two hamsters inoculated

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with tissue from Oscar Carvallo's spleen were ill. Twenty-four hours later, one was dead.

they were closing in on the killer. Removing the animals' spleens, Mackenzie and Johnson ground up the tissue and inoculated it into a fresh litter of hamsters. Within a week, five were dead. The doctors extracted the animals' organs, froze them in liquid nitrogen and shipped them to Panama. On June 3, the laboratory confirmed their suspicions: the virus was isolated.

But this was only the first vital step. To check the disease, MARU's researchers now needed to determine where it came from and how it was transmitted to humans. As they debated possible carriers, they kept coming back to the area's total absence of cats. True, there had been that rodent-eradication campaign—but perhaps not enough rats and mice had been killed?

Shortly after MARU's men had established themselves in San Joaquín, they put up notices offering a reward to anyone who brought them a rodent. At seven o'clock on the morning of May 21, a small boy brought a mouse (Calomys callosus) into the laboratory. The mouse was killed, and its organ tissues were inoculated into a fresh batch of hamsters.

Nine days later, all the animals died. Doctors promptly made another "passage"—using tissue from these victims to inoculate a second

litter of hamsters. They too died. MARU's disease detectives had again isolated a virus.

Soon laboratory cross tests showed that this virus and the virus taken from Oscar's spleen were identical. The implications were clear: the Calomys mouse played a part in the epidemic's spread. Now the doctors had to determine what part. They felt sure that mice were not biting people directly. But which of the mouse's parasites was guilty of infecting humans?

Setback. On June 27, in an effort to collect parasites, the MARU doctors and technicians began to drag white sheets along the village streets. Six days later, technician Angel Muñoz was stricken with the dread disease. On the next afternoon, Mackenzie himself collapsed.

At 11 a.m. on July 6, a U.S. Air Force transport plane picked up Muñoz and Mackenzie and flew them north to a Panama hospital. The plane's departure was premature. At four o'clock that afternoon, Johnson discovered that he, too, had the fever. By the time he eventually arrived in Panama, his temperature had shot up to over 105 degrees.

It was mid-August before the three men could return to San Joaquín. "Some people said we were taking a big risk by going back," Johnson recalls. "But we were pretty certain that, having had the disease, we were immune. Besides, we felt very close to a solution."

During their absence, ecologist

Kuns had continued to collect and examine parasites. In the end, he was to study more than 30,000 insects, including 14 types of mosquitoes, nine kinds of horseflies and four insect species never before catalogued.

Removing some parasites from the skins of mice, collecting others from village streets, he kept inoculating their tissues into litters of baby hamsters. None of the animals became ill. Yet *people* were still dying. The death toll, in fact, was

nearing 300.

By late September 1963, newspapers in La Paz began criticizing the minister of health and his U.S. volunteers. Morale in Beni Province was low, and local communists were attempting to exploit the despair. Ridiculing the doctors' lack of success, they exhorted their followers to steal supplies and petrol. Government troops responded by placing the village under martial law.

The pressures on MARU director Henry Beye grew steadily more intolerable, and by early November he knew he could wait no longer to take some kind of action against the killer. So he set in motion plans to wipe out San Joaquín's rodent population.

Almost immediately, snags developed. To begin with, 3,300 traps purchased from an American firm were lost in transit. To make matters worse, Mackenzie had begun to worry about his overworked boss.

On several occasions, as they walked through the streets of La Paz together, Beye had clutched his chest, obviously in pain. He had been warned after a heart attack several years before not to over-exert himself. But he was ignoring the warning, bent on defeating the epidemic.

He returned, exhausted, to Panama, where he seemed all right for a time. Then, on the morning of April 8, 1964, one of the MARU staff got a phone call from another part of the laboratory: "Come quickly. Dr. Beye is dead."

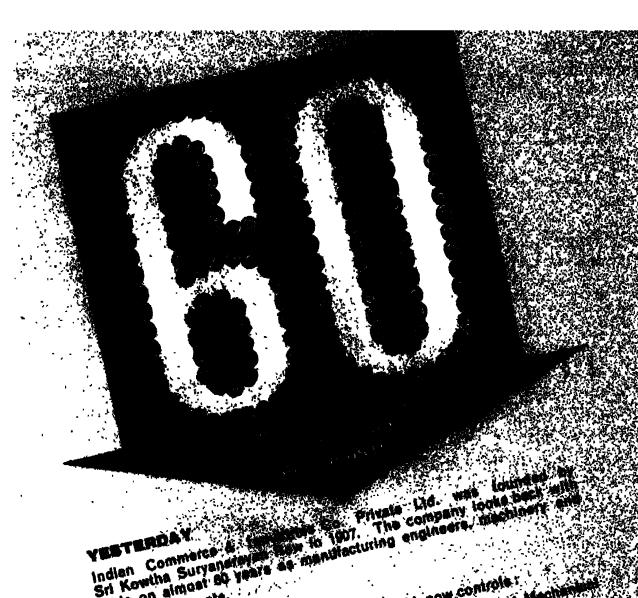
By May 1, 1964, the saddened doctors were at last ready to launch their programme of rodent control. Scores of volunteer workers baited traps and scattered lethal golf-ball-size "torpedoes" throughout San Joaquín.

Success. Within one month, 3,000 rodents were dead. And suddenly the epidemic faded. After June 28, there were no more cases in 1964. The MARU scientists had finally halted the plague.

Meanwhile, an important discovery had excited the researchers in Panama. Calomys mice, inoculated with the virus, did not get sick; but, within two weeks, they began passing haemorrhagic-fever virus in their urine.

"Suddenly," says Johnson, "everything that had been confusing began to make sense."

The disease's path to humans was obvious: mice urinating on rice



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#### THE READER'S DIGEST

and other food left in the open.

The solution was to drive the Calomys permanently out of the human environment. Bolivian authorities pleaded with their countrymen over the radio to send cats to San Joaquín. In late June 1964—in what must rank as one of the world's most unusual airlifts—hundreds of cats descended on the village. Two weeks later, the doctors returned to Panama.

But it was not the end. Early in 1965, fresh cases of the fever broke out in two small areas of San Joaquín. Residents there, the MARU men surmised, had grown careless about sanitation and rodent control; and the cats, as mouse catchers, had been inefficient. Once more the extermination teams moved in. Once more, the epidemic died.

Although there have been no new

cases in San Joaquín for more than a year, research for an effective vaccine continues inside a laboratory at MARU headquarters. The door to the laboratory is locked and painted a warning red, and only doctors and technicians who have had the disease are allowed to enter. "This disease is so dangerous," explains Johnson, "that we can't risk letting someone who is not immune get anywhere near it."

Meanwhile, life in the village of San Joaquín is today much as it was before the epidemic, except for one detail.

In the plaza there now stands a statue of the late Henry Beye erected by grateful villagers—a reminder that, at a terrible moment in their history, a band of courageous outsiders battled unflinchingly at Bolivia's side.

## Word Perfect

A FRIEND of mine took a job in a publisher's, working for an editor whose reputation for attention to detail was formidable. After a few weeks, I asked my friend what it was like working for someone so thorough. She replied, "The only way I can describe him is to tell you that, if he were publishing a dictionary, it would have an index."—J. G.

#### Heaven-Sent

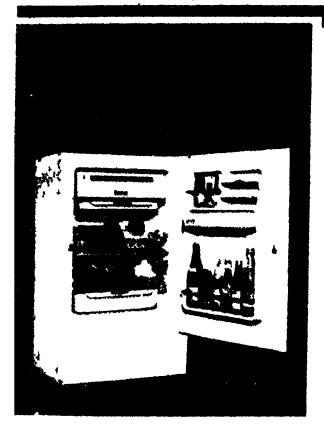
LOUDSPEAKER announcement at London Airport: "Would the Reverend Mr. Rawlins and the Reverend Mr. Moore kindly join their colleagues at the Tavern in the Sky" ("Peterborough" in The Daily Telegraph, London)... An Englishman who mislaid his glasses while visiting the Vatican had them returned in a diplomatic bag labelled Holy See (UPI)

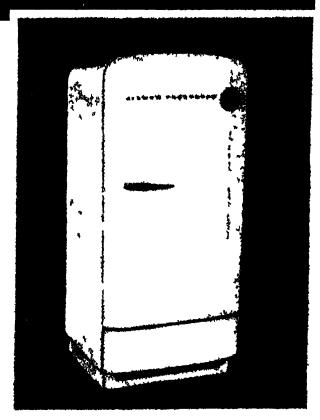
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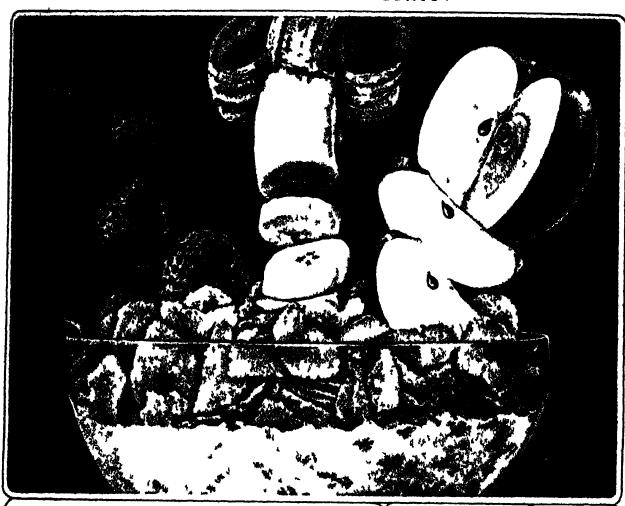
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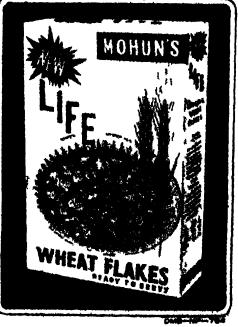
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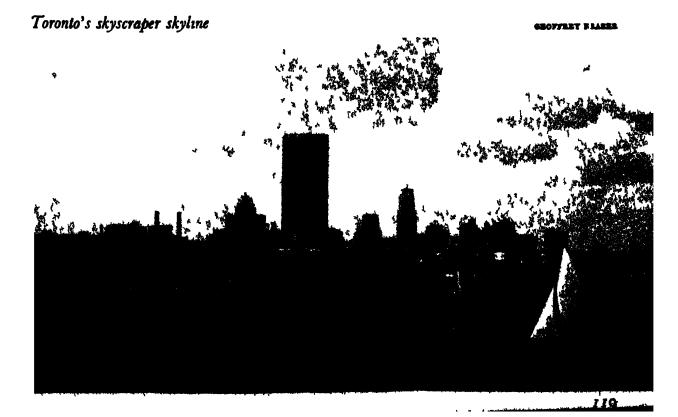
## CANADA'S CENTURY OF PROGRESS

This year Canada celebrates her hundred years of nationhood. In 1867 she was a nonentity, a sprawling wilderness peopled by many races, owing divided loyalties. Today she is a world power. With vast acres of wheat and booming oil fields, with skyscraper cities and huge engineering projects, her achievements are anguestioned, her auture bright

s Canada's centennial bells rang out in the tiny churches of Newfoundland, in the cathedrals of Quebec City, on Parliament Hill and out to the west coast, they rang in a year that Canadians should indeed find cause for cheer

Prairie granaries hold the richest wheat crop in the nation's history

The stillness of the Manitoba wilderness is shattered by the hissing and hammering of the world's largest nickel mine and smelter. Northwest of Edmonton, the ring of steel on steel counterpoints the polyglot curses of Portuguese, Greek and Italian labourers as the Alberta Resources Railway pushes up to the



coal and gypsum deposits of the Peace River country. Farther north, construction crews swarm over a Rs. 172 crore processing plant that will soon begin tapping the Athabasca tar sands—an oozing black oilfield that contains as much petroleum as all the world's known reserves.

Meanwhile, far to the east, the British Newfoundland Corporation prepares to harness Labrador's gigantic Churchill Falls—a Rs. 750 crore project whose potential 4.6 million kilowatts will make it the biggest single source of power on earth.

When Prime Minister Lester Pearson's Liberal government came to power in 1963, some wondered whether there would be a Canada, at least in its present form, to celebrate the centennial. The French-speaking third of the population was demanding that Ottawa loosen the reins of strong central control and let French Canada go its own way. Extremists clamoured for Quebec to secede from confederation and assume national sovereignty on its own.

Since then, Pearson has relaxed central control and given in to provincial demands for a larger share of federal tax revenues. By massively promoting the use of Canada's two languages throughout the civil service and the armed forces, he has gone far to ease French Canada's sense of second-class citizenship.

Meanwhile, the provinces have

surged ahead under strong premiers; through their leadership, confidence in Canadian nationhood has been reborn. In Newfoundland, Premier Smallwood has concentrated much of his abundant energy on building free-tuition Memorial University and promoting Churchill Falls power project, which, he predicts, will make Newfoundland "the most industrialized province in Canada." Nova Scotia's hard-bargaining, Premier Robert Stanfield has won an impressive string of achievements: a satellite communications station, a Volvo car assembly plant, and two heavy-water plants that will produce coolants for the atomic energy generators of Ontario.

Toronto reflects the new sense of vigour and individualism in Canadian arts and architecture. Its daring, curved city hall, soon to be adorned with a massive bronze sculpture by Henry Moore, symbolizes the gradual emancipation of Canada's largest English-speaking city from its provincial past. But Montreal, the second largest Frenchspeaking city in the world, remains Canada's most exciting metropolis. Such buildings as the Montreal Stock Exchange tower, Canadian Pacific's luxury hotel, Le Château Champlain, and the Rs. 75 crore office building, Place Ville Marie, are rapidly altering the city's skyline.

Still, it is in the West, in the Big Sky country, that Canada's frontier

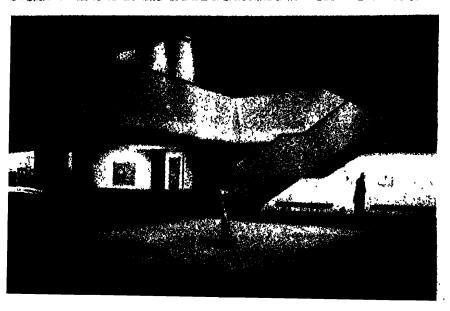


Business: Montreal's thriving Stock Exchange



Industry: Saskatchewan potash mine, the latest prairie development

NTB/SACK GOVERNMENT



The Arts: A centre in Charlottetown, birthplace of the Canadian nation

B & B BROOKS



Loading logs in British Columbia; Canada's forest resources are worth nearly Rs. 630 crores a year

spirit is most exciting, its economic boom most startling. Until the CPR finished forging its "two streaks of rust across the wilderness" in 1885, the Canadian West was, as one prime minister lamented, "little more than a geographical expression." Yet before the century was out, the prairies buoyantly celebrated Queen Victoria's Jubilee with the slogan, "Granary of Empire: Free Homes for Millions: God Bless the Royal Family."

This invitation, plus governmentsubsidized tickets for the voyage, brought the dispossessed of Europe flocking in by the tens of thousands. The pastor of a Winnipeg mission swore that when he was once asked his nationality by a census taker, his reply of "Canadian" so puzzled the man that the pastor had to spell it out. "First one of them kind of people I've found around here," said the official.

Gradually, the West was won. Today, as one flies west from Calgary to the Pacific, British Columbia still seems a vast corrugation of rivers and snow-streaked Rockies. The high plateau of the Cariboo is one of the last open ranges in North America, and the fjords of the 7,000-mile coastline jut into forests of Douglas firs that were saplings in the year 600.

As Canada's most ebullient premier, British Columbia's William Bennett has carried his talent for salesmanship to where the votes are. No promise is too glittering: "Life

in contentment to each man, under his own fig tree," he loves to shout to his delighted audience. And no

stunt is too outrageous.

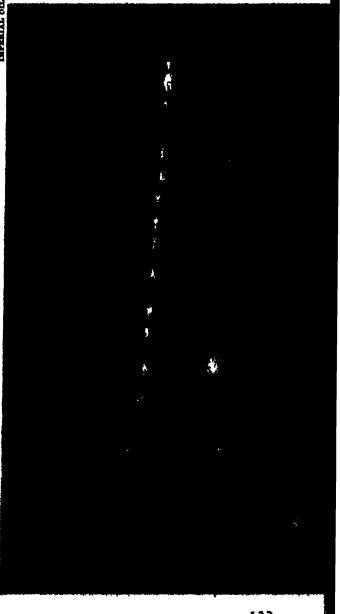
In 1959, when he announced the paying-off of the province's Rs. 142 crore public debt, he hired an armoured truck to cart the last Rs. 73 crore worth of bonds to Kelowna, where they were soaked in petrol and floated out on a raft over Okanagan Lake. While a festive crowd of 20,000 lined the shores, the Premier shot a burning arrow at the bonds—and missed, leaving a Mountie to set them alight.

But Bennett also gets things done. Besides having built a remarkable 6,400 miles of roads, he runs a coastal ferry service that has more ships (23) than the Royal Canadian Navy has frigates, and his own railway which stretches 800 miles from Vancouver to the Peace River country; Bennett intends to push it on to Alaska.

No man better exemplifies Canada's spirit of machine-age pioneering. The bulk of her 20 million people live close to the U.S. border, and Bennett feels that this thin population belt must stretch into the undeveloped North and the still developing West. "Canada is as broad as the United States," he says, "but only half an inch deep [on the map]. Until we push up from the border, we just won't go anywhere."

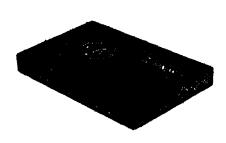
The key to his dream of developing the North's vast mineral riches is hydroelectric power. Under the

Rambow Lake oilfield, most recent of the Alberta "strikes"





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Columbia River Treaty, between Canada and the United States, he is building three massive storage dams. These will hugely increase the power that U.S. dam's can generate downstream; half that extra power will be Bennett's, and he has already sold it to American interests for a sum that more than pays for the dams.

After that deal, Bennett plunged ahead on the northern Peace dam, a great earthen slab (over half a mile wide at the base, and stretching 1.3 miles across the valley) that will back up a lake stretching for 240 miles. The Rs. 600 crores that Bennett is pouring into the Peace project have already quickened a northern rush in anticipation of the power.

The great boom is shared by the three other western provinces. Saskatchewan has been transformed by the great wheat bonanza from a simple society where, until well into the 1950's, farmers' wives cooked on wood stoves and did their evening chores by the light of oil lamps. Now tarm tamilies are moving into town, and old-fashioned threshing gangs have given way to the farmer who sits in the air-conditioned cab of a Rs. 1 lakh combine harvester. He can now gather in a 1,000-acre crop with the help of a single hired hand.

Another prairie treasure is potash, greatly in demand as fertilizer. Saskatchewan has so much of it underground that Premier Ross Thatcher may accurately boast that

his province not only produces the wheat that feeds the world but also mines the potash that grows the wheat. At Esterhazy, drilling machines in the 3,200-foot-deep corridors of a new mine are shearing out the pink ore for export to Europe and Asia. Eleven more potash mines are

in prospect.

Manitoba is the only relatively "have not" province in the West, though it too has greatly progressed in recent years. It has the prairie's most diversified industry and is also developing its northern resources. On the Nelson River, 579 miles north-east of Winnipeg, construction was started last summer on a Rs. 243 crore power project, as well as on a new Rs. 75 crore forest industry complex at The Pas.

Alberta is the West's great oil domain. Today its wheatfields look from the air like a giant birthday cake as the flares of oil-well waste burn like thousands of candles. Last year pipelines daily carried 650,000 barrels of crude oil and 2,300 million cubic feet of natural gas to eastern markets. Thanks to oil wealth, Albertans pay Canada's lowest corporation tax, lowest petrol tax and no sales tax.

Even after spending more on roads and schools than any other Canadian province, Alberta still stacks away a surplus every year, which now amounts to nearly Rs. 406 crores. Nor is there much chance of the black gold running dry. The north-western Rainbow Lake area

#### THE READER'S DIGEST

has suddenly blossomed with oil rigs, and this find may be larger than all the known reserves elsewhere in Alberta—except the Athabasca tar sands.

Though problems still hang over the nation, Canadians are justly proud of their achievements, and this year's centennial jamboree will symbolize this pride. It will be the longest and one of the most expensive birthday celebrations any nation has ever had. At Expo 67, on mainly man-made islands in the St. Lawrence River, the pavilions of 70 nations will welcome visitors.

The Parliament buildings in Ottawa will provide the setting for a May-to-October Son et Lumière. As part of the celebrations, 2,500 cities and towns have adopted civic projects that range from Ottawa's plan to plant 70,000 flowering crab-apple trees to a Japanese garden in Lethbridge, Alberta, that expects to get a school of royal carp from Emperor Hirohito's moat.

In the sound and fury of the centennial, Canadians are bound to hear echoes of their own success in turning the wilderness into a thriving nation.

Condensed from Time



### Pay Role

THOSE of you who've seen the James Bond films—in which action speaks louder than words—will sympathize with actor Jean-Pierre Duclos, who lives in Paris and, when he's not acting, dubs films for the French market.

"It's not funny when you're paid by the line," he complains. "There just aren't enough in the Bond films. All that stuff underwater—and not a single word."

Jean-Pierre's preference? "Give me an Italian film any day. The Italians seem to sit in bedrooms and talk their heads off," he says.

-Noel Anthony, NANA

### Seen in Print

THE PROGRAMME for a college drama society's recent production announced: "Latecomers will be seated but despised."

—UPI

Correction sent out to newspapers by a press agency: "On food page distributed March 8, add to jam tarts ingredients, for release March 27, 1/2 lb. jam."

Announcement on office notice board: "Will exchange six-month-old poodle for anything that does not breathe."

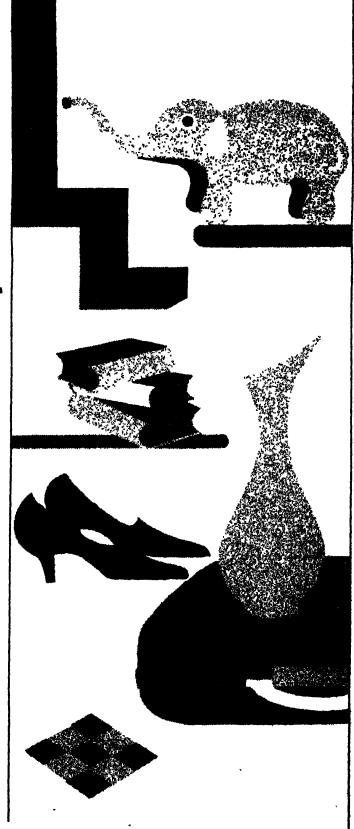
—E. D. C.



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SARABHAI CHEMICALS

## When these bright technology students devote their ingenuity to tomfoolery, the results are frequently fantastic

## GENIUS AT PLAY

#### By Joseph Bell

forma Institute of Technology (Caltech). Research is pursued there in an atmosphere of scientific creativity perhaps unparalleled anywhere else in the world. Though Caltech is a small institution, with an undergraduate student body of 660 and some 720 graduate students, it has produced 11 Nobel Prize-winners.

But even scientific brains have to let off steam occasionally. One day each year is set aside for way-out stunts. Called Ditch Day, it gets under way on a morning in April or May when, without warning, all the final-year students drift quietly away from college. (All must leave; any found in college are tied to a tree.)

By the rules of the Ditch Day game, the rest of the students have until sunset to break into the seniors' rooms and devise some sort of diabolical prank. The challenge to the seniors is to barricade their rooms in such a way that they can't be violated. Brute force is not permissible; the students must get into the rooms without breaking any walls, windows or doors. Any damage to private property must be paid for by those causing it.

This still leaves plenty of latitude. For the seniors must have some means of getting back into their

Condensed from Popular Mechanics

rooms when they return. If the other students can work out this means of re-entry, they can then get in themselves.

Three years ago, senior George Radke braced doors and windows with portable dance-floor sections, installed an unpickable lock, and double-secured his door by screwing stainless-steel bars into the frame. He made his exit through the transom window above the door, after which a brace fell into place behind him.

The bracing bar was fastened to a rope secured to a pulley; resting on the rope was a cold soldering iron wired to a timer. By pushing a knife blade through the door-edge at a spot that he alone knew, Radke could short-circuit a pair of wires, set off the timer, heat the soldering iron, burn the rope, release the pulley and get back in through the window.

The invaders worked out Radke's defence by wriggling through a space above the ceiling, removing a light fixture and peering through the resulting peephole. They then poked a lighted candle on a fishing rod down through the hole, burned the rope and entered the room through the transom window.

"Radke did such a beautiful job, though," recalls an admiring student, "that we didn't do anything to his room."

This is the exception. One senior found a polyethylene sheet on his floor and the room two feet deep in

water—stocked with goldfish. Another senior's doorway was carefully plastered up and the entire wall painted. When he returned, his room had simply disappeared.

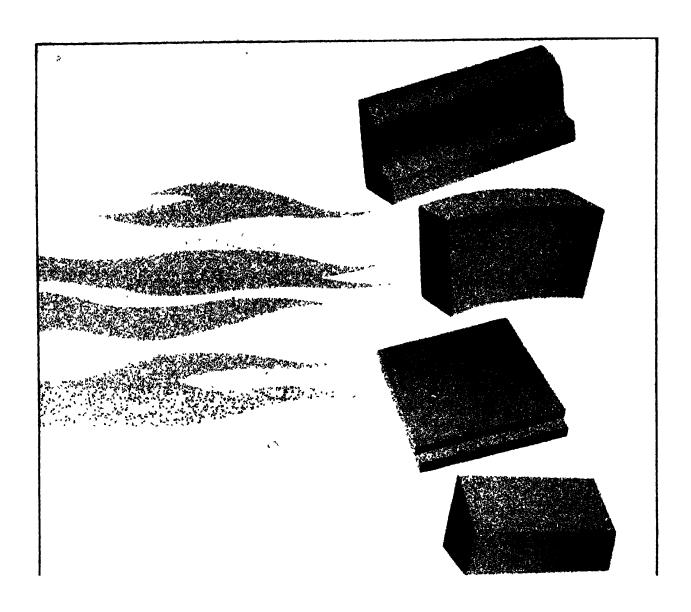
Another senior was delighted when he spotted a trap that would



have upended a bucket of water on his head. He removed the bucket, tipped the water into his washbasin and watched it pour out on to his feet. The students, anticipating his actions exactly, had removed the waste pipe!

Completely impenetrable defences are unusual; hence they are remembered with awe. One senior deliberately left no means of re-entry to his room. Students spent all day drilling through a steel plate he had bolted over his door, and the senior returned just as they broke into the room. He thanked them, and left them stunned.

A tough, rugged senior declared flatly one year that he didn't want



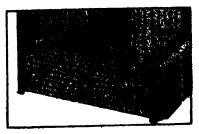
## HIGH AND SUPER ALUMINA

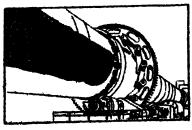
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## THE READER'S DIGEST

anything done to his room. To prove that he meant business, he said he had left a shotgun wired to go off if anyone tried to enter. Reconnaissance through a ceiling vent verified his story, and the invaders were frightened off.

When the senior returned, he roared with laughter at the students' timidity. He told them the gun was old and incapable of firing—and threw open the door to prove it. There was a tremendous explosion,

and the senior fell, clutching his chest. The effect was sensational. He had actually wired the door to a massive firework, which exploded when the door was opened.

Caltech's horseplay is not limited just to Ditch Day. It's likely to break out at any time that the students look around for a psychological breather from the intense acadamic load that they carry. And when Caltech lets off steam, the results are really quite something.



# Holy Note

Confessed a Hertfordshire vicar: "This morning I found a note in my diary saying '12.30 HC.' I came to church, robed myself and prepared to take Holy Communion, but there wasn't a soul there. Then I remembered—HC stands for haircut!"

—Evening Standard, London

# Ways of the World

A JAPANESE has developed a method of imprinting layered messages in a bar of soap so that, as it is used, the messages change. For soapmakers who want to increase sales, he suggests a bar of soap featuring a pretty, fully clothed young lady who proceeds to "disrobe" as each succeeding layer of soap is rubbed away.

—Horizons

A PRIVATE BEACH near Malaga, in Spain, has been restricted to fat women. "It's very successful," says the owner. "I hope it will be copied by other resorts. The idea is to prevent overweight women being embarrassed. Among themselves they always have a marvellous time, but in front of rivals with better figures they get depressed."

—Lloyd Shearer

OIL-RICH Kuwait now has more cars per capita than any other country except the United States. It also has a flock of six-lane highways to go with the cars. Since there isn't really anywhere to go in Kuwait, many of the roads lead nowhere. But you can drive round and round in air-conditioned comfort, looking at other people driving round and round.

—Road & Track



# A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE...

If you are wondering what this photograph is about, you will probably be surprised by the answer—see left hand corner below. It is all a matter of perspective.

We look at life too closely and many luxuries seem like immediate necessities. But if we looked at it in the correct perspective, we would realise that for various reasons—unexpected expenses, children's education, retirement needs—the proper thing would be to restrict our spending, and save regularly and adequately.



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You have a future in this star Twenty-five years ago, two war correspondents wrote these on-the-spot impressions of Malta's ordeal by bombing during the Second World War, which won the island the George Cross and immortality

# MALTA, G.C.

By Preston Grover and William McGaffin

in the world is a little island in mid-Mediterranean. Malta, 8 miles wide and 17 miles long, has been attacked more than 2,000 times. Every day, for days at a time, from 150 to 200 Axis planes strike at this British carbuncle in Mussolini's sea. Even the goats have learnt to crouch in a ditch when the bombs begin to fall.

The attack began on June 11, 1940, the day after Italy entered the war. Malta was not ready. It had no fighter planes and no properly defended airports. However, there were four Sea Gladiators in a dock-yard storehouse. There were also four seaplane pilots. They had never flown fighter planes. But they took on the defence of Malta.

The four met wave after wave of bombers. They fought all day. They came down only to refuel, repair and take on ammunition. One Gladiator was shot down; the other three fought on, sometimes grappling with forces ten times their number. The Maltese called them. "Faith, Hope and Charity."

Now, two years later, Malta has great numbers of Hurricanes and Spitfires, long-range bombers and the heaviest concentration of antiaircraft guns in the world. It has become a bottomless drain down which Germany and Italy pour valuable planes and crews. No divebomber squadron can stay on the job, the British say, for more than a very short time. Their nerve fails. Captured German pilots have revealed that new Nazi squadrons brought to Italy are not allowed to mix with the battered ones in case they learn what faces them.

British pilots make no bones about their own hazards. They dive right through their own murderous barrage to stay on Jerry's tail. Veterans of both battles, Malta and Britain, tell you that Malta is worse



The Grand Harbour, Valletta, during an enemy bombing raid

than Britain ever was because the fighting is over a much smaller area. It is almost impossible to make a forced landing on the island—and the Jerry patrol is on constant watch to strafe any launch trying to rescue pilots down in the sea.

Before the war began, Italy con ducted vigorous propaganda among the Maltese, giving scholarships to many students and cheap travel facilities to their parents. When Italy entered the war, women and chil dren of the English colony were moved into navy and army barracks for protection against any possible disorders among the Maltese. It was a needless precaution. The first Italian bomb which fell on Malta enraged the islanders. Recently a British warship took off a number of German and Italian prisoners. As the prisoners went aboard, the Maltese shook their fists and screamed at them. Nowadays they chalk up signs and write to the newspaper urging the British to

bomb Rome. Maltese dockyard workers know that the harbour area is the hottest spot on the island, yet they come to work day after day.

There are 10,000 farms on the 95 square miles of this island—perhaps the densest population in Europe Of important assistance in withstanding the non-stopblitz is the marvellous system of shelters, hewn out of natural rock, which provide for the bulk of Malta's 270,000 people Helpful to swift construction was the soft limestone of which the island is composed. It is easy to work but hardens on exposure to air. Naval dockyard blacksmiths turned out thousands of picks and the Maltese dug tunnels by hand.

Some people live permanently in the shelters and do not come out even to have babies. Underground chapels as well as homes are now provided. Other people, however, despite government efforts to stop them, stay out to watch the raids. When you see the show the guns of Malta put on, you understand their temptation to linger. It is a gripping spectacle.

Many children stay on the street during the semi-alert signalled by a yellow flag. When the red flag is run up, they shout, "Mama, bombs!" and mama leaves off cooking dinner to take them to the shelter.

Malta's buildings, like the shelters, are made of rock. Thus there is no danger of fire from bombing raids. The enemy's only recourse is to drop high explosives, and the thick, tough walls of Malta will stand a lot of pounding. They do collapse eventually, of course. In the past 21 months 4,200 homes have been knocked down.

While Britain held the Libyan coast as far as Benghazi she could furnish convoys, and Malta was restocked. Now the British have been pushed back, and supply ships from Alexandria must run the gauntlet down the bomb alley of attacks from Crete and Greece on the north, Africa on the south. Convoys are carried through only with heavy risk and at considerable danger to convoying warships. Stukas, Junkers 88's and Messerschmitts raid them from daylight until dusk—

when torpedo planes carry on by light flares. But some ships get through with the food and ammunition which are essential to the island's defence. Whatever the cost, holding Malta is important.

Throughout history Malta has been a military policeman in the central Mediterranean. This has been so under Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Spaniards, the Knights of St. John who repelled a great Turkish siege, Napoleon and finally the English.

No longer very useful for surface vessels because of air attacks, Malta is still valuable as a base from which British submarines prey on Axis shipping, and, more important, an air base. Fighters take off from rocky, pocked airfields hidden in the hills, and bombers use it as a relay point to refuel and pick up bombs to drop on Italy. Malta is the pressure spot close to the heart of Italy, the soft link in the Axis armour. The Axis seems determined to eliminate it, for it stands in the way of convoys supplying Rommel's

Whether Malta falls or not, it has already written one of the great unsung epics of this war.

Libyan army.

Malta did not remain an unsung epic. In April 1942, when King George VI publicly recognized her great gallantry, his message read: "To honour her brave people I award the George Cross to the Island Fortress of Malta to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history."

I was a strange parade I saw passing my grandmother's house that summer of 1939 when I was 11 and went to live with her at Virginia Beach. Each afternoon, from the front window, I watched a dozen teenagers, carrying beach balls and picnic baskets, walk gaily along the beach. The strange thing was that there was always an older man with them, a man they pushed in a wheelchair. His profile reminded me of a carved figurehead on an old sailing ship; his high forehead,

# MY MOST Old sailing sh UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

By Doris Agee



prominent nose and rough-hewn jaw were thrust forward as if to split the wind.

The young people swam, played ball on the sands and at sunset lit a fire to roast hot sausages. Long after dark, I could see the motionless figure in the wheelchair silhouetted by the dancing flames. I made up a variety of stories about that man, but eventually I grew tired of guessing and asked my grandmother about him. "Oh, you mean Thomas Sugrue," she said. "The doctors don't seem to know exactly what's wrong with him. A couple of years ago he suddenly became paralysed."

"Do those kids have to take him

to the beach every day?"

"No," she answered. "They want to. Tom Sugrue is the life of the

party."

One morning I saw him sitting alone on the beach, staring out at the grey sea. I wanted to talk to him, but when I was within a few yards of him my steps lagged. The fact that he was crippled made him seem so different that I lost my courage.

Introduction. "Hallo," he called out in a strong voice.

"Hallo," I found myself saying.

"You're Dolly Rice," he said. I thought it curious that he didn't turn his head to look at me—then I remembered he couldn't. I walked round in front of him.

"How do you know who I am?"

"You've been peeping at me all summer out of your grandmother's parlour window." I hung my head, but he laughed in such a way that I laughed, too. Then he said, "Would you like to know what happened to me?"

He knew that his strangeness made me timid. He told the facts briefly. Two years ago, he said, he had suddenly felt a chill and then had begun to run a high temperature. After the fever was gone, paralysis had taken over one leg, then the other; it moved to his arms and his back. The doctors had done their best to stop its spread, but now he could move only his eyes and mouth and lift each hand about five inches above the arm of his chair.

"The doctors say I had a 'mixed streptococcal infection,' which is their way of telling me that they're not certain what it was. But one day they may find the answer."

"Don't you mind being in a

wheelchair?" I asked.

"I mind for my wife and little girl because they have to worry about me. But I look out at the world, and the fact that I'm in this chair hasn't changed the world a bit. It's as full of beauty and mystery as ever." In those few minutes, Tom Sugrue had not only removed his paralysis as a barrier between us, but had disposed of it as a topic of interest.

Back at my grandmother's, I burst out, "I've been talking to Mr.

Sugrue!"

"What did you talk about?" Grandmother asked.

"Everything. He's my friend."
"He's your acquaintance," she

corrected me. "Friendships don't grow that fast."

"Ours did," I insisted. "He's my true friend."

"Perhaps," she said, allowing herself to sound half-convinced. "If so, you're a lucky young lady. Ask your uncle about him. They were at college together."

Determination. I learned that when Tom Sugrue arrived at university in the autumn of 1926, he had been working for two years in a rubber factory to earn the money for his fees. He didn't have enough for four years, so he was determined to get his degree in three—and he did. He worked on the college magazine and the weekly newspaper, became editor of the college literary magazine and of the year-book. He also graduated with honours.

After university he became a reporter, then a feature writer on the New York Herald Tribune. He had a gentle humour that attracted attention, and soon magazine and book editors were offering him assignments. One of these led to his travelling round the world for two years, writing a series of widely acclaimed magazine articles about people and places. Tom was 30 years old, reaching, great success and fame, when the mysterious illness struck. Though it was a tragic fate, no one who knew Tom saw him as a tragic man. Even confined to a wheelchair Tom found life exciting, and his attitude was contagious.

After that first meeting, I could hardly wait to see him again. Next morning he was on the beach waiting, I assumed, for me. "Tell me a nice memory, Dolly," he said. I hesitated, unsure of the rules of this new game.

"I'll tell you one first," he said. "It's chilly this morning, and so when you came along I was giving myself a warm memory. When I was a boy, I used to stand for hours in the summer sun with a friend, throwing a ball back and forth. The impact of the ball hitting my glove, the transfer of the ball from left hand to right hand, the slow wind-up to throw and then the lazy follow-through—each time I bring back that memory, I get the feel of it again—the taste of it!"

Now it was my turn, and the memory that jumped up in my mind made me blush. But I wanted to play the game, so I said, "When I first moved to Virginia Beach I was lonely and frightened. But one night when I was in bed, I overheard my grandmother say to a friend that I was pretty. When I remember her saying that, I feel pretty."

Tom grinned and said, "And when you feel pretty, you don't feel scared, do you?"

During the next few years, Tom became a special friend of mine. Of course, I discovered that almost everybody who knew him thought of him as a special friend, but none of us was jealous—there was enough of Tom Sugrue for us all. Soon it was my generation of teenage boys and girls who wheeled Tom to the beach for picnics and long talks on the sands. Among other things, we discussed topics in which we had recently developed a great interest: love and sex.

New York I fell in love with a girl from the top down," Tom once said. We weren't certain what he meant.

"She worked in the New York Herald Tribune books section and had enormous brown eyes. From time to time she gave me a book to review, along with a smile. She was both critical and encouraging about my work, and she gave me self-confidence when I dearly needed it. I made all sorts of excuses just to see her. Then one day I realized that, because of the piles of books and papers on her desk, I had seen nothing of her but her head. I was in love with a disembodied head!

"Soon afterwards, I met her walking along the street. 'Wowee!' I said to myself. 'All that goes with the head?' I immediately fell in love with the whole girl."

We all laughed at his story. But then he added seriously, "The danger in falling in love with the bottom part of a girl first is that when you eventually get to the head you may find it empty. I'm convinced that the only way for a man to fall in love is from the top down."

As I grew older, I began to look at Tom Sugrue with more measuring eyes. This did not diminish him; rather I found him even stronger than I had in my childhood. I learned that he still supported his family by his writing. He had published one book before he fell ill, and he was to write seven more, as well as innumerable magazine articles, stories, essays and poems.

His method of writing was a marvel of mental discipline and physical courage. He could no longer use a typewriter, so all day long he composed in his head—revising, polishing and memorizing the words. Then, in the one-hour "writing" time allowed him by his doctors, he would painfully scrawl the sentences in pencil on a large yellow pad. By the end of the hour, he had several hundred words on paper.

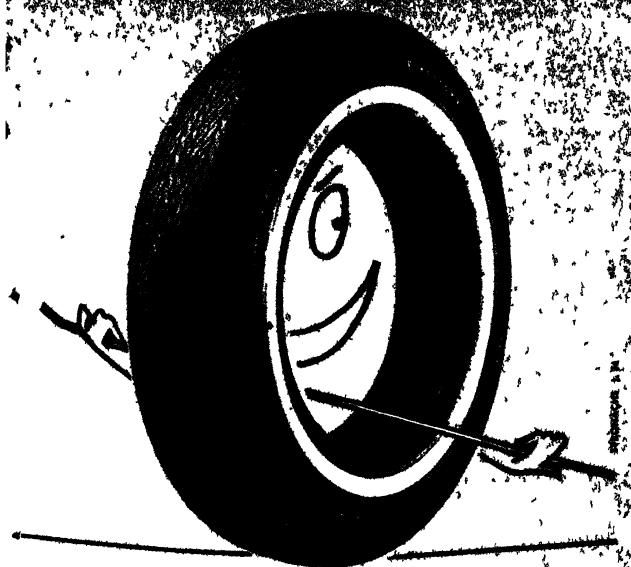
I once tried to commiserate with him, but he said, "Suppose I had been a carpenter or a surgeon? How could I make a living now? No, Dolly, I'm a lucky man."

When I was 19, I suddenly realized that all my dreams of adventure and success had not begun to come true. In a few weeks I would reach what seemed the terribly advanced age of 20, and what had happened to me? Nothing! I found Tom on the beach and flopped down beside him. "I feel fed up!" I blurted out. "I deserve better than this dull existence."

"What do you want to happen?" he asked.

"Anything!"

"If you'll settle for anything, you



# better stability!

No stips, no skids on even heirpin bands or corners, because the semestings by Wrap-Around tread design in Firestone carryres is 18% wider — puts that name more rubber on the road. While belancing the facts, also consider buy for the mirecie rubber which goes into every Firestone tyre, to provide extra mirecia rubber which goes into every Firestone tyre, to provide extra mirecia. Some test irone tyre i

ALUED BARRON BEARING BARRET STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPE



## MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

won't get much," he said, and for the first time I heard impatience in his voice. "Good things don't happen to us because we deserve them, Dolly. They happen only if we make them happen." There was silence, then he said, "You've decided that Virginia Beach is too small for you."

"It makes me sound snobbish, I

suppose."

"Not at all. The time may come when Virginia Beach is exactly the right size for you, but not until you've seen some of the rest of the world. Just now you want to go to a big city and get a job, and I think you should."

When I hesitated, he said, more gently, "Everyone is a little frightened at the beginning of a journey. But if the project doesn't entail a little risk, doesn't demand some courage, it's not worth much."

saw him again, he said casually, "I'm planning a trip to Israel. There's a lot going on there, and I'd like to see it and write about it."

He made no further reference to my own vague plans and he didn't need to. If he could travel halfway round the world, if he could make good things happen in his condition, I could make them happen, too. I left Virginia Beach that week-end, and within a month I had a job in a distant city as a copywriter in an advertising agency. I have often wondered whether Tom mentioned Israel just to goad me into action. Perhaps so, but he actually made the trip the following year.

He took with him a young friend to act as nurse and companion. But the friend fell ill the first night out in the Atlantic and was placed in the ship's hospital; he would be unable to go beyond Naples, the first port of call: This seemed to be the end of the trip for Tom; how could he possibly travel on to Israel alone? But Tom was determined.

He woke up on his first day alone feeling apprehensive, and as the hours passed, he began to sweat. About noon there was a knock on his door, and a young woman, a fellow tourist, walked in. "I heard you needed help," she said. "What do you want done?" She explained that she had had experience in caring for invalids. "We'll get you fixed up and out into the sunshine. It's a beautiful day."

Tom's saviour attended him until they reached Pompeii. When the time came for parting, she delivered him into the hands of a married couple going to Rome. They in turn passed him on to others. For the next five months he was bathed, moved, fed, bedded down and lifted up by a series of men and women he had never seen before and would never see again: hotel maids, waiters, porters, travel agents, taxi drivers, tourist guides and fellow travellers. He was never deserted.

Back in the United States, Tom undertook a lecture tour on his experiences in Israel, and he spoke of the strangers who had cared for him. "The urge to help is deep within all men," he said. "It is part of God's plan for humanity. Those of us who need help should not, through shyness or false pride, deny another the opportunity to conform to that plan."

Shortly afterwards I married, moved to California and lost touch with Tom. A few years later, I picked up an issue of Reader's Digest to find an article written by Tom. It was a terrible shock to discover from a footnote that he had died a few months previously.

In his article he wrote of a "secret helper" he had in time of adversity. "Mine came to me 13 years ago. I was very ill. In mind and spirit I was desolate."

He explained that he had asked the village priest to bring him Communion.

It was a dark and misty morning. My wife covered my bedside table with a linen cloth and placed on it a lighted candle. My little daughter, Patsy, who was then about two-and-a-half years old, came in. She had never seen a candle before and she stared transfixed at the flickering flame for what seemed a long time. "What's

that?" she asked. I told her it was a candle. Then she whispered as if to herself, "It's a little piece of light!".

After the priest had gone, Patsy climbed up into a rocking chair that stood near a window overlooking the sea. As she rocked, the mist fell away and the room was filled with light. "The sun is here," she said. The words made her think of something. "The sun is the dear Lord's candle?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "the sun is the dear Lord's candle." I watched her as she slowly rocked, and that is the way the memory returns to me now, whenever I have need of it. I see her golden head rocking in the sun, and my mind and spirit are no longer desolate.

There is no time when this happiest of memories is not available to me; I have summoned it while lying in hospital beds, while rolling through storms at sea, while facing the afflictions of flesh and mind and emotion which fall on everyone. For me that memory is the strongest force in the world. With it I am unassailable.

As I finished reading, my mind raced back to Virginia Beach and to my first meeting with Tom Sugrue. It must have been just after this experience that he had taught me the game, "Tell me a memory." \(\)
Now I understood why.

# @**>**@

# Les Girls

GROUP of young housewives gave a concert at an old folks' home. They were greeted by a spry old lady who said, "How nice! At least this singing keeps you girls off the streets."

—Nell Morgan

# **CRIPPLING TAXES**

Seven Committees and Commissions have, without exception, strongly recommended relief from the ever-mounting burden of taxes on the transport industry. In 1960, for instance, the Jha Committee stated:

"We would ourselves be averse to any measure of taxation which would raise the cost of the indigenous vehicles further at a time when there is a general anxiety to see lower prices."

And yet, in 1965, the National Council of Applied Economic Research found that "Direct and indirect taxes amounted to Rs. 11,656 or nearly 43% of the ex-factory price of TMB vehicles." Since then taxes on vehicles have further increased.

Between July 1959 and July 1966 the price of a TMB vehicle in Bombay increased by Rs. 13,126 of which

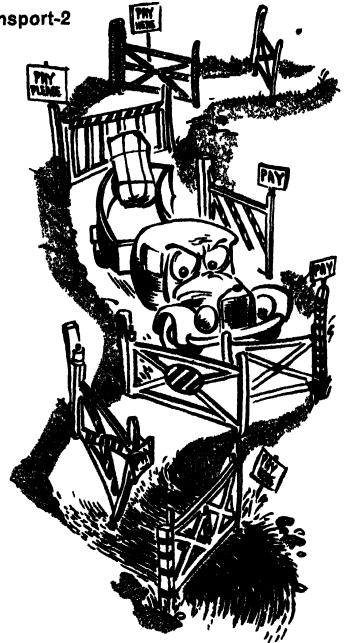
Rs. 10,626 (18%) was Government levies

Rs. 2,167 (16%) resulted from Gavernment-approved increases in tyre prices and higher cost of imported components and

Rs. 333 (3%) was received by manufacturers to offset rise in cost of indigenous raw materials and bought-out components, and in wages, interest rates and other expenses.

The road transport industry cannot flourish unless taxes are reduced. The time to do it is now,





# INTER-STATE OBSTACLES

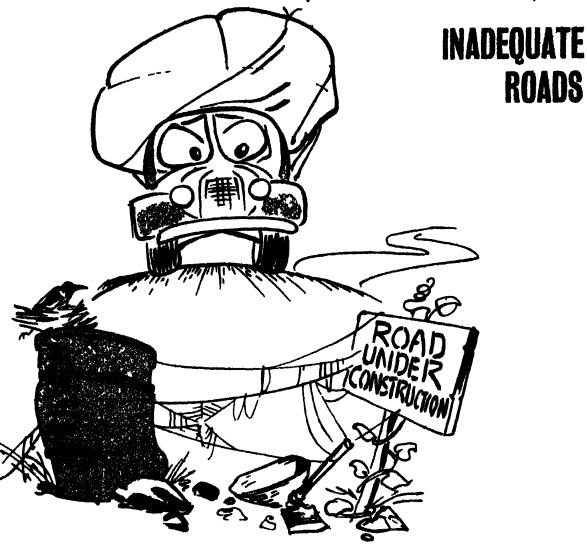
Movement of transport vehicles across State and local borders is subject to formidable barriers and unnecessary delays:

Inter-State permits
Varying Inter-State taxes
Differing permissible loads
Octroi duties
Toil gates
Weigh bridges

The Committee on Transport Policy and Coordination in 1965 recommended a uniform road tax system for the entire country and abolition of octroi duties and other obstacles which lead to abuses. The time to begin is now,

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**ROADS** 



On superficial examination road building seems to have made good progress during the last 15 years.

	TOTAL ROAD	PAVED
	MILEAGE	ROADS
1951	2,49,000	98,000
1966	5,99,000	1,77,300
D	Alternative Control	• •

But are these roads adequate? In comparing road densities with many other countries, India comes very low on the list.

Paved road length per 100 square kilometres area

West Germany		149.3 km.
U.K.		138.5 km.
Denmark		132.4 km.
France		125.9 km.
U.S.A.	4	44.9 km.
Ceylon	-	25.6 km.
India		12,0 km.

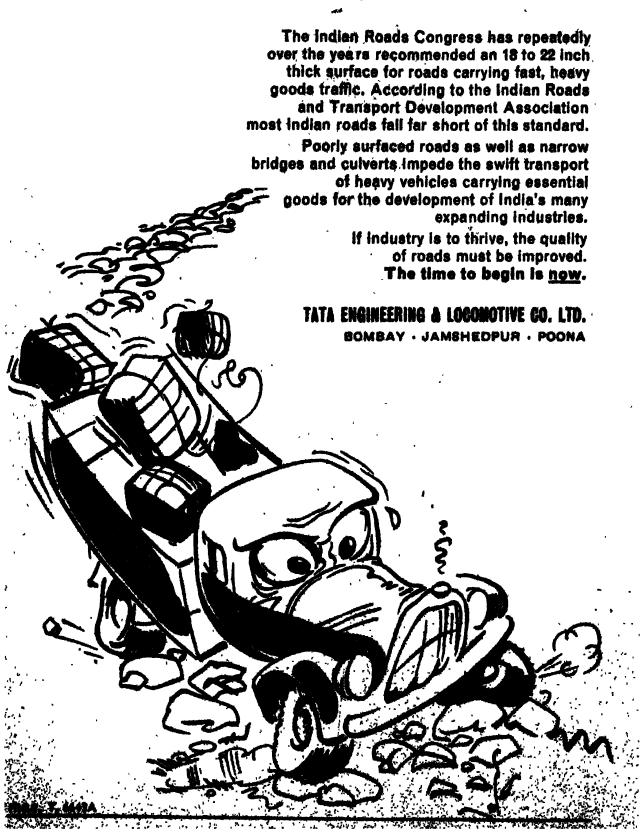
Development of roads will help spur the road transport industry, which is labour intensive. The National Council of Applied Economic Research in 1964 estimated that every additional commercial vehicle on the road means nearly 13 more jobs.

The Tarlok Singh Committee on Transport Policy & Co-ordination's Report of 1965 states that it will take two decades of sustained effort to build an adequate road system.

The time to begin is now.

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# Inches make the difference





In most countries railways carry only a small part of the goods traffic. In India they carry the bulk:

### Percentage of goods carried

			by	roads	by rail
U.S.A.	••		•	92.31	7.69
italy	• •			73.40	26.60
U.K	•••	•	•••	59.00	41.00
India	***			22.45	77.55
Roads	have	several	ad		
rall in p	oroma	ting eco	nor	nic grov	vth;

- Swifter, more economical development of remote areas
- Five times faster than rail traffic—if not delayed at check posts
- Direct deliveries from factory and farm

- Quick maturing project bringing greater, swifter benefits to more people. High employment potential
- Two and a half times higher contribution to the exchequer than railways

   five times for every rupes invested:

Investment Contribution Rs. (crores) Rs. (crores) 1951-66 1961-66

Road transport 1,395.27 1,264.37 Railways 3,104.48 508.74

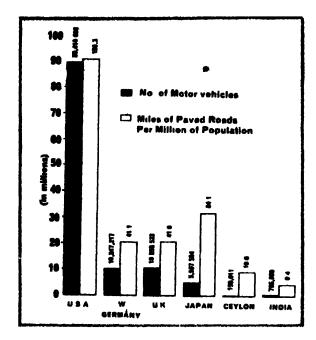
An adequate road transport system is a vital necessity. The time to start building it is now.

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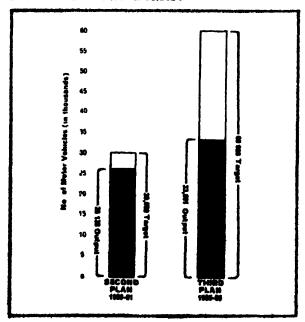
# Road Transport and The Nation

of India's life. Buses carry the child to school, the villager to town, the clerk to office, the factory-hand to plant, the sick to hospital, the city-worker back to his village home. Trucks transport food to consumer, raw materials to factory, finished goods to warehouse, produce to market, jawans to protect our borders.

To develop and to serve the nation the road transport industry needs a network of good roads to every part of the country. It must also have an adequate number of motor vehicles operating efficiently and at reasonable cost. Road intensity and vehicle population are good indicators of a country's development and prosperity. Unfortunately, India compares unfavourably with others.



For India's prosperity we need many more vehicles, particularly commercial vehicles — trucks and buses — which serve the masses. Output of commercial vehicles has been much below the targets set in our Five Year Plans:—

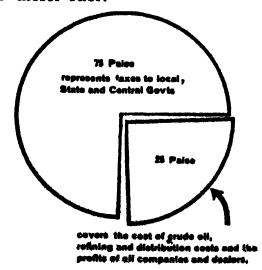


To achieve the Fourth Five Year Plan target of 90,000 commercial vehicles in 1970-71, the forces — particularly high and rising prices — which inhibit demand must be curbed.

Between July 1959 and July 1966, the price of the Tata Mercedes-Benz truck chassis increased by Rs. 13,126. Of this Rs. 10,626 was due to Government levies and Rs. 2,167 due to Government-approved increases in tyre prices and higher cost of imported parts and components. The balance of Rs. 333 allowed to manufacturers was clearly inadequate to offset the rise in the cost of indigenous raw materials and components, increases in wages, interest charges and other expenses.

Burdened by the high tax element in the price of his vehicle, the transport operator has to also pay heavily for the diesel fuel he consumes and for the roads he uses.

In the ten years ending December 1966, the price in Bombay of 5 litres of high speed diesel increased from Rs. 1.24 to Rs. 3.77 or by 204%. Of every rupee now paid for diesel fuel:



The operation of every diesel truck yields each year to Government as much as Rs. 12,000/-which is more than the operator himself earns from his unremitting labours.

Apart from the cost of fuel, lubricants, spare parts and the like, the transport operator is crushed by a level of charges for licences, permits and registration much higher than borne by his counterpart even in developed countries:



And yet, after paying all these extortionate charges and taxes, the road transport operator is not free to ply his vehicle throughout our country. He must still secure and pay for inter-state and route permits; he must face delays and pay more money at octroi posts; he must stop at weigh-bridges. State borders, municipal limits, check posts: and he must overcome other obstacles numerous The reward for all the hurdles. taxes and tribulations to which the transport operator is subject, is a system of poorly constructed and badly maintained roads which play

havoc with his vehicle and add immeasurably to his costs. Though the ingenious and complex system of direct and indirect levies extorts from the road transport industry over Rs. 250 crores per annum, only half this amount is used for road development and maintenance. Is the road transport industry then wrong in its belief that it is getting a raw deal?

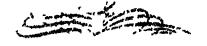
Goods and passengers are transported not only by road — by vehicle owners, individual operatives, fleet operators, State transport corporations — but also by the Government-owned railways: securely protected by a monopoly, provided with adequate funds for development and expansion and subject to few of the restrictions, taxes, and impediments with which the road transport industry is plagued. The burden of taxes and duties which road transport has to bear is alone equal to the average freight of 7 paise per ton-mile which the Railways charge. For every rupee of capital investment, public authorities annually receive five times as large a return from road transport as they do from the Railways. Despite this, the investment on roads is so inadequate and so grudging and road transport continues to be wrongly regarded as a mere feeder service for the Railways.

The mobility of goods and people which road transport encourages and the access to hitherto isolated 152

areas which it makes possible, unite the country, counteract parochial tendencies and improve the marketability and prices of produce. Equally important, road transport is labour intensive. The National Council of Applied Economic Research estimates that every additional commercial vehicle on the roads means almost 13 new jobs. If the Fourth Five Year Plan target of vehicle population could be attained, the road transport industry alone would by 1971 provide jobs for 2.6 million more people. Through the innumerable small units of which the industry largely composed and mechanical skills which it generates, wealth and well-being could be widely distributed and economic disparities reduced.

If the important economic, social and national advantages of a healthy road transport industry are to be realised, the impediments to its operation and development must be removed. Relief must be provided from the mounting and crushing burden of taxes; more and better roads must be built; obstacles to free movement must be removed; and the partiality, shown to the Railways must be corrected.

The time for action is NOW.



# Life's Like That

ON A VISIT to a friend in hospital, I mistakenly entered the wrong room and called out, "Hallo, Tom." The face that turned towards me had taken a terrible beating. The eyes were discoloured, the nose was swollen, even the ears were lacerated. It wasn't Tom. Embarrassed, I said, "Sorry. You aren't the man I thought you were."

Said he, glumly, "I'm not the man I thought I was, either." —FRANK WINTERS

WHEN OUR order from the grocer's arrived, by no means for the first time with the eggs at the very bottom of the groceries and at least six broken, I thought it was time to complain. "In future," I told the assistant, "please put the eggs on top."

"Madam," he replied, "we put the eggs on the bottom purposely, so that when they break they won't run all over the rest of your groceries."

-E. E. T.

I HAVE a horrible habit of referring to my two daughters by age, rather than by name, when talking to people who don't know them. Glenda answered the door one day when my insurance agent and a handsome young trainee rang the bell. The young fellow watched her without batting an eye as she left the room.

To break the ice, the agent commented on our piano and asked if I played. "No," I answered. "But my 16-year-old daughter does."

Glenda overheard, but said nothing.

However, when some of her friends dropped in that afternoon I heard her say, "Come into the kitchen. I want you to meet my 52-year-old mother."

-Mrs. Calvin Cochran

No one had to tell us our white convertible was an extravagance. It was our dream car, and we drove it with pride and were delighted with its performance.

One day, while in a remote country area, we drove up to a one-pump petrol station. The attendant filled the tank without saying a word. When we were ready to drive away, he said, "Nice car you have here." Trying to hide our pride, we answered casually, "We're glad you like it."

"I think all cars are nice," he added, "when they take a lot of petrol."

-M. V. D.

My DAUGHTER-IN-LAW works as cashier at her husband's business. One day a complaining customer demanded to see the manager. My daughter-in-law obligingly picked up the telephone to call her husband, then said, "I'll call the manager, but I may as well tell you now that you're already talking to the manager's manager." The customer laughed, and departed. —Lucy RANDALL

A COUSIN of ours with three young children was going on a much-longed-for holiday with her family. We asked how long they'd be away, and she replied gleefully, "Twenty-seven meals!"

—ALAN ROLLAND

### THE READER'S DIGEST

MY DAUGHTER and her husband were invited to meet the neighbours in their new district at a fancy-dress party. But her husband is a paraplegic, and they were at a loss to know how to disguise a wheelchair. They decided to wear costumes anyway, resigned to being recognized. When they arrived they discovered some pretty wonderful neighbours. The men were dressed in a variety of costumes—and each was sitting in a wheelchair.

--KATHRYN BACCINI

During plans for expansion, a local bank employed my sister to count people passing by. She stood on the corner with a counter in her hand. After several hours, a young man from a building site on the other side of the road approached her and gave her a handful of money. He told her that the men on his site had decided that whoever she was waiting for wasn't going to turn up, so they'd taken a collection for her taxi fare home.

-F. K. J.

I've always been fascinated by the methodical way my husband goes about filling his pockets before leaving for work each morning. But I had never realized just how much a part of him each item was until the morning he misplaced his keys.

Noticing him patting his pockets, a bewildered look on his face, I asked what he had lost. "I'm not sure," he muttered. "But I'm not bulging in all the right places."

—BETTY Y. GERRINO

AFTER FILLING a large cavity in one of her molars, I warned my patient that in a few hours the pain might be so violent that she would need immediate attention. I suggested that she ring my surgery after the local anaesthetic had worn off.

She reported later that, following my instruction, she had phoned and said, "How long do I have to wait before I know whether or not I'm in trouble?"

A male voice asked shakily, "Who's that?"

My patient replied, "Isn't that Mr. Bill?"

Came the voice happily, "No, thank goodness! You've got the wrong number."

—W. G. M.

During a long car trip our dog became increasingly restless. In desperation we stopped at a chemist's shop to buy tranquillizers for her.

I explained to the boy behind the counter what we needed. "The dispenser will have to get that for you," he said, disappearing into a back room.

The boy returned to serve a woman who had just entered with a collie on a lead. A few moments later the dispenser emerged from the back room, walked briskly up to the collie and



shoved a capsule down its throat. "There, now," he said to the woman, "your problem is solved. He'll be out like a light in ten minutes."—N. C.

# Why Mothers Stay Well

By Joyce Lubold

The medical miracle that every wise woman understands

what is known as the "24-hour flu." Doctors, of course, use the proper technical term, and tell their patients, "There's a lot of it about just now." But no matter what you call it, one thing is clear about the 24-hour flu—nobody has it for exactly 24 hours.

Children can stretch it into three full days off from school, during which their mothers bring them meals on a tray and let them listen to whatever they like on the radio. One of the nicest things that can happen to a child is to get the flu that's going around.

Fathers enjoy it, too. They don't have it quite so long but they have it louder. The household revolves

around the patient then, and everyone, including Father, worries for a couple of days until he's better.

Mothers, however, can catch, suffer and recover from the 24-hour flu in 12 hours flat. Surely this is some kind of a medical miracle.

The first thing worth noting is that mothers react differently from other people to the first signs of fever. Children may weep, fathers get irritable. But the typical mother's reaction is pure, unadulterated joy.

It is a little-known fact that many otherwise hardworking, selfless, admirable housewives are addicted to the secret vice of taking their own temperature. These fits come on them usually when the house is in a mess and their feet hurt.

At such a time, a normally strongminded woman slips quietly to the medicine cupboard, furtively puts the thermometer under her tongue and sits, owl-like, on the side of the bath, her heart beating with happy anticipation. She *yearns* to be just a little bit ill. She hardly ever is.

But occasionally, to her joy, the thermometer shows a fever. Not high, of course. Not much over 100 degrees—but positive proof that she actually has the thing-that's-going-around. Comforting memories of childhood illness come to her mind: cool, clean sheets, bowls of hot soup, piles of books on the bedside table. What a lovely vision! And she really is ill. Ill enough to go to bed. Isn't that wonderful!

Let's assume that this fine moment comes just after lunchtime. The children are at school, the baby is asleep, there's no reason why she can't get into bed immediately. All she has to do first is prepare the evening meal, leave a note for the laundryman, find a substitute for the church committee, put the washing in to soak, carry out the rubbish and then . . . and then go upstairs and . . . sink . . . into . . . bed. Ahh-h-h-h! Her aching legs soak up comfort from the cool sheets, and her eyes, which have begun to sting, slowly, pleasurably, close. She's asleep—in the middle of the day.

Then, too soon, the front door

bangs wildly open as the children explode home from school. Their cries of "Mum! Mum! Where ARE you?" entirely drown her weak answering calls, but their search is determined and very soon they appear, reacting in their several ways to the unbelievable fact that Mother is in bed.

"Haven't you got up yet?" cries the younger girl, ignoring the fact that Mum was obviously up throughout the breakfast bedlam.

"How am I going to get to Bill's on time?" asks the boy, lurching in despair on to the bottom of the bed.

"If you're ill, what are we going to have to eat?" enquires the eldest, going straight to the essential problem.

Children are not really the unfeeling monsters they appear to be under these circumstances. It's just that the whole concept of a mother in bed, not attending to duties, is right outside their picture of the way things are. A wise woman, at such a time, will play shamelessly on their sense of the dramatic.

They really enjoy big emergencies. They love disasters. What they don't like are minor disturbances like this one. So she must throw her head back against the pillow, look pale and wan, and issue tense, whispered commands.

"I'm ill," she must say clearly. "I can't do anything. I'll just have to leave everything to you." Then, letting her voice trail off dramatically,



When the sun goes down, the lights go up Today even in some of India's remote villages, it is not the flickering flame of an oil lamp or a candle—the lights go up at the flick of a switch—for electricity now illuminates even the rural home!

In conditions presently obtaining in the country every bit of contribution to india's electric power pool is indeed welcome. More so, if it is tapped from resources otherwise going to waste. In this context the hydel plant is a boon inasmuch as it generates a sizeable power from the myriad streams, waterfalls, reservoirs and irrigation canal drops abounding in the country.

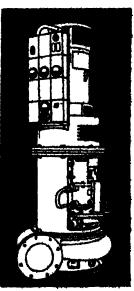
Jyoti has pioneered in India the manufacture of hydro-electric generating units—complete with turbine, governor, generator and control panel. It has as well accepted undivided responsibility for the satisfactory working of these units in 3 KW to 5000 KW ratings.

The JYOTi range of products includes. Pumps, Electric motors, Electric generators, Hydro-electric generating units, Switchgears, Circuit breakers and Switchboards



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BARODA



quality is

but careful to mention every necessary duty, she murmurs, "Cook the potatoes . . . take care of baby . . . lay the table . . ." So convincing a display of crisis will cause most children to rise nobly to the challenge, and for a time she will be left to the quiet of her room and the ache in her head.

But then Father comes home. Having received a breathless medical report from the children, he bounds into the bedroom without taking off his coat, drops down heavily on the edge of the bed and reaches for her hand.

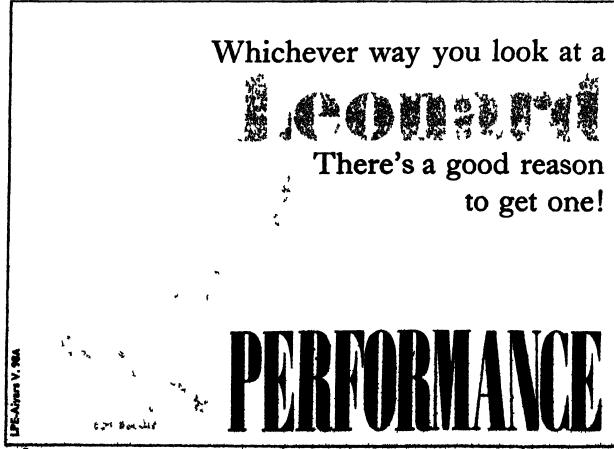
"The kids say you feel awful. Have you rung Dr. Murphy? Shall I go and collect the prescription?

What did he say was the matter?" Suddenly she feels terribly guilty, and struggles to stop pretending she is worse than she is and start pretending she is much better than she feels.

"It's nothing, darling—just this flu that's going round. I can get up and cook the supper and..." He shakes his head firmly.

"You stay there. Don't worry about a thing. The kids and I will take over." He sounds confident, but as she looks up at him in his rumpled business suit, with end-of-the-day fatigue in his eyes, she feels a tearful remorse.

"I'm sorry, dear. It's awfully hard on you . . ." she begins painfully,



really wondering if she may be worse than she thought, wishing that he would stay and make a fuss of her. But his mind is now surging with thoughts of Efficiency-in-the-Kitchen, and Getting-the-Kids-Organized, and he has no time for bedşide tenderness. "Don't talk," he advises briskly. "We'll get on fine without you.'

Her room is quiet again. And empty. Her lovely languor has left. She feels itchy and hot in the wrinkled sheets. She lies very still, straining for family sounds, feeling left out, feeling terrible. But everybody else seems to feel fine. There seems, in fact, to be some sort of party going on, with giggling from

the children and guffaws from Father, all against the clatter of plates and cutlery.

Suddenly there is a dreadful crash, followed by Father's voice telling everyone loudly to get the baby out of the way for goodness sake before he cuts himself, and where is the brush, and whatever they do they must not disturb their mother. "Don't disturb your mother," he bawls from the kitchen, making the curtains move gently in her bedroom.

Now the house grows quiet, and it is clear that the family is eating, while she lies there motionless, forgotten, miserable. She is not surprised that no one has thought to



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bring her some food. They've obviously forgotten about her entirely. They're obviously doing fine without her. There's no point in going

on living.

And then there is the lovely sound of another appalling crash, and the next-to-smallest child races in breathlessly to announce, "They dropped your tray and the dog

licked up all your supper."

She dashes off and there is another period of confusing noises until, at last, all the children appear, beaming. They bring a glass of water that has spilt on to the tray; a plate with three beans, a cold boiled potato, and a tiny piece of burnt meat. "Can we stay with you while you eat? Dad's in a bad mood, and it's all messy in the kitchen, and nobody knows where the brush is."

Suddenly she feels marvellous! As the children watch carefully, she eats everything in sight, assures them it was delicious, and then stretches luxuriously, noticing without surprise that the vague aches and pains she felt are gone, and only a deep, sleepy feeling remains. The children leap up alertly, solicitously, at this sign. "Go to sleep now, Mum," they chorus. And the eldest adds, soberly, "Get better. It's not much fun when you're ill."

Again the room is empty, but now it hums with comfort, and she drops into a dreamless sleep. She stirs when her husband comes in. "Go back to sleep," he says quietly. "Hope you feel better tomorrow."

And that is the great miracle. She is better in the morning. In fact, when she swings her legs experimentally over the side of the bed and eases to her feet, she discovers to her enormous joy that she feels fine.

"I'm better," she says exultantly to her husband.

"It's about time," he replies succinctly.

And it is about time. Because some people have the 24-hour flu for 72 hours, and some have it for 48. But a mother, if she feels needed enough, can get over it in 12.

# Basic Principle

woebegone character approached an old boatman who operated the ferry across a river. "Look," he whined, "I'm broke but I must get across. Will you trust me for it?"

"Fare's only a shilling," said the ferryman.

"I know it, but I haven't got a penny," explained the traveller.

The old boatman took a puff at his pipe. "Well, mister," he said, "if you ain't got a penny you won't be no better off on the other side than you are here." -- Quote

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# Christianity: the Layman's New Role

By Norman Vincent Peale

A report on what a distinguished churchman has called "one of the most exciting American religious movements for generations"

so great, and people's hunger for what it offers is so intense, that nothing can really stop it or hinder it for long. If it is blocked in one area, it will burst forth in another, just as a great river will carve itself new channels if the old riverbed is obstructed.

Now that process is rapidly becoming one of the most exciting and dynamic religious movements in the history of Protestantism. No one person organized it. It is happening spontaneously in thousands of places all over the United States. Suddenly, the role of the average layman in the average Protestant congregation has become too passive for many people. Starved of spiritual nourishment, they are finding it in small, intense groups meeting to pray together, study together, and share in an experiment that may start hesitantly but often ends triumphantly with a magnificent surge of spiritual vitality.

You have to see these groups in action to sense their power. Not long ago I got back to my hotel room late, after a talk I had given. Just as I was about to get ready for bed, there was a knock at the door. When I opened it, two pleasant-looking fellows were standing there. "Who are you?" I asked. "Oh," said one cheerfully, "I'm an ex-drunk." The other added, "And I'm an exgambler. We've come to take you to our meeting."

I had never been kidnapped by

Condensed from Guideposts

the courage to call "a little prayer meeting."

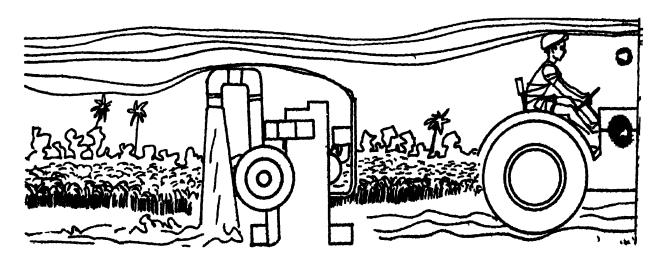
The idea behind the small group movement is not new. It is, indeed, as old as Christianity itself. Jesus chose 12 men to work with Him and be with Him constantly. Just 12. When He felt a special need for prayer, He sometimes took only three disciples with Him: Peter, James and John.

The early Church that the apostles founded consisted of small cells scattered through the ancient world. Sometimes these little groups had to go underground to avoid extermination. But they kept dividing to form more cells. And that is what is happening again today, in an

instinctive return to what Benjamin Franklin meant by "primitive Christianity."

Anyone can start fellowships. The beauty of this resurgence is that it is so spontaneous and free. The blight of over-organization that stultifies so many churches cannot reach the group precisely because the group has no rigid, predetermined form. No programmes, no reports, no committees, no collections.

But while such fellowships are unorganized, they are not disorganized. They have a definite purpose, which is to bring men and women closer to one another and closer to God. And they have their quiet disciplines to weed out the merely



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curious. These may include a daily period of prayer or meditation, regular church attendance, perhaps abstinence of some kind.

Some of the big denominations are encouraging the formation of such groups in the shadow, so to speak, of the established church. A vicar will sometimes be a member of a group; more often he will maintain a friendly aloofness, not wishing to become the leader or the "answer man." If a layman comes to him and says, "Why don't we start a group?" he may counter, "Why don't you start one?"

When people ask me if there are dangers in this movement I usually reply, "Yes, there are." A group

may decide that it can do without regular churchgoing, or begin to have delusions of ultrapiety, or practise some form of spiritual snobbery, or be led into emotional excesses. But the gains more than justify these risks. A burning intensity is precisely what our organized churches have lacked for too long.

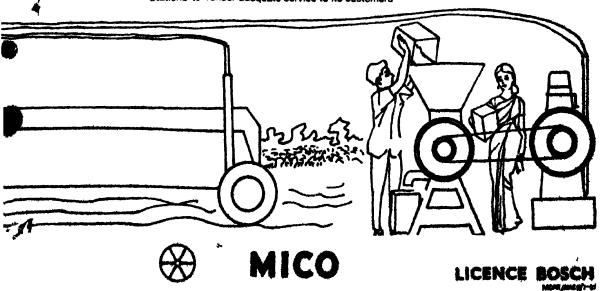
I am heartened by what the movement is doing to ordinary people everywhere. The chief thing it teaches them is the effectiveness of prayer.

Prayer, someone has said, is not overcoming God's reluctance; it is laying hold on His highest willingness. Certainly it is the simplest and most effective way of making

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### THE READER'S DIGEST .

contact with the Power that orders the spinning galaxies and yet watch-

es the sparrow's fall.

The other day a young clergyman I know called a furniture van to move him to another house. He was in his shirt-sleeves, helping the removal men. When all was ready to go, the burly van driver fixed him with a jovial eye. "Mind if we say a little prayer, Mister?" he asked.

"Why, no," said the astonished

preacher. "Not at all."

"Where are your wife and kids?" "Upstairs."

"Well, get 'cm down here!"

Down came the clergyman's family. Up came the other removal men. Every head was bowed while the driver prayed that the furniture

would reach its destination safely, with no one hurt and nothing broken, and that blessings would follow the family to the new home. "And you know," said my friend, "I've never heard a prayer in church that moved me so much."

Why is all this happening? Partly, it is a reaction against the passive role that laymen have played in the Protestant church for so long. But more important, I hope and believe it is God's way of giving us the strength and direction we desperately need to solve the problems of the atomic age. Perhaps we are on the threshold of a mighty spiritual rebirth. Perhaps—who knows?—we are closer to the Kingdom of God than we think.



# Father Figures

Our NEXT-DOOR neighbour, whose wife had suddenly fallen ill and been rushed to hospital, found himself for the first time with the full responsibility of caring for their five young children. The first morning he tore round in a panic, trying to see that each child had a proper breakfast and was ready for school on time. Then he hurried them all out of the house.

A few seconds later, the youngest boy returned. His father exasperatedly pushed him through the door again, warning that if he didn't run all the way he'd be late. A few more seconds lapsed, then a timid voice at the door said, "But, Daddy, I don't go to school yet!"

—B. N.

KEEPING small offspring together in crowded shops is a constant problem for parents. But I found one father who had the situation under control. He simply said, "Heel," and his four children obediently fell in behind him.

—J. P.



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## Who Speaks for the Civilian Dead in South Vietnam?

Critics of the bombing raids over North Vietnam ignore the thousands of civilians who die in the South—murdered by Vietcong terrorists

'ews of civilian casualties caused by American air raids over North Vietnam has brought anguished protests from people in many countries. President de Gaulle went on a verbal rampage; noisy "peace" delegations in one European capital after another expressed "sympathy" with the North Vietnamese and heaped scorn on the United States.

The number of civilians killed in those air raids totalled several hundred-killed not purposely, but by accident. Yet in capitals where indignation ran highest, there was silence about a different kind of killing—the purposeful slaughter committed by communists against the civilian population of South Vietnam. No voices were heard condemning the Hanoi Government, though the number of civilians killed by communist attacks in the South since 1957 amounts to

11,000 actually counted—and many thousands more uncounted. addition, untold thousands of South Vietnamese have been maimed in deliberate acts of Vietcong terror, and another 40,000 have been kidnapped.

Last year alone, nearly 400 civilian officials were assassinated by the Vietcong, about 1,300 other civilians were killed—apparently for no particular reason—and some 3,700 were kidnapped, few of whom

will ever return.

Last November. communists swept into a village in the Mekong Delta, burnt down 15 homes and kidnapped 109 civilians. Youths were pressed into service in communist battalions, girls were degraded, schoolteachers and village elders were tortured and killed.

Whole villages are burnt to the ground. The communists themselves claim that during the four years

beginning January 1961, they destroyed 7,559 hamlets.

Every form of murder weapon is used. Forty-eight farm workers, on their way to harvest rice, died in a bus that struck a mine on a road near Tuy Hoa in February 1966.

Dynamite killed 27 South Vietnamese, 12 Americans, two Filipinos, one Frenchman and one German in a Saigon restaurant in June 1965.

A bomb planted next to the U.S. Embassy in Saigon killed 20 civilians and injured 145 others in March 1965.

Four hand grenades were thrown into a village theatre near Can Tho in the Mekong Delta in February 1965. One hundred and eight people were killed or wounded. Of the dead, 24 were women and children.

Mortar shells were used last November against crowds gathering in Saigon for the National Day parade. Toll: 12 civilians dead and 32 wounded.

In November 1965, small arms and knives were used to kill 23 unarmed Vietnamese construction workers spending the night in a Buddhist pagoda in Dinh Tuong province.

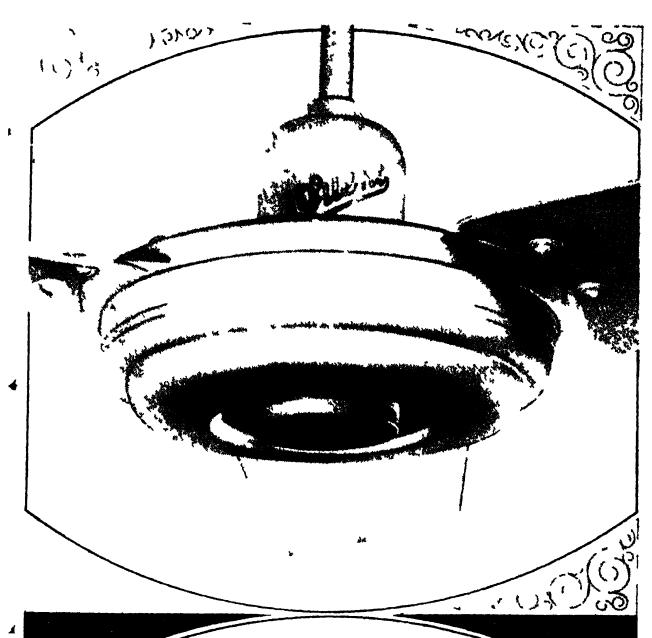
Fresh acts of violence are reported daily. On January 5, officials reported that Vietcong terrorists shot dead the headman of a hamlet ten miles north of Saigon. In Saigon itself, terrorists killed two policemen and left one of them with a two-inch nail embedded in his forehead.

A South Vietnamese official comments: "Hanoi makes much of the attacks by U.S. planes. But does a victim in the South know the difference between death delivered by a bomber or by Vietcong grenades in the dead of night?"

Hanoi took nearly two years after the bombings started to launch an intensive propaganda campaign charging the United States with "indiscriminate" bombing. During that period, apparently, Hanoi did not regard the civilian toll as large enough to warrant making it a world issue.

South Vietnam, by contrast, has endured heavy Victoring terrorist attacks on civilians for a decade. Says a senior Asian diplomat: "If Hanoi insists on applying the word 'indiscriminate' to American bombings, look at the terrorist attacks in the South. Civilian casualties have occurred in schools, clinics, theatres, playgrounds, market places and in the streets. Families of South Vietnamese have suffered from mortar attacks, machine-gunning and rifle fire—just as Hanoi claims its civilian bystanders have been injured by bombings."

Moreover, the Vietcong murder and terrorizing of civilians is planned and deliberate. Some are killed at random, to intimidate large groups. Some are singled out because they are civic or political leaders. The object of such terrorization is to break down local government. Churches and temples are razed



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#### THE READER'S DIGEST

and priests killed in an attempt to disrupt religion as a cohesive force in South Vietnam.

A main Vietcong target is village leadership. Not only are village headmen assassinated, but also the "natural leaders," such as teachers, priests, nuns and village elders.

A report from a U.S. team in Vietnam says: "Many villages today are virtually depopulated of their natural leaders... This loss will take a generation or more to replace."

U.S. fighting men in Vietnam are dismayed at the double standard that critics of the American effort seem so anxious to apply. Protests arise among some groups, for example, whenever it is suggested that the United States block Haiphong harhour. Says one American:

"They cry, 'Don't touch Haiphong,' yet everyone should know that the communists are regularly mining the harbour of Saigon. And who takes time to remember that the communists sank the U.S. carrier *Card* in its Saigon dock? Where's the distinction? This whole thing borders on absurdity."

Authorities in Saigon are convinced that it is the South and not the North that is taking the harder blows in this war, not only in terms of lives lost, but in damage to the economy.

In the South, the Vietcong terrorize and paralyse much of the rich Mekong Delta, without which South Vietnam can never have a healthy economy.

The North's economy is even more dependent on agriculture, yet the United States has purposely avoided destroying the vital irrigation systems so as not to flood the densely populated Red River Valley and endanger civilian lives.



## Scoop!

A WRITER claims to have photographed the Loch Ness monster. He swooped down over the lake and took the shot from his flying saucer.

-н. к.

## Cartoon Quips

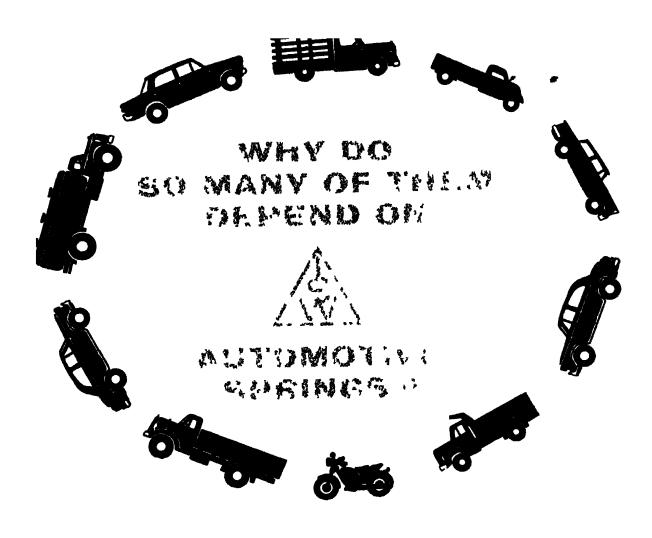
VICAR greeting churchgoers at door: "Well, if it isn't the Wilsons! I haven't seen you in a month of Sundays!"

Boy to girl as they prepare to wash up: "You wash, I'll drop."

Annoyed wife to husband: "No, I did not say something! That happened to be a sonic boom!"

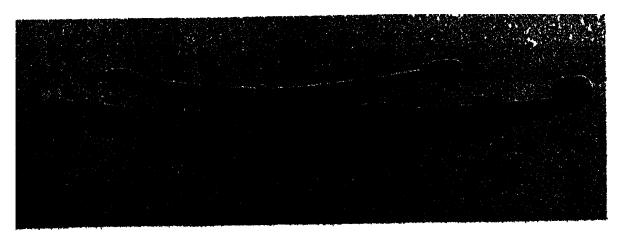


FOREST STATE 

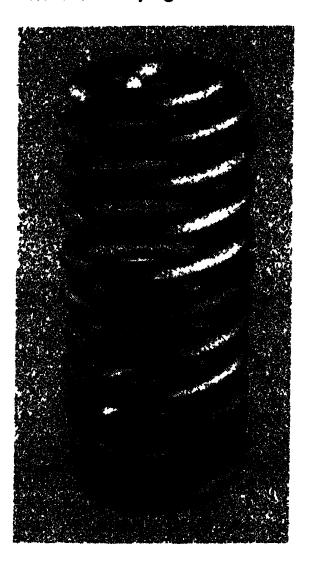


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# How to Deal With a Personal Crisis

By Dr. Gerald Caplan and Vivian Cadden

Weathering life's storms is an art we can all learn.

Do you sink—or swim?

Rom birth to death we change continually, but the process is not always steady. Sometimes there is a leap forward or a devastating setback: almost overnight, it seems, a pleasant, self-assured housewife suffers a complete breakdown; a confused, rebellious teenager becomes a civilized young man; a competent, reliable worker goes to pieces at his job; a disorderly, childish young woman turns out to be a splendid mother.

How can we explain these abrupt changes for better or worse? What is it that suddenly sets us on a better path—or makes us lose our way?

For some time, psychiatrists, delving into the histories of people suffering from mental disorders, have noticed that the beginning of long-term illness followed a crisis in the life of the patient. In some cases, the crisis was a misfortune or

a catastrophe that might be expected to cause trouble: the death of a child, the loss of a job, major surgery. But in others, the event that preceded the breakdown was not a disaster or even a piece of ill fortune.

The birth of a baby, a promotion, the first year of university often appeared as the forerunner of a plunge into illness. Some people even cracked under the strain of supposedly joyful events.

While psychiatrists observed the apparent connexion between crisis and mental illness, they also noticed that the very same crises that defeat some people call forth the most amazing and unexpected strength in others. And it is not necessarily the "strong" person who reacts well; often it is someone who hitherto has been relatively weak and ineffectual. It seems, then, that a crisis

can produce a real growth of personality.

A person in the midst of a crisis is in unfamiliar territory. He is disorientated and confused. His thinking and feeling are flooded with memories of past crises that filled him with similar anxiety or fear. The older person facing surgery may be haunted by the vague terrors of a childhood tonsil operation; the new schoolboy bidding his mother good-bye is reliving all the separations he has ever known.

Caught in the grip of a situation that seems insoluble, a person becomes tense and irritable, hostile to those closest to him, or depressed and moody. He doesn't eat; he can't sleep; he feels exhausted. His symptoms may resemble those of impending nervous breakdown, but they are the normal reactions of a person in crisis. Eventually he "solves" the problem one way or another, and emerges either mentally stronger and more in tune with reality—or weaker and more susceptible to trouble in future times of stress. What causes the difference?

For more than ten years medical researchers have studied the "accidental" crises, that beset us and the "developmental" crises that punctuate our growth. They have watched the way in which people respond to the death of a loved one; the reactions of patients awaiting operations; the responses of men, women and children to disasters such as tornadoes and fires; the

behaviour of women who give birth to premature babies; the adjustment of couples to the early months of marriage. Their studies show us how our handling of these critical turning points moulds our personalities and shapes our lives.

Varied Reactions. Women who gave birth to premature babies showed two quite distinct ways of reacting to the crisis. Some responded with grief and an acute awareness of the danger to the baby. They poured out their fears to their husbands and family, badgered doctors and nurses for information. They insisted on seeing the baby, even though they were warned that it might be an unpleasant experience. When the danger of the baby's dying had passed and they returned home from hospital, they embarked on a campaign of preparations for the baby's homecoming. They visited him regularly, and collected facts from all possible sources on how to care for him. They roped in a mother or aunt to help.

Another group of women, faced with the same crisis, behaved in many ways more considerately to family, friends and hospital staff. They accepted the first reassurance of a husband or a doctor that "everything will be all right." Occasionally they speculated on why this thing had happened and who was to blame for it, but they didn't lament about it. When the baby was out of danger, they were confirmed in their belief that there had been no

crisis. They rarely visited the infant and took no steps to learn about his

special needs.

Six to ten weeks after the babies' release from hospital, the mentalhealth workers who had followed the behaviour of the mothers reported that the women's different reactions to the same crisis were associated with two very different outcomes.

The women who had been most upset, most vocal in their concern, most aware of the real problems of the crisis, had survived it well. They seemed strengthened. Effecproblem-solving had been learned, which seemed to make the mothers and their families more capable of adjusting to other crises. Family relationships were often better than they had been before the birth of the baby.

But the women who had denied the importance of the crisis, rather than confront it, were the centre of deteriorating family relationships. The household was beset with bickering and blame; everyday problems were bypassed, and the baby was often either neglected or spoilt by an over-solicitude that impeded his

development.

The patterns of response to premature birth were repeated with subtle differences in all the studies of crisis. If a person faced the realities of the problem and actively grappled with them, he emerged stronger or at least as strong. If he fled from the realities of the crisis,

he set the stage for a worsening pattern of adjustment to life."

The latter type evaded the issue by belittling the problem and pretending that he was not upset by it. He had not sought the help of others and refused help when it was offered. He shifted his energies away from trying to solve the problem and focused them instead on blaming some individual or group of people for his plight. Or he developed neurotic symptoms—excessive sleep, headaches, muscle pains or stomach trouble—which replaced the crisis itself as his main concern.

Facing Facts. In a sense, none of us can be educated in advance to deal with a crisis. Yet to some extent we can anticipate certain crises and rehearse our role in them. For the key to healthy adaptation is the ability to face up to a situation, despite its stress and unpleasantness, despite the inevitable tensions that afflict us when a problem has no ready solution.

People who weather a crisis well are those who actively search for a solution. They thirst for helpful information. They want to know in advance exactly what surgery is like, or how to care for a premature baby. They avoid blaming themselves or others, realizing that this is a distraction from the real problem. They are not ashamed to express fears and anxieties. They learn how to rest when their efficiency falls because of fatigue, and how to discipline themselves to return to the





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painful struggle when they have been replenished. They accept—ven enlist—help, considering this not a sign of weakness but of maturity.

What we know about healthy and unhealthy paths during a crisis not only gives us weapons for self-help but also provides us with ways of aiding those we love. Consider the normal crises of early married life.

Exciting and gratifying as they are, the first months of marriage also involve physical and psychological demands which many people experience as a series of crises. A young couple must set up a home and work out the division of labour and decision-making. They must weaken their ties to parents and direct their emotional energy to the new relationship. Each must extend the boundaries of personal privacy to include the other—and this may be very unsettling. They must achieve a satisfactory sexual adjustment, which is complicated in our society both by the excessive romanticizing of sex and the breakdown of premarital sexual prohibitions.

If the young couple fail to deal with these problems, if they turn away from unpleasantness and post-pone adjustment, they set the stage for a marriage in which future crises, the birth of a baby, illness or the loss of a job, may be more poorly handled.

But if they do their crisis work properly, they will have taken a crucial step towards a relationship of mutual trust, respect, support and love. And they will have enhanced their personalities and strengthened their individual problem-solving skills.

In every life crisis, there exist both the danger and the opportunity, the threat and the promise, the spectre of deterioration and the hope of growth and enrichment. We are not the prisoners of a personality forged once and for all in childhood or adolescence. If we can learn to avoid the ways of evasion, and to make sensible choices during the critical turning points of our lives, we may change the whole quality and direction of our existence.

## Space Manoeuvre

THE CHAIRMAN was introducing a heroic diplomat at a dinner. He reeled off a memorized summary of the hero's accomplishments, reached the point where he was to present the guest of honour—and found he had completely forgotten the diplomat's name. He saved the moment, to cheers, by gulping dramatically: "I'm too moved to go on," and sat down.

## Sweet Waters LIFE ON A CHILEAN FARM



from the book by C.J. LAMBERT



The young Inglishman's inheritance lay before him. 19,600 series of cick Combined, the fields ripe with wheat, the hills a travery of vinevards. This is a present that is no object, and now a belonged to him to be a long of life on that the balance to be a before the problem. It is a contracted that a term and one in the period piece, excluded an argo that means the away.

at the Chilean hamlet of Melipilla, and my wife and I alighted in the blazing afternoon heat. Beside the station platform, which was simply a stretch of baked earth marked off by whitewashed stones, waited an ancient black-leather coach. It was slung on huge upcurving springs and hitched up with the horses four abreast. As we contemplated the coachman's fine features, and the elegance of his chin-strapped panama hat, a tall figure strode across the platform.

It was my cousin Armine Wodehouse, the inseparable crony of my childhood. "Bienvenido! Welcome home!" he shouted, seizing me in a bone-crushing embrace, and acknowledging his introduction to my wife, Marie, with much emotion.

Armine was half Chilean, and the Latin heritage from his mother had given him dark eyes, handsome olive-toned features, and the exuberance and easy grace with which he now took charge of us, seeing to our luggage and helping us aboard the strange carriage. Then, mounting his Creole pony to attend to some errand of his own, he motioned dramatically to the coachman, and with a crack of the whip we set off.

It was March, 1919. At long last

Condensed from "Sweet Waters," @ 1952 by G. J. Lambert and published by Chatto & Windus,
London: the book is now out of print. Additional material has been supplied by the author
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I was bringing Marie to Sweet Waters, the vast Chilean farm where I was born. It had belonged to my father, and to his father before him, but when I was five, Father's ill health had taken us back to England. After his death Mother and I had remained there. I had gone to Eton and Oxford, and rounded off my education in the trenches of Flanders as an infantry officer, and eventually in a German prisoner-of-war camp.

Now, at the insistence of my strong-minded mother, I was returning to take up the family inheritance, which meantime had been administered by my uncle, Guy Wodehouse.

Jolting and swaying from one side of the road to the other to avoid the pot-holes, the old coach clattered through the outskirts of town and out into the arid country. The dust clouds made it clear why the horses were hitched up four abreast. If they had been harnessed in tandem, with a lead pair kicking up dust in front, and a second pair following in their wake, it would have been impossible to breathe.

To our left, serene and glittering in the sun, loomed the great white peaks of the Andes whose melting snows fed the river that brought prosperity to our farm.

Presently the horses drummed over a loose-planked wooden bridge spanning the broad river, and soon we began to climb sharply, the ascent throwing us back against the carriage seat. When we surmounted the rise, Sweet Waters lay revealed before us.

It was a vast panorama, and one of breath-taking loveliness. Involuntarily Marie gasped. "It's incredible!" she said.

The farm's 40,000 acres, 18,000 of them under irrigation, presented a



rich tapestry of fields dotted with grazing cattle, horses and roving flocks of sheep. The whole place was criss-crossed with avenues of poplar trees, the hills were marked by a tracery of vineyards, and fields were golden with ripe wheat. Some of this was already cut, for March is the harvest season in Chile, and several oxcarts, tiny in the distance, were bringing in grain to a large mill.

Round the next curve, with a wild thunder of hoofs, we were joined by an escort of cowboys. "Hola!" they cried, waving to us with bright ponchos streaming, while their ponies reared and pawed the air. There must have been 40 of them, the light flashing from the silver on bits and intricately ornamented saddles, their spurs jingling as they galloped alongside.

When we reached level ground the road was lined with adobe houses,

each with its garden and paddock. At every gate, dark-skinned women and children waved and threw flowers at our cavalcade, which was constantly being joined by still more galloping horsemen.

Then we entered the lovely alameda, a straight road some four and a half miles long, bordered by towering Lombardy poplars; and at last we swept into a carriage drive edged by roses in full bloom, magnolias and mimosa. We drew up before a huge sprawling adobe bungalow with a deep veranda where my aunt and uncle stood smiling. We were home.

After the first greetings were over, Uncle Guy said rather sternly, "It is expected that you present your wife to the escort."

Blushing at the reminder, I took Marie by the hand and led her to the row of cowboys. Of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, they were

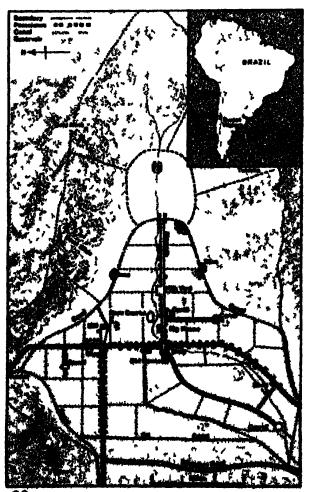


#### THE READER'S DIGEST

an extraordinarily handsome group. Many of them were grandsons of the men who had served my father and grandfather, and they came forward to shake our hands with obvious delight.

I was their *Patroncito*, the son of the son of that great man who had first supplied them with houses, free pasture for their horses and cattle, food for their families, wood for their baking ovens and flour for their bread, land for their tillage and seed for their harvests. The farm supported 1,500 people.

"Vaya con Dios!" they said with touching dignity. "Go with God!"



It made me feel I belonged here, and that Mother had been right in overriding my reluctance to return.

#### **New Home**

WE FOUND the house, with its 24-inch-thick walls, dim and gratifyingly cool after the heat outside. Aunt Elisa showed us to our rooms at once so that we could freshen up and rest. We were tired from the journey and did not reappear until dinner.

At nightfall it had become bitingly cold, and we welcomed the wood fire which crackled in the vast living-room. In the dining-room another fire, together with the candles in a brace of heavy candelabra, lit the huge table and the two massive carved sideboards which flanked it.

There were five of us at dinner—Armine, seated between Marie and myself, and only slightly less ebullient in the presence of his parents; Aunt Elisa, whose beautiful cameolike features were a more delicate version of Armine's; Uncle Guy, handsome and dashing with his narrow, close-cropped moustache. The meal was delicious, but from the moment we sat down I sensed an uneasiness in the atmosphere, a tension which seemed to affect everyone except Armine.

The women tried valiantly to rise above it. Aunt Elisa asked about our trip, which had been a slow one, with more than three weeks at sea. Marie described its vicissitudes with

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nervous vivacity. Then Aunt Elisa began to talk about the farm.

"Does Marie know how your grandfather acquired Sweet Waters?" she asked. And without waiting for my reply she told the story.

In 1870 the former owner had gone bankrupt trying to bring in water—although ironically his final undoing had been caused by the level with the lower one. But progress became slower and slower and then virtually ceased. It was not until the owner explored the tunnel himself that he discovered why.

Right in the centre of the hill the men had happened upon a vein of gold, and had secretly followed this instead of correcting the level of the tunnel. The loads of earth and rock



discovery of gold on the property. He had already incurred heavy expense building a canal from the river nine miles away before he undertook to drive a mile-long tunnel through the boundary hill. His engineers began to dig from opposite sides of the hill, and the two tunnels failed to meet, one passing some 15 feet above the other.

Steps were taken to rectify this, the workmen cutting down the upper tunnel so that it would come out they brought out gave the impression of progress, but by the time the owner learned the truth he was ruined. And so Sweet Waters came into the hands of my grandfather, who bricked up the gold mine, finished the tunnel and completed the vast irrigation system.

Although Marie had already heard the story she listened spellbound, for Aunt Elisa told it extremely well. It was the high point of the evening. Uncle Guy, hitherto silent and noticeably morose, now asked, "Where is your mother? I thought she was arriving with you."

"She's coming out alone," I replied. "Marie and I find it tiring to travel with her."

"Huh!" snorted Uncle Guy. Although quickly silenced by an angry warning look from Aunt Elisa, his outburst indicated the probable

quarters they found it pretty hard going.

We went to bed that night in a troubled state of mind.

#### A Day in the Saddle

I was still feeling the effects of war wounds and my stay in the German prison camp, and had been looking forward to a leisurely recuperation



source of his brooding. He was worried because Mother, who now owned Sweet Waters, was coming out to live there.

I reflected that Mother and Uncle Guy had always been at daggers drawn. They trusted each other, and got along famously at a distance. During the 20 years Mother stayed in England, their correspondence was cordial and, every three months, Uncle Guy reported meticulously on the business of the farm. But at close

at Sweet Waters. But next morning Uncle Guy routed me out at the crack of dawn, insisted that I eat a hearty breakfast and then accompany him on his rounds.

"The only way to learn about the farm," he said, "is from the back of a horse."

But my education began even before we left the house. Furious activity was already afoot there, for peaches, apricots and figs were being laid out on the corrugated-tin roof for drying. Because of the variations in temperature—the days being hot, and the nights cold—the fruit had to be picked before dawn. Once the sun had heated it, Uncle Guy explained, the fruit could no longer be picked that day, since the acids in it then produced violent colic and fever.

Uncle Guy seemed to have inexhaustible energy, but when he led me to our waiting ponies, I noticed that he limped badly. The evening before, the lameness had been barely perceptible.

"It's always worse in the morning," he said apologetically. "The cold nights leave my foot stiff." His right leg had been broken some years earlier by the fall of a horse.

In moody silence, we rode past the orange groves and avocado trees. Uncle Guy seemed to brighten up, however, when we came to the immense yard where 350 cows were being milked and some 25 milkmaids were just beginning their day's work.

This was Armine's domain, and from the back of a pony he waved gaily to us. He had eaten breakfast even earlier than we had, and was now directing the milking amid almost deafening noise. The many calves were bawling raucously, the din increased by the squeals of hundreds of Berkshire pigs penned up near by, who knew that at any moment the separator would be turned on and a stream of bubbling skimmed milk would

come pouring into their troughs.

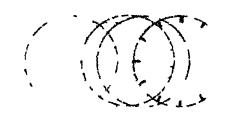
Apparently stimulated by this bedlam, Uncle Guy began to talk. He confided that he wanted to leave Sweet Waters as soon as I could take it over. He had bought a smaller farm, and was anxious to retire to it. He said nothing about my mother, but he obviously felt that even Sweet Waters was too small to hold both of them. In any case he was determined that I should learn to run the farm in the shortest possible time.

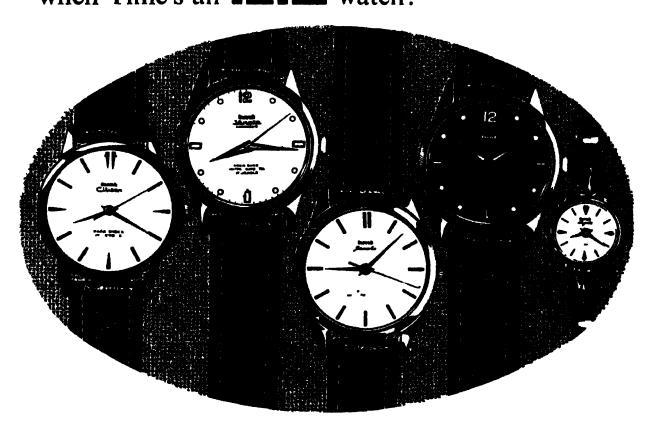
Sweet Waters was an enormously complex operation, with 3,000 head of cattle, almost as many horses and sheep, 600 beehives, extensive vineyards, endless fields of clover, alfalta and wheat, a flour mill, a brick kiln, and huge clay ovens up in the hills for producing charcoal. Each year we cut down at least ten miles of the Lombardy poplars which divided the fields and lined the roads, and sold the squared timbers and boards in town. Being as self-sufficient as possible, we also did much of our own weaving, blacksmithing and preserving, and even made our own glue from the horses' hoofs.

We spent most of the day in the saddle. It was late when I returned to the house, aching with exhaustion, only to be impressed into a receiving line with Marie, who had been having visitors all afternoon. A stream of women callers, which was to continue all week, had come to pay respects to the *Patroncito* and his wife.

They exclaimed tearfully over my

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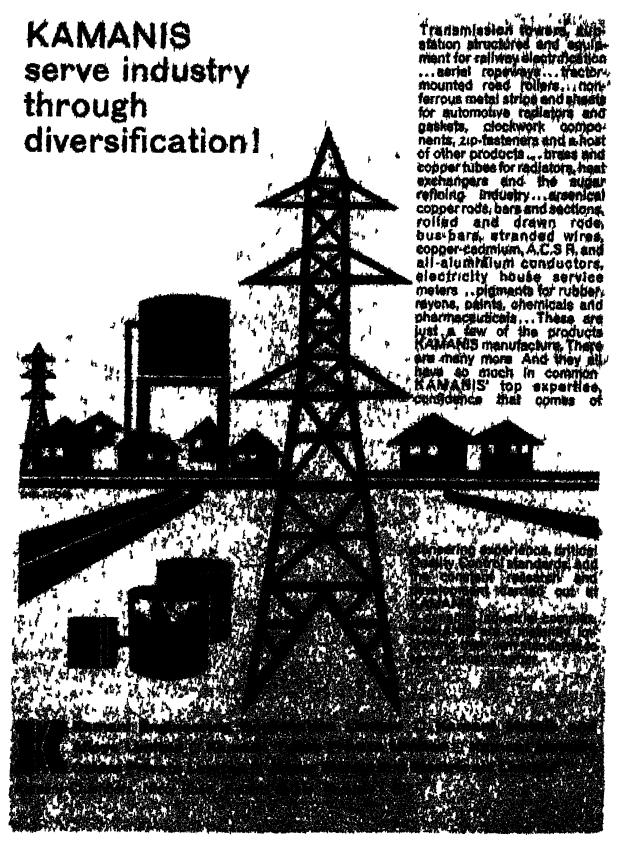


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beauty (which is non-existent), then turned to Marie, remarking ecstatically, "How lovely and fat she is! And what a beautiful red face!" Actually Marie was neither fat nor red of face—at least before they started this paean of praise.

Then they would push into her arms a hen or a turkey. "A gift for Señora Maria, tan gordita, tan sumpática" (so fat, so delightful). The birds were invariably scraggy, and too old to fatten up, though their appetites were enormous. Before the week was out our chicken run was filled with these starving birds, and custom demanded that we give the donors handsome gifts in return!

#### La Patrona Takes Over

MOTHER's arrival, ten days after our own, was a day to remember at Sweet Waters. She came in on the same train that we had, and was driven to the farm at the same time. But instead of resting during the afternoon she wrote letters. Uncle Guy and I had been in the fields; and when we came in, late in the evening, we found about 20 envelopes stacked on the hall table ready for posting.

Uncle Guy pointed to them with a wry gesture. "Invitations!" he said resignedly. He was right. The first visitors arrived at Sweet Waters within a few weeks. They continued to arrive in a steady stream, month in and month out. Mother loved to entertain.

Dinner that first night was a gala



affair. From the way they hovered round her, it was evident that Mother had already captivated the house servants. She spoke excellent Spanish, which helped, but she also radiated an air of festivity to which the maids were particularly susceptible.

Nor was Uncle Guy immune. Despite his reluctance and antipathy, such was Mother's ability to draw people out and make them appear at their best that he actually seemed to be enjoying himself. It even looked as though their basic animosity had somehow vanished—until the conversation veered to education.

Some years earlier Uncle Guy had set up a school for the farm children. It had not been well patronized, and continued in a very desultory manner.

"How many children attend?" Mother asked. Uncle Guy looked uncomfortable. "Twenty-five or thirty, I think," he said.

"Thirty children from the whole farm!" Mother was horrified. "From a community of 1,500 people!"

After a moment's thought she asked, "Are the obligados against it?"

It was a shrewd question. The obligado was the most respected of men. Called an *obligado*, or obliged man, because he had committed himself to provide a man for every working day of the year, he could do the work himself or delegate it to a suitable member of his family. In return he was given his own posesión, and a three-room adobe house with a tile roof and brickfloored verandas front and back; a daily meal of bean and meat stew and two loaves of bread; feed for six animals, two acres of irrigated land for his harvest, and the loan of oxen and ploughs with which to work it.

There were 125 such obligados at Sweet Waters, and their posesiones were picturesque with grape pergolas, fruit trees and their own stock. Relatives could put up huts on this land and work on the farm for wages, but they had none of the perquisites of the obligado. He was lord of his posesión and responsible for the good behaviour of everyone on it. He was most certainly a man of substance. And since he was also likely to be a cowboy—that other much admired figure at Sweet

Waters—his influence was great indeed.

"Yes," Uncle Guy answered her question, "I'm afraid most of the obligados are against schooling. They themselves have managed without being able to read or write, and they see no need of it for others."

This information gave Mother the necessary leverage for her first project at Sweet Waters, which was to get the children to school. One by one she visited the obligados and talked to them about education and what they owed their children. Either she was most persuasive or they simply dared not disagree with La Patrona. In any case, school attendance soared at once.

This was no small achievement, for the children of Sweet Waters lived as near an idyllic existence as it is possible to imagine. Most of them had been on the back of a horse from the moment they were able to sit up. They rode as if they had been born in the saddle and they loved every minute of it.

But Mother was the terror of untutored youth. She made regular rounds of the posesiones, accompanied by shrill warning cries of "La Señora! La Señora!", as the young truants fled before her, trying to find cover. But it was a losing battle for them, and school attendance continued to go up until it became necessary to employ another teacher.

Secretly I rather sympathized with

the anti-school element, and wondered if the children would be happier for their travail in the classroom. Almost all the adults at Sweet Waters were illiterate, but this ignorance of letters gave them some quality which is missing among educated people. Their memory for quantities and facts was astonishingly accurate, for the storehouse of their brains was clear of a host of other things which their children were now having to learn at school. And their lives had an easy rhythm and a deeply grounded contentment seldom encountered in more literate communities.

But naturally I concealed such doubts from Mother, as being unworthy of any right-thinking Englishman.

## Other Climes, Other Customs

Unlike Uncle Guy, Armine enjoyed Mother's company, was not in the least cowed by her, and was amused by almost everything she did. One day he was startled to observe some odd-looking plants growing in a long narrow bed outside her sitting-room. They ranged from four to five feet in height, bore no blooms and defied identification.

"What in the world are they, Aunt Maud?" he asked.

"Chrysanthemums," Mother replied. "A flower I am particularly fond of."

The climate of Chile effects strange differences in the habits of English plants. Those which are

very tall at home may grow up as dwarfs, whereas small plants may become towering giants. Chrysanthemums proved to be a weird mutation at Sweet Waters, but with invincible stubbornness simply ignored this fact. She was determined to transplant a typical

English garden.

The chrysanthemums continued to grow at a great pace. After they had reached a height of six or seven feet she instructed the gardener to surround them with a protective scaffolding. In a surprisingly short time they were a full 12 feet high and a further series of scaffold poles was hastily added. Nothing daunted, the chrysanthemums reached an honest 18 feet before flowering, though some of the dwarf varieties could manage only 14 feet. The blooms were extraordinary.

"Olé!" Armine said when he stopped to look at them. He raised his arm in a gesture of triumph. "They are magnificent."

"Yes," Mother agreed, with no trace of irony. "They are, aren't

they?"

But she must have wearied of craning her neck to enjoy them, for from that time on chrysanthemums were banished from the garden.

There was another disturbingly non-English mutation at Sweet Waters which Mother also preferred not to see. It was the custom for our young ladies to have a number of pre-marital children by the man of their choice and to delay marriage







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as long as possible. There were half a dozen such children in the servants' quarters of our house. As with the chrysanthemums, Mother met this uncomfortably informal situation by ignoring it—until a young man named Pedro Blanco made this impossible.

"I wish to ask the Señora's assistance," Pedro said, after he had nerved himself to approach her. "Can you persuade Magdalena to

marry me?"

The question was certainly not premature. Magdalena, who worked in the kitchen and helped serve at table, had already borne him two children and was now pregnant with a third.

Although by no means handsome, being short and rather stockier than most Chileans, Pedro was eminently eligible. He had a good house on the posesión of a kinsman who was an obligado, and was a regador or irrigator, a skilled occupation which was handed down from father to son on the farm.

The regadores always watered the same fields, knew every trick and device for coaxing water uphill where the terrain was uneven, and for regulating the flow from the sluice canals so that the land was watered evenly. Pedro was an earnest and much respected young man. Mother said she would help him.

She ran into opposition at once. Magdalena was a strikingly pretty girl, with a face of great sweetness and character. But when Mother

spoke to her about getting married she proved strangely obdurate.

"Don't you love him?" Mother

asked.

"Si, Señora."

"Doesn't he love you?"

"Si, Señora," Magdalena repeated, then added hesitantly. "But he

might beat me."

This, it appeared, was the crux of the prejudice against marriage. As long as she was single, a girl could leave her man if he ill-treated her. The moment she married she became her husband's chattel and had to endure being knocked about if he felt so inclined. The impasse seemed hopeless.

Once a year, three priests came to hear confessions and give religious instruction. Magdalena had held out against many such visits before, but this year one of the priests was particularly eloquent and soon made all our kitchen staff vividly aware of the eternal punishments that awaited them for their sins. For hours the girls knelt on the floor, swaying to



and fro, beating their breasts and wailing, "Ay, ay, ay!", overcome with the terror of their visions.

Mealtimes became a watery business, unchecked tears streaming down the girls' faces as they served.

"What a terrible experience," Marie said. "It may scar them for life."

"Don't worry," Armine reassured her. "Everything will be quite normal by the week-end."

And it was. The lamentations continued for five days. On the sixth there was a series of marriages all over Sweet Waters, including one for Magdalena and the other mothers in our servants' quarters. The brides and grooms were attended by their children, all dressed in their sparkling best. Then the three priests went away, not to return for another year.

But on the very first night after their departure Mother had to make the rounds of the other girls' rooms to enforce the rule that each bed should have but one occupant.

### Sixth Sense

IRRIGATION meant everything to Sweet Waters. In a land where it rained only seven weeks a year, water was not merely precious, it was life itself. Nearly all local landowners were engaged in friendly but interminable lawsuits over water rights. To guard against water thieves, horsemen regularly patrolled our canal.

"Do you suppose our intake from

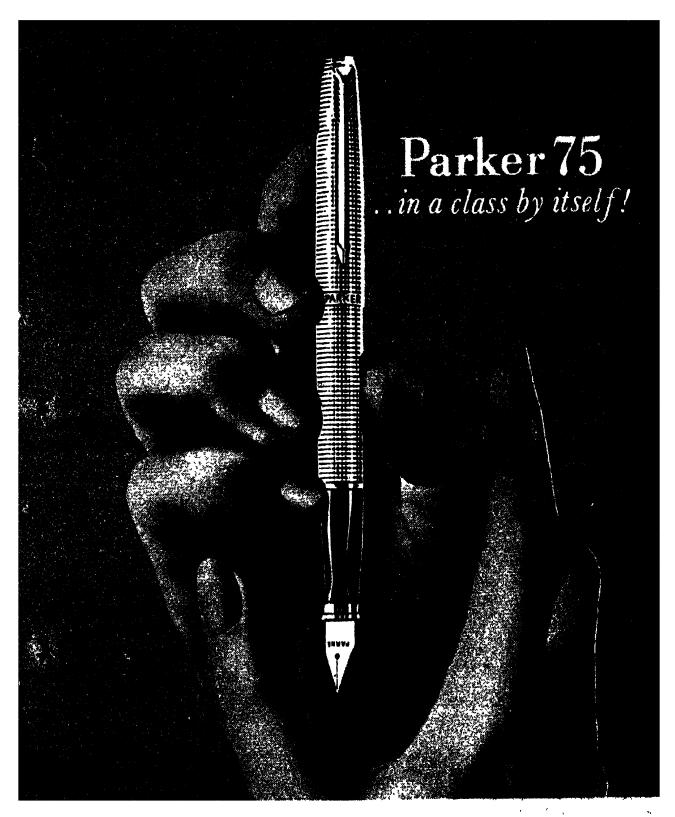
the river is all right?" Mother asked out of the blue one evening.

Uncle Guy looked pained. "The sluices were flowing the last I heard," he said with a touch of sarcasm.

But late the next day word came that there was trouble at the intake. Uncle Guy and I had just completed our daily round, but we selected fresh ponies and galloped off to the river, nine miles beyond the farm boundary. We found that the stream, often erratic in behaviour, had radically changed course, throwing the channel over towards the opposite bank, and leaving half a mile of dry riverbed between it and the entrance to our canal.

It could be put right—the men simply erected a series of barriers, weighted with stones, to form a temporary dam at an angle which finally deflected the flow again towards our bank. The crisis was memorable only because Mother had pinpointed it in advance with her random question, and thus made us aware of a rather baffling talent she had. Although she did not know the first thing about running the farm, she seemed to have a knack for asking artless questions which somehow uncovered the sore spots on the farm or anticipated the next looming crisis—a gift which Uncle Guy found particularly infuriating.

"Is the galega under control?"
Mother once enquired. Although
Mother did not know it, this weed
was for some reason more virulent



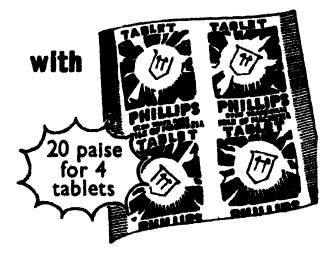
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than ever this year. Automatically, Uncle Guy found himself mentally adding to the crew of 40 men who were employed to destroy the weed.

"Have you had any trouble with the wild bulls?" Mother asked on another occasion.

Next morning, groaning at the inconvenience, Uncle Guy changed our plans for the day so that we could inspect the fence nearest the rough hill region. As we feared, the cowboys who patrolled it had found the wild bulls unusually persistent in breaking through to our cows.

The situation could be coped with—except for Mother's maddening part in it. "She'll drive us all crazy!" Uncle Guy asserted with conviction.

I had my turn as an uncannily accurate prophet—in detecting wheat rust. This blight crept up the stalk and, if allowed to reach the ear, turned it to dust. It could be controlled by cutting off the irrigation water before the disease was too high up the plant, and thus settling for a partial crop; but it was a menace which needed constant watching.

"I believe such-and-such a field is developing rust," I would comment owlishly. And a few days later the first signs of the blight would unfailingly appear.

I never told anyone how I did it, but it was very simple. I had always suffered from hay fever in England and was almost completely free of it in Chile. But I would start sneezing violently whenever I neared a field where there was a trace of wheat rust. I could have detected it blindfold with absolute certainty.

Once, Mother seemed to have surpassed herself in irrelevance. "I wonder if Mr. Thomas is happy," she remarked thoughtfully.

Colin Thomas was the farm accountant. A paunchy Welshman whose sole interest in life seemed to be figures and statistics, he could discuss production costs, crop prices and the like by the hour. He was very capable and a hard worker, but his wife and children complained about his refusal to talk on any subject except farm accounts. It had never occurred to me to worky about his state of mind.

Nor had it occurred to Uncle Guy. "Is Mr. Thomas happy?" he repeated sarcastically as soon as Mother was out of earshot. Then, driven to Spanish idiom in his frustration, he muttered, "Por Dios!" (For God's sake!)

. A couple of days later a motor cycle arrived in Melipilla which we learned had been ordered from England by Colin Thomas. It was a sleek and powerful machine painted a dazzling red. When it was delivered, Thomas pursed his lips thoughtfully and walked round it several times.

"Do you know how to ride it, Señor Thomas?" one of the farm workers asked respectfully.

"Yes," Thomas replied, "I have been studying the handbook"-



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whereupon he mounted the machine, started the engine and took off waveringly up the road. Soon he disappeared in the distance.

Some minutes later we heard the motor cycle returning. Mr. Thomas hurtled into view, the throttle wide open. As he flashed past, it was evident that speed had sprung some secret door in his soul, for his face was transfixed with an expression of demonic triumph.

Down the alameda he roared, out of sight. Then from a distance we heard a sickening scream of tyres, a crash, and finally ominous silence. When we got there we found the



beautiful machine wrapped round a tree and Mr. Thomas lying near by. His face was pale and sweating and bewildered.

We carried him to his house, and when the doctor arrived he found the right leg broken. A plaster cast did not interfere with Mr. Thomas's work, and soon he was hobbling about nimbly enough on his crutches.

I often wondered if he found the

cost of the motor cycle worth the single ride he had on it.

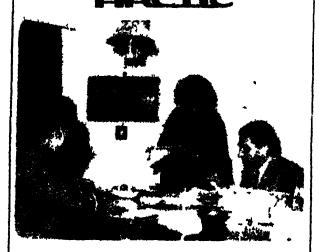
Before the week was out we were again forcibly reminded of Colin Thomas's power-hungry yearnings. As a start towards mechanizing the farm, he had persuaded Uncle Guy to order two huge tractors. Now they had arrived.

When the first tractor was scheduled to plough one of the fields, all the farm people who could crowded round to watch. On their faces were awe, excitement and no little hostility. Armine climbed into the seat, started up the engine and drove into the field. He had gone less than ten yards when the tractor sank to its axles in the soil. From the watchers there came a collective sigh of vindication. It marked the fact that the world was properly ordered after all.

What Mr. Thomas and Uncle Guy had not taken into consideration was the special condition of the soil in Sweet Waters. The topsoil was deep and extremely crumbly. Without water, it baked as hard as cement. We had to irrigate to plough it, but then it became too soft to support the weight of a tractor. Although we did not give up that first day, our subsequent efforts with the tractors were no more successful, and in the end we discarded them and returned to our primitive, age-old method of cultivation-with ox power.

As I watched the field being broken up in the ancient way, my

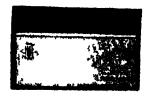
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heart exulted that Sweet Waters had so decisively rejected the age of machines. Fifty teams of oxen drew the ploughs, one following the other, each turning its own furrow a few lengths behind the team ahead. The teams were all matched for size, colour and sweep of horns; and as they plodded across the field to form long ribbons of turned earth within their ploughs, the spectacle was deeply satisfying. Moreover, this mass ploughing broke up the land in a surprisingly short time.

Mr. Thomas's restlessness, which Mother had somehow divined, had been costly to himself. But Uncle Guy and I agreed that the farm had been lucky to escape from it so cheaply—at the price of two tractors.

#### **Armine's Diversions**

THE PACE of social life at Sweet Waters was now formidable. The vast house regularly bulged with week-end visitors, and Mother's dinner parties, which occurred two or three times a week, drew guests from as far away as Santiago, 50 miles distant.

Mother was at her superb best on such occasions. Blue eyes sparkling, radiant in her beauty, she could be witty and gracious in six languages, addressing one guest in his native French, a second in Italian, another in Portuguese, and so on. No crisis disturbed her, not even attack by fleas.

Coping with these tormentors

was one of our most vexing problems. The dust of the local roads seethed with them, and the flaming savagery of their bite is impossible to describe. A piece of damp soap was kept by every bed for removing them—one dab with it put the flea at your mercy—and the soap soon looked like generously laced seed cake.

One of Mother's first dinner guests was an important French diplomat, a gentleman of impeccable manners who sat at her right, obviously mesmerized by her charm. Suddenly, with fork half raised, he started convulsively.

"Monsieur," said Mother softly in French, "you have a flea. You may retire to your room and remove it."

"Madam," the diplomat started to protest—then his mouth flew open in stunned disbelief. He had received a second bite, this one in a tender spot. Without further urging he quickly retired. When he returned to the table Mother took up the conversation just where it had been interrupted, making no reference to his recent discomfort. Her deft handling of the problem put the diplomat for ever in her debt and his gratitude was obvious for all to sec.

Whenever it was possible I shamelessly connived to escape these social affairs, as did Uncle Guy, but Armine attended them with unfailing gusto. Moreover, he actually seemed to delight in the recurring

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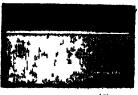
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spate of week-end guests, many of whom stayed on for weeks. His ebullience and romantic, gaucholike appearance made him a favourite with English and European visitors. He was endlessly patient with those who were willing to pitch in and share the farm's strenuous activities.

For such visitors, provided they remained sound of wind and limb, Sweet Waters was a veritable paradise. They helped with the animals, giving a hand when the cattle had to be vaccinated or the sheep dipped against ticks. They revelled in the farm's excellent shooting—duck, quail, pigeon—and enjoyed an occasional picnic in the hills where a plump lamb would be roasted over a fragrant thornwood fire.

Armine took impish pleasure in chastening bumptious or unpleasant guests. In the far hills of Sweet Waters there was a gold mine which the guests invariably wanted to visit. Armine kept a selection of heavy crowbars and picks ready for them to carry up on horseback, promising them any gold they extracted. It was eight miles from the house and a fearful place to get to, the last fifty yards being up an almost vertical ravine which had to be negotiated on hands and knees.

Once there, they found a thin inch-wide vein of gold imprisoned in steel-hard rock. If they managed to chip off a bit of rock the size of a hazel nut, working in an inferno

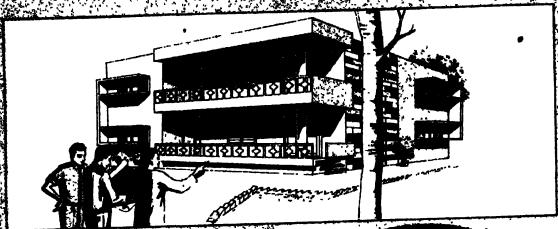
of heat in the full sun, they had done well. Armine insisted that the crowbars and picks should be returned to the house after each trip. I never met anyone who wanted to try it a second time.

Armine's most fiendish torment was reserved for deflating English visitors who displayed undue arrogance about their horsemanship. When they became unbearable, he simply called on the services of that magnificent beast, the Creole pony.

These ponies, of mixed Arab and Barb stock, possessed great stamina and hoofs so hard that they were rarely shod. They were eager, brave, infinitely patient, but their most outstanding trait was absolute surefootedness. A cowboy never had to worry about the countless irrigation ditches that criss-crossed the farm, and in the hills a Creole was like a mountain goat.

The ponies were the only fixed-breed animals we had. Uncle Guy had tried desperately to stabilize our herd of English shorthorn cattle, but to no avail. The Chilean climate was too harsh, and within three generations the shorthorns degenerated into a totally different type of animal. Their heads became slim wedges with immense horns, and the once broad, square body became as lean as a deer's and impossible to fatten. We combated this by constantly importing new bulls from England.

Our Berkshire pigs suffered the



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same tendency. After two generations they turned into wild hogs, with long heads making up half their body length, with lean, stringy legs and razor backs; we tried to correct this by regularly importing boars and sows which were almost freakishly short-coupled. Only the Creole pony kept his type and threw perfect offspring. Without him we would have been sorely handicapped.

I never willingly refused an invitation to accompany Armine on one of his educational riding tours.

The English victim, manfully suppressing disapproval of his Creole mount, usually found it impossible to conceal his disdain for the whole project.

Armine would set the stage perfectly, taking a trail that slowly climbed the hills overlooking the ranch. Then suddenly he would whirl his horse round a thorn tree and disappear.

Not to be outdone, the guest would spur after him, only to find himself riding over the edge of a 700-foot slope we called the Bowlslide—a drop so steep that at first glance it looked like a cliff. With a good Creole pony under you, it was perfectly safe. He would start sliding forward, bracing his forefeet wide in front and almost sitting back on his rump.

Swinging from side to side as the path followed the slope, he would slide in perfect control round the various curves and at last reach



level ground, cool and collected as ever.

One could not say the same for the cocksure visitor, who generally reached the bottom pale and shaking, as he had thought it impossible that he could reach home alive. One trip down the Bowlslide was always sufficient to humble the most arrogant visitor.

#### Courage was the Key

At the end of my first year at Sweet Waters, Uncle Guy suddenly announced he was retiring. "You can now run the place as well as I can," he assured me, and made his departure with ill-concealed relief. The whole weight of Sweet Waters now descended on me, as did the full impact of Mother's presence.

"Can you go with me to inspect the schoolrooms?" she asked a few days later. It was less a request than a command.

These classrooms were about half a mile away in our former house where I had been born. Since then the building had been struck by an earthquake. Rather than attempting restoration, it had been simpler to build the present house on a new site. A few of the least damaged rooms, however, had been repaired for use as a school.

Marie, Mother and I set off on horseback. It was a beautiful day, but Tutema, our guardian mountain, had been jumbling intermittently since morning—in local folklore an omen of trouble. We were riding through a dried-up field, bare of grass, when I dismounted to adjust a spur.

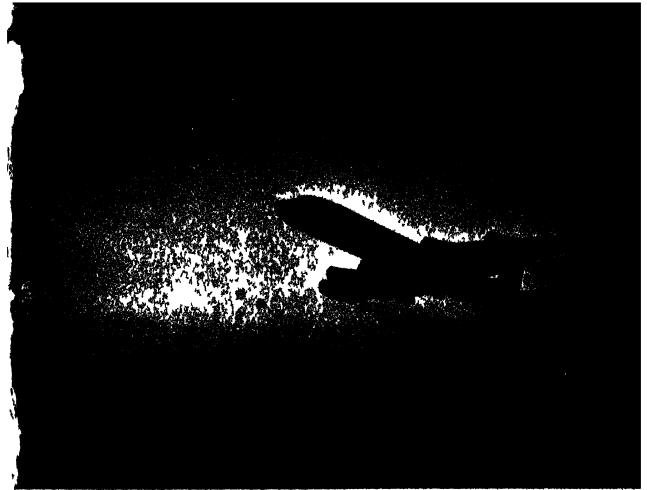
As I knelt down I heard an ominous rumble and, looking towards the sound, I saw a wave of solid earth coming towards me across the field, just as a wave of water travels over the surface of the sea. About one foot in height, it passed us at great speed, throwing me off balance, and causing the horses to splay out their legs like milking stools to keep their feet.

I was thoroughly unnerved and Marie, too, was ashen-faced and trembling. Like most people at Sweet Waters we were terrified of earthquakes. But Mother came through the experience with shining eyes and a rapt expression. Although she well knew the menacing power of earthquakes—indeed, was on her way to a house which had been all but destroyed by one—she threw back her head and gazed defiantly towards Tutema as if daring it to do its worst.

This tremor had been relatively mild, the only casualties being a few frail outbuildings in the posesiones. But it had certainly supplied the key to Mother's indomitable force. It lay in her courage. She was simply not afraid of anything.

Recently she had displayed her sang-froid after a fight Armine unwillingly had with a wildcat. Armine shared his room with a sinister Alsatian dog, and left the outside door open so that the dog could rush

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out and repel animal invaders of the garden.

That night he and the dog were both asleep when Armine was suddenly aware of a weight on his body. Opening his eyes, he encountered the point-blank stare of a large wildcat, which, instantly aware of making an error of judgement, sank its claws into Armine's chest.

Armine's wail of agony woke the Alsatian, which immediately joined the two of them on the bed. The cat, in a frenzy, leaped for the door, which meanwhile had slammed shut, and a great chase ensued. The hunt passed over the bed eleven times, but on the twelfth lap the wildcat was slain on top of Armine's quivering form, which early on had sought the doubtful safety of the bedclothes.

Mother had been aroused by the screeching bedlam and got up to investigate. When she found the huge dead wildcat (which later became a most attractive pair of fur gloves) she neither fainted nor flinched. Instead she merely commented mildly that perhaps it was not a good idea to leave the outside door open. At this point Armine was more than willing to concur.

#### Senator From Santiago

During the next few months the same guest began to appear more and more often at Sweet Waters. His name was Ramón Gonzalos. He was Santiago's leading lawyer, a senator—and a widower.

"I think Señor Gonzalos has set his cap at your mother," commented Armine, who had stayed on with us after his parents' departure.

I scoffed at the idea. Senator Gonzalos, although an impressive figure, could only be described as being agreeably ugly. "Some of the most handsome and eligible men in England have had their caps set at Mother," I pointed out.

"Ah, but this is Chile. And Gonzalos is a senator and very ambitious. A beautiful and socially gifted wife would be no handicap to his career."

"But that's only his point of view," I objected.

"All right, consider it from your mother's," Armine said. "As the wife of Senator Gonzalos she would be the leading hostess of Santiago. That's a much bigger place than Sweet Waters. And suppose the Senator's ultimate ambition is realized and he becomes President of Chile. Just imagine what a splendid First Lady Aunt Maud would make!

"Don't underestimate Gonzalos," he continued. "He's very clever. Just watch him in action."

I did watch him, and one thing soon became clear: Señor Gonzalos was not so much clever as completely and desperately in love. Mother had been courted by many men who were gallant and flattering and ardent, but none had put her on a pedestal quite so high as did Senator Gonzalos.

This gratifying attention did

nothing to lessen Mother's ubiquitous pervasiveness on the farm. Sometimes I felt, as Uncle Guy had done, that big as it was, Sweet Waters was too small to hold both of us. Even Marie, who was the least demanding of women, occasionally felt smothered by her.

During the war Marie had been a nurse. At Sweet Waters she had automatically begun to treat those who needed help. Soon she was conducting a regular clinic at which, two mornings a week, she cleaned and bandaged cuts and wounds, set broken bones, dispensed aspirin, castor oil and the like. She had a true healing hand, acquired a terrific reputation, and often found 15 or 20 patients waiting for her when she opened the clinic.

"But do you know what they call my little hospital?" Marie asked plaintively. "'La clinica de la Patrona!' They think of it as your mother's clinic!"

These were mere pinpricks, however. It was my ill health which first made us consider leaving Sweet Waters. Among other war wounds, I had been gassed, and I had not recovered in Chile as I had hoped. Like many of the animals we imported from England, I could not adjust to the climate. The hot, dry air, which was often dusty, seemed to burn my lungs. I suffered recurrent bouts of fever, chills and weakness. Eventually we both knew that my health demanded I leave Chile and return to England.

"But I can't go," I told Marie. "Mother needs me here."

"She has Armine," Marie countered.

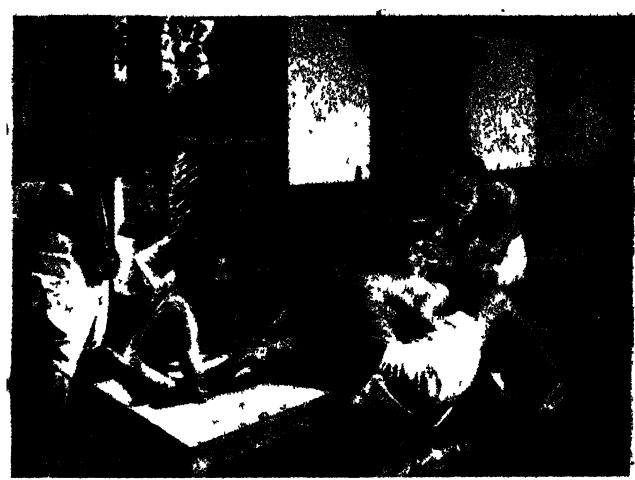
"She needs both of us," I said.

As it happened, we did not have to solve this problem. It was solved for us. That autumn Mother married Senator Gonzalos. He knew the language and the people, and had all the qualifications for running the farm successfully. I would not need to stay.

The wedding was held in the Gonzalos mansion in Santiago, Sweet Waters being too inaccessible for the many guests invited from all over Chile. It was the social event of the season, and when I gave Mother away I thought her the most beautiful woman present, of any age. She was gracious and charming to everyone, and there were many predictions that she would soon be the nation's most renowned hostess. I was certain of it.

Two days later Marie and I said good-bye to Sweet Waters. We had been there just two years. As we were driven to the station we made the coachman stop the ancient black-leather carriage on the crest of the boundary hill so that we could have one last look at the farm.

For a moment both Marie and I were filled with sadness, but this quickly passed. We had nothing but happy memories of our stay at Sweet Waters. We knew that these would stay with us for the rest of THE END



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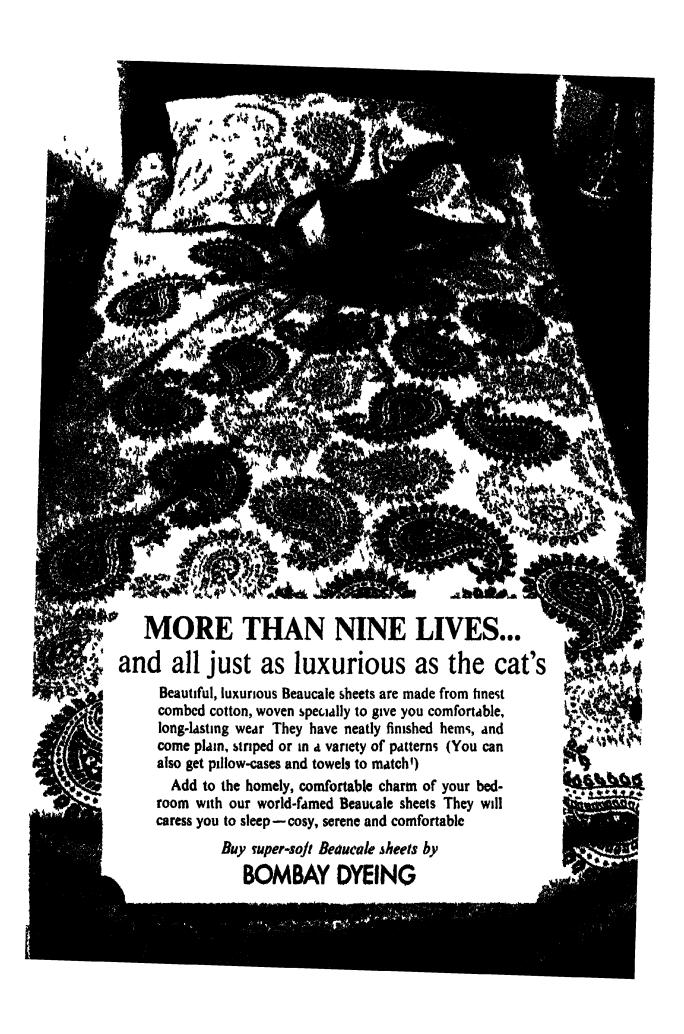


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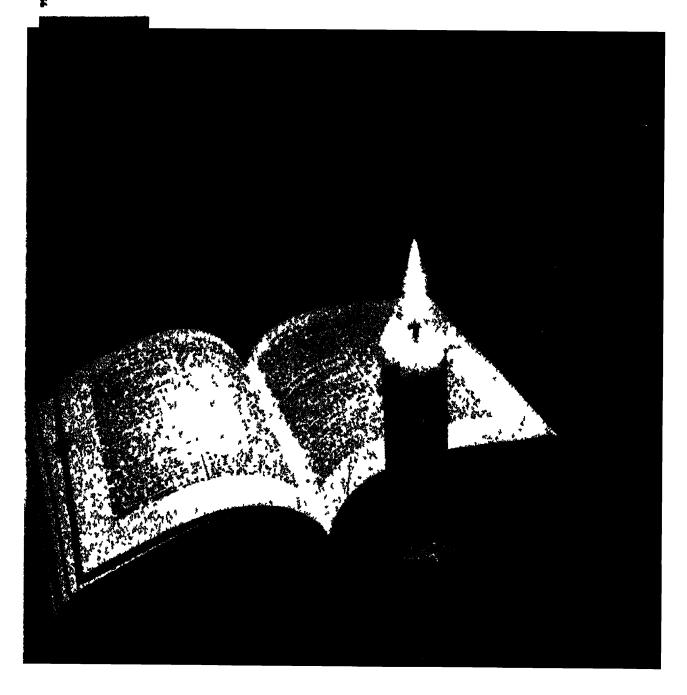
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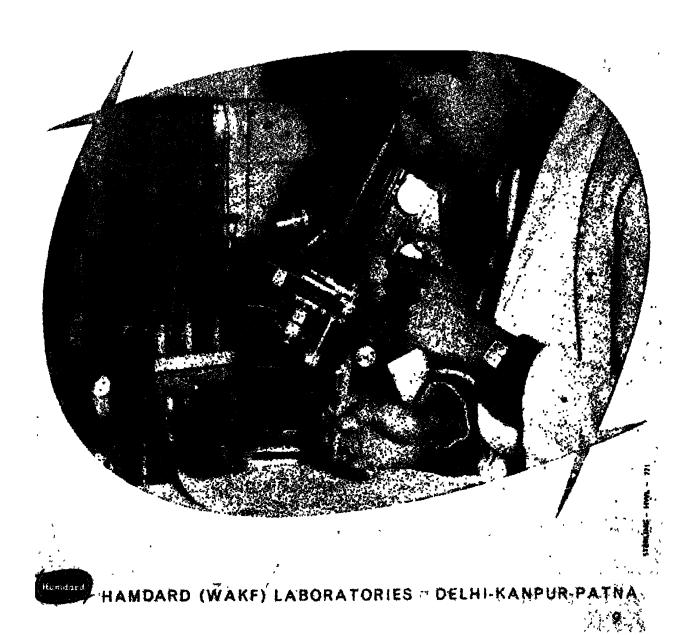
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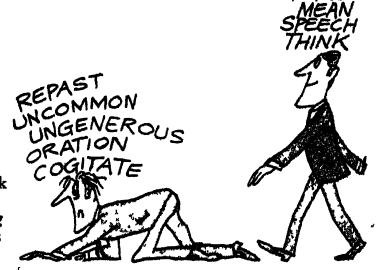
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## It Pays to Increase Your WORD POWER

By Peter Funk

Long words sound impressive—but only if you use them correctly. Remember that some of the most effective words in the English language are those of one syllable. In the following list, check the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.



- (1) flout—A: to strike forcibly. B: ignore. C: mock, D: resist.
- (2) doff—A: to remove. B: be mistaken. C: dodge. D: tremble.
- (3) mute—A: debatable. B: silent. C: murmuring. D: toneless.
- (4) brook—A: to tolerate. B: bridge. C: deny. D: resent.
- (5) dub—A: to replace. B: wash. C: stumble. D: nickname.
- (6) wane—A: to flicker. B: increase. C: grow less. D: blanch.
- (7) pale—A: doorstep. B: boundary. C: gate. D: receptacle.
- (8) cloy—A: to cling. B: fawn. C: satiate. D: restrain.
- (9) deem—A: to consider. B: speculate. C: acknowledge. D: infer.
- (10) mime—A: likeness. B: mimic actor. C: measurement. D: rascal.

- (11) rasp—A: to breathe heavily. B: grab. C: punish. D: grate.
- (12) opt—A: to outsmart. B: choose. C: sight. D: defy.
- (13) cadge—A: to beg. B: evade. C: be cautious. D: snatch.
- (14) butt—A: cliff. B: projecting structure. C: summit. D: target.
- (15) mien (meen)—A: individuality. B; shape. C: aspect. D: bill of fare.
- (16) vex—A: to fidget. B: worry. C: bewitch. D: annoy.
- (17) daub (dawb)—A: to paint badly. B: blot. C: be clumsy. D: act as an amateur.
- (18) jounce—A: to pout. B: rebuff. C: move along slowly. D: shake.
- (19) maw—A: excavation, B: stomach, C: unpleasant taste. D: heavy hammer.
- (20) sham—A: to frame. B: tear down. C: feign. D: disgrace.

(Now turn to the most page)

#### Answers to

#### What is in Increase Year Vend Power

- (1) flout—C: To mock; scorn, treat with contempt or disdain; as, to flout the law. Possibly Middle English flouten, "to play the flute."
- (2) doff—A: To remove or take off; as, to doff one's hat; sometimes, figuratively, to rid oneself of; discard; as, to doff worries. Middle English doffe, "to take off."
- (3) mute—B: Silent; incapable of speaking; unspoken; as, a mute plea. I atin mutus, "without speech."
- (4) brook—A: To tolerate; put up with; endure; usually with negative construction as, to brook no opposition. Old English brusan, "to use."
- (5) dub—D: To nickname; as, to dub a crook "King of the Underworld"; originally, to invest with a knighthood. Old English dubbian.
- (6) wane—C: To grow less; decline in power or importance, size or brilliance; as, waning influence. Old English wanian.
- (7) pale—B: Boundary or limit, or an enclosed region; now used figuratively, as, beyond the pale of civilized society. Latin palus, "stake."
- (8) clay—C: To satiate; surfeit or weary, as with too much sweetness. Old French encloyer.
- (9) deem—A: To consider; judge. "I deem this award a great honour." Old English deman, "to judge."
- (10) mime—B: Mimic actor; pantomimist; portrayer of a character with gesture

- and action, usually without words; as, the noted French mime, Marcel Marceau. Greek mimes.
- (11) rasp—D: To grate upon; irritate; utter in an exasperated or peevish tone; as, to rasp out confusing commands to the platoon. Old French rasper.
- (12) opt- B: To choose; elect; specifically, to make a choice of citizenship in a territory transferred by treaty to another sovereign state. Latin optare.
- (13) cadge—A: To get by begging; as, to cadge a drink.
- (14) butt- D: Target; backstop for catching missiles; also, an object of abuse or ridicule; victim; as, the butt of a joke. Old French but, "target, goal."
- (15) mien -C: Aspect; manner; bearing; as, a man of rugged mien.
- (16) vex— D: To annoy; provoke by small irritations; as, to vex the negotiators by obstruction and delay. Latin vexare, "to jostle, harass."
- (17) daub— A: To paint badly; apply colours crudely; smear, as, to daub a canvas. Old French dauber, "to whitewash."
- (18) jounce—D: To shake, bounce; jolt, as in riding; as, to jounce over rutted roads.
- (19) maw—B: Stomach; crop; also jaws, mouth; figuratively, a greedy appetite; as, an insatiable maw. Old Finglish maga, "stomach."
- (20) sham -C: To feign; trick; deceive; fake; as, to sham illness.

#### Vocabulary Ratings

20-18	correct	. ,		 . ,						. (	ex	CE	lle	nt
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14-13	correct					 				٠.			, fa	ir

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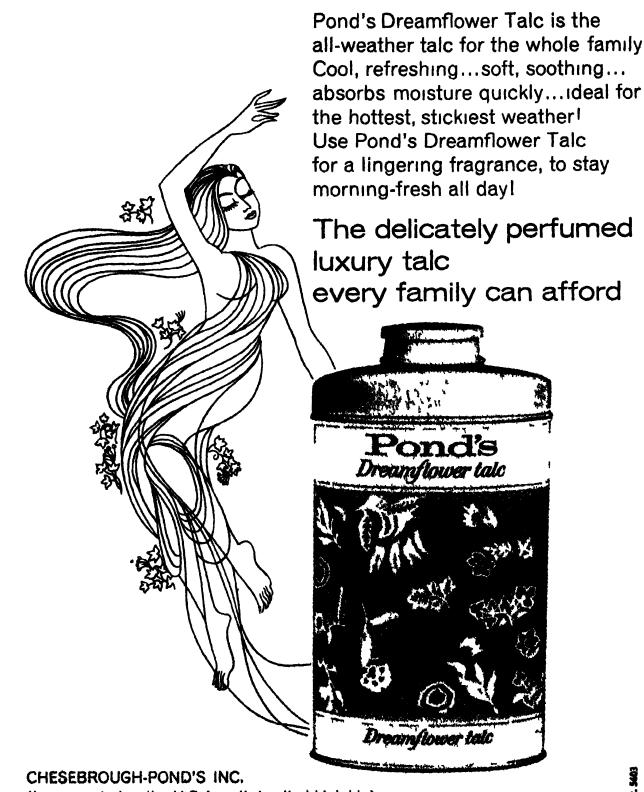
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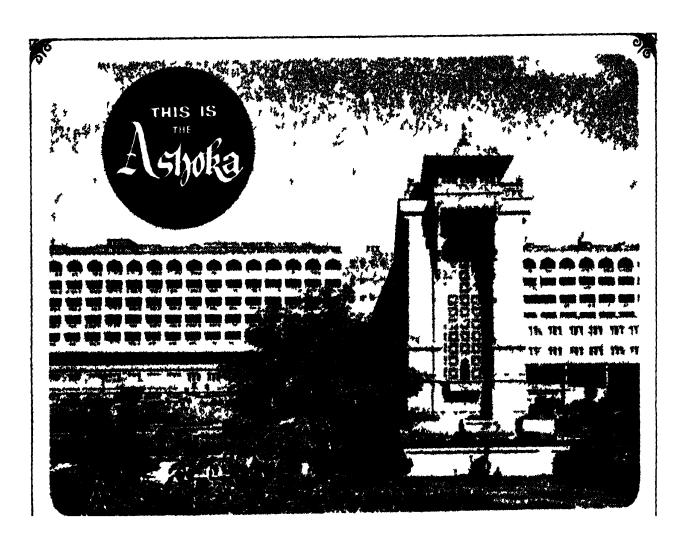


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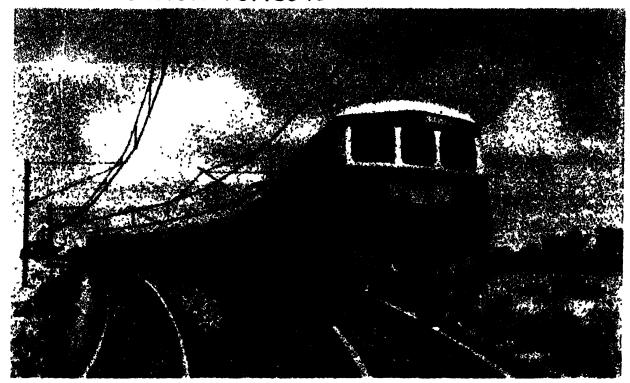
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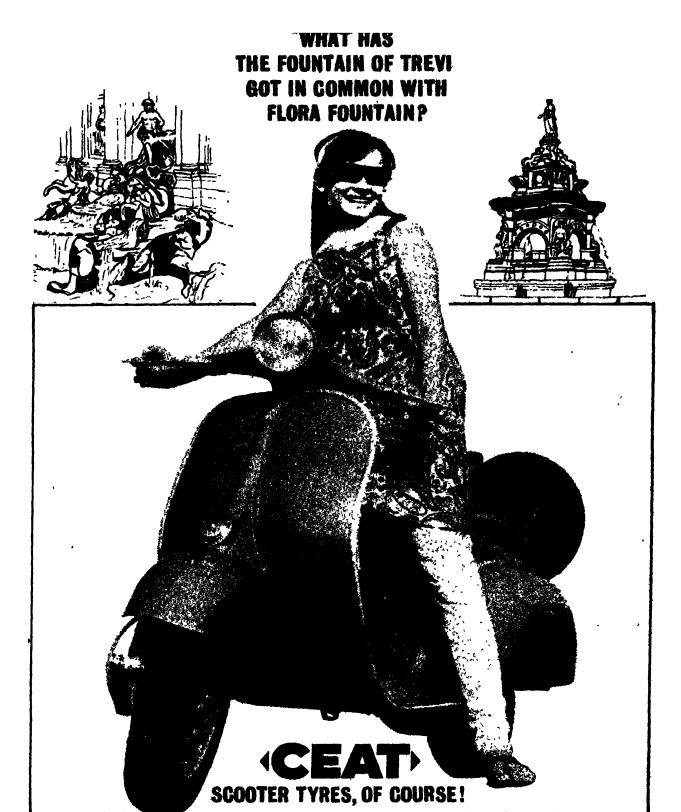
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#### LIFE'S LIKE THAT



AT A MEDICAL conference attended by a couple of hundred doctors, one delegate finished reading his report, sat down—and crashed to the floor as his chair collapsed. When it became clear that the doctor was unhurt, a voice from the back of the hall called out: "Is there a carpenter in the house?"

-D. S.

My friend Mike, on my recommendation, became a customer at a Chinese • laundry. After several weeks he noticed that "HF" had been stamped on the collars of all his shirts. He was puzzled and, on his next trip to the laundry, asked the meaning of the cryptic code. The smiling Chinese explained that "HF" stood for Mike's introduction when he first brought in his laundry—as "Henry's Friend."

-HENRY CHA

AFTER he bought a budgerigar, my husband spent long futile hours trying to teach the bird to talk. One morning about three o'clock I heard budgerigar noises and woke my husband. "That

wretched bird of yours is in the room!" I exclaimed. We looked everywhere and found the bird sleeping peacefully in his cage downstairs. This mystery repeated itself twice more and I was a nervous wreck.

The next night I locked the bedroom door. At two o'clock I awoke again to that unnerving chirping. Very quietly I switched on the light. There lay my husband, sound asleep and chirping his heart out. The bird had taught my husband his language!

-J. PETERS

FOR THE first time we were leaving our teenage daughter in charge of the house—and her two brothers—while we went away for the weekend. I planned menus that would be a minimum of effort and trouble for her.

On our return, we found her a bit worn and harassed. She had burned the meat, broken the electric mixer and forgotten to take in the milk. "But," she added cheerfully, "I have finished my essay: The Case Against Teenage Marriages."

—MRS. WALTER BAKER

As a nurse in the obstetrical ward of a hospital, I was interested to observe that a mother who had just had her seventh child had a bouquet of seven red roses and one white carnation. I asked her if it had some significance.

"We planned to have eight children," she said. "When the first baby arrived, I was given a bouquet of seven white carnations and one red rose. The red roses were increased and the white carnations were decreased each time a baby was born. Now there is only one white carnation to go."

If that isn't family planning, I don't know what is!

—MRS. JERRY LEWIS



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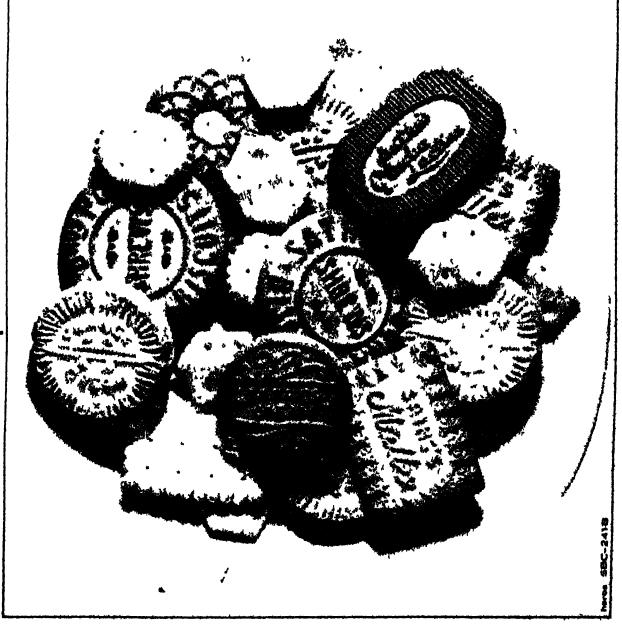
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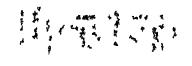
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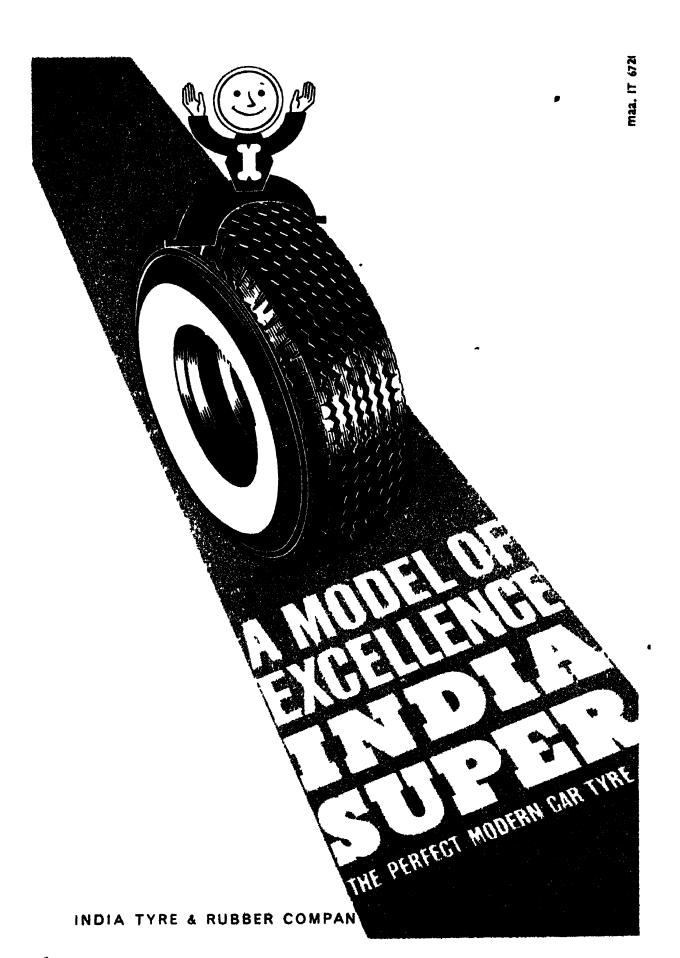




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#### Personal Glimpses

FATHER of the atom bomb, the late J. Robert Oppenheimer, earned his doctorate at the age of 23, three weeks after enrolling at Göttingen University. Oppenheimer's thesis was a brilliant paper on quantum mechanics. After the oral exam, a colleague asked physicist James Franck how Oppenheimer had fared. Replied Franck, "I got out of there just in time. He was beginning to ask me questions."—Time

THE LAST words of playwright Brendan Behan were to a nursing nun who was taking his pulse. He looked up at her, smiled and said, "Bless you, Sister—may all your sons be bishops!"

-Jhan and June Robbins

ALBERT EINSTEIN was interested in almost everything, and gave every topic and visitor his undivided attention. But sometimes he would rise abruptly—even in the middle of a sentence—and say apologetically, "I have to work now." Whereupon he would retire to his study, leaving his wife and secretary to entertain the guest. There was nothing offensive about this; it was obvious that Einstein's brain had started to spin, and that he

"had to work." It seemed as though he had received orders from elsewhere, and he followed them goodnaturedly, expecting good-natured understanding from those around him.

—K. K.

IAIN MACLEOD, who served in the wartime cabinet, recalls that Churchill was one of the great romantics. "Cavalier and sea dog; historian and statesman; soldier and journalist; even a painter and a scholar in his fashion, Churchill was them all. Tears came as naturally to him as did courage. In this, as in so many things, he was a true Elizabethan, a knight of the spacious days of Elizabeth I who had somehow strayed into the reign of Elizabeth II.

"One evening in the late 1940's we went to Chartwell to dine and see a film. It was set in Vienna. Boy meets girl. They part. Years later when next



they meet she is an opera singer, he the rising star of the Austrian cavalry. He does not recognize her, and the story ends in a mist of Strauss

waltzes. It would be hard to imagine

a more predictable plot.

"Yet it cast a shadow over the next hour as Churchill, lower lip jutting out, kept muttering, 'I cannot understand how he could have forgotten her.'"

THOREAU once said: "I had a small bird alight on my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in the garden, and I felt more distinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulette I could have worn."

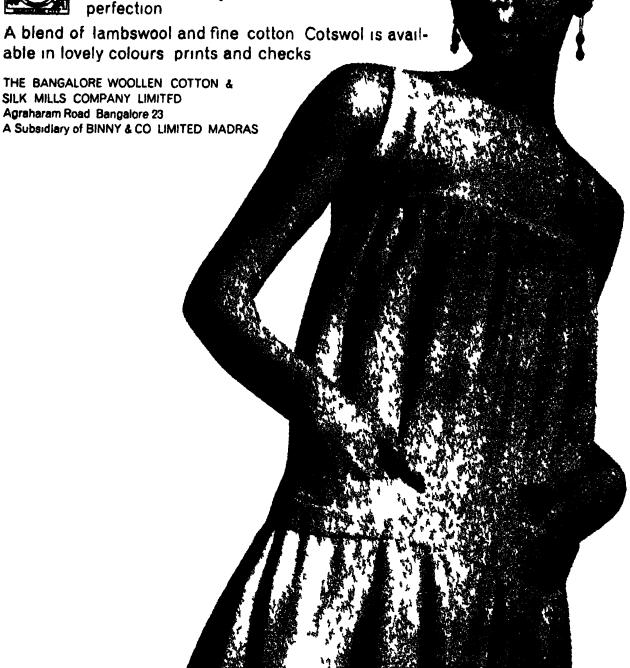


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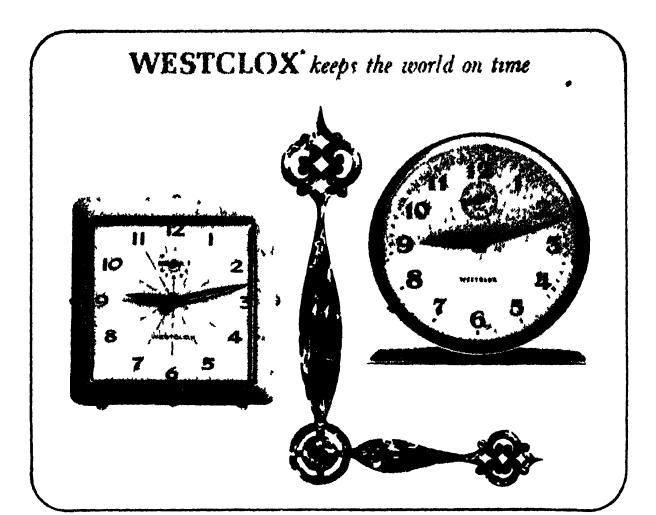
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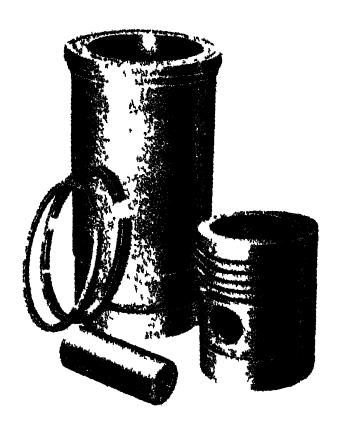
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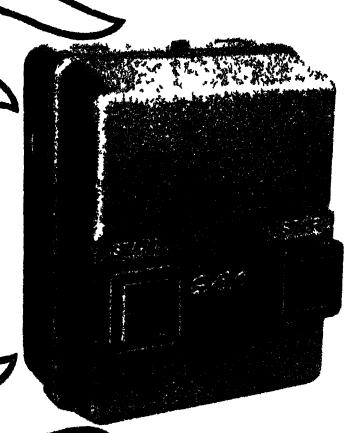
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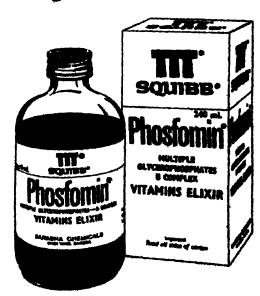
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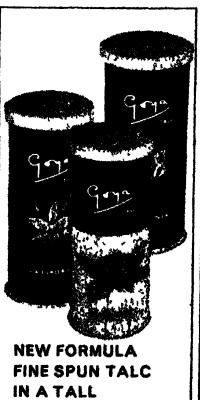




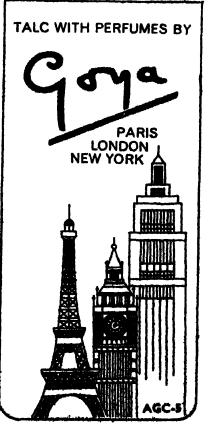


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# What I Have Learnt in a Hundred Years

Herbert Welch is 104, the oldest living bishop of the Methodist Church. In his hundredth year he wrote a book about his first century, and at the end set out his beliefs and ideals. The following article gives the fruits of his reflections, in a message of profound faith and hope.

IFE a hundred years ago was simple. It was easier then to believe in the old maxims. Now we are in an age of criticism and doubt. Out of the mass of knowledge with which we have to deal today, I have tried to secure some kind of unity in my thinking and my life.

The result has been, in my case, the conviction that the greatest fact in God's universe is God; and the greatest need of our human race is to know God; and the supreme purpose in all the activities of God is to reveal Himself fully to the children of men, in order that, beholding "the beauty of the Lord," they may

be led to "enquire in His temple," and yield themselves to His will.

Nature, the only part of the universe in which God can operate without interference by wilful men, offers many helpful suggestions as to the will and the ways of God.

For example, I can see that this world is an unfinished piece of business. It is like the palace of Aladdin, which was built by magic, with one bare, plain window while the other eleven were lavishly jewelled—just to give the king the pleasure of putting the finishing touch upon this marvel of splendour.

So God reserves for man the

honour and glory of sharing in creative work. God provides the iron; man manufactures it intoforms of power and usefulness. Nature, it seems to me, spells challenge and opportunity.

This world, as God made it, is a mixed world. Poets sing rightly of its charms, but there are regions which have no charm. Side by side with the beautiful are the weird, the grotesque, even the ugly. There are fertile plains to be cultivated and mines to be discovered, but there are also swamps and deserts.

In a word, God has not made a world in which security and case and happiness are the highest attainments; but rather a world for watchfulness, for work, for struggle, and for suffering as a normal part of the full life. I see, to my comfort, that God has established a society not of pleasant puppets and happy playboys, but of men and women whose characters have been shaped through conflicts, doubts, hardships, and perhaps defeats. Life as God planned it is not to be a nursery for the coddling of perpetual infants, but a school for adult education.

I am struck by another fact in nature: the most creative processes are quiet, advancing by almost infinitesimal steps. There are occasional cataclysms which do bring about useful changes, but at what a cost of destruction! Evolution, not revolution, is the prevailing order.

Summer fades imperceptibly into

autumn. Flowers and fruits grow slowly from the seed. The eak tree patiently builds its trunk, ring by ring. The humble grass makes no noise as it carpets the earth. The great advances of nature, such as changing coastlines, rearing mountains and sinking valleys, are so slow as to be almost unobserved. Even the epic of the inner life is not made up of dramatic incidents, like the dash of a mountain torrent, but is more like the quiet flow of a stream across the plain.

We like fast progress. We would hurry God. "How long, O Lord, how long?" we cry. "Send us a miracle! Write Thy mandates on the sky in fire and cloud. Wipe out the forces of evil by some Armageddon. Give peace in our time."

But God answers by littles. He sends a Baby to redeem the world. Marches towards justice and brotherhood are by inches rather than by miles. It seems to be God's preferred way.

One other lesson from my Father's world of nature is the natural trend to diversity. The road of life leads from the simple, homogeneous, amorphous, to complexity, heterogeneity, variety. The picture resembles a branching tree; the higher the form, the greater the diversity. Harmony rather than uniformity is the climax of development.

I consider this a suggestive illustration rather than a programme. I cannot, however, resist the thought

that since God is not a bundle of contradictions but a unit, the methods He habitually uses in one field may be valid in others. I sometimes wonder whether the statesmen, the sociologists, the ccclesiastics, could not find wisdom embedded in the slow-moving and fantastically varied world about them.

And what other convictions, apart from the lessons of nature, have I settled upon?

Among the virtues and graces of the ideal Christian life, I have come to set almost the highest value on humility, compassion (not pity), understanding (rather than mere tolerance), love (above and beyond the call of duty), sharing (togetherness), and good cheer.

I adore the simplicities of Christ: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." I have learnt that salvation is not an event but a process, and the best any of us can claim is that we are being saved—and that others can probably judge better than we! No new convert has attained full manhood. It takes truth and love and time to make a Christian man, or a Christian nation, or a Christian Church.

In recent years a change has come over my thoughts about death. Commonly we view it with grief

because of its separations; with fear because of the unknown; and with resentment because of its apparent frustration of schemes and hopes, its finality, its traditional character as an enemy.

I believe now that death is part of God's plan and has its proper place in a universe of love. Death is in the natural, the divine order. It is the only entrance into the fairer realm beyond our little earth.

And this step, from the known to the unknown, from the present to the future, is not the result of mere chance or blunder or ruthless material forces, but, like all the rest, has God behind it and above it.

Life at its best is unfinished business. The true and eternal life may here be begun, but its larger unfolding awaits our entry into another land.

For death is an escape not merely from something but to something—from school to home, from our imperfect world to a higher realm, clearer vision, larger freedom, purer joy. For fullness and completeness of life we must escape the limitations of the physical.

If we are to go on living fully, vigorously, joyfully, we must have a fresh start. And death is the portal by which we make our entry into the realm of the eternal.

Condensed from "As I recall my past century," ( 1962 Adingdon frees

#### Traveller's Tale

An American girl on a whirlwind tour, asked if she'd visited Florence, replied, "I don't know. Daddy bought the tickets."

—M. D.

## London's Glorified Village Hall

By Paul Ferris

For concerts
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Albert Hall
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UEEN VICTORIA said it reminded her of the British Constitution—a monumental compromise. It has been affectionately called the Gasworks and the Kensington Mausoleum. Sir Thomas Beecham said it could be used for a hundred things, but music wasn't one of them. Richard Tauber was so overwhelmed by the size of the place that at the last

moment he refused to sing—and the audience got their money back.

But the Royal Albert Hall has long since passed beyond criticism and become an institution. During nearly a century, a hundred million people have filed into its vast eggshaped auditorium to hear music and watch boxing, to dance and to pray, to heckle politicians and pass resolutions. It has become London's glorified village hall, the scene of unending excitement, gaiety and sheer farce.

In 1911, two days before King George V's Coronation, it was the scene of a ball for which the nobility of Europe—including 30 princes and half a dozen Grand Dukes—arrived in force.

A 26-mile marathon was once run there on a track of coconut matting, the athletes circling the arena 520 times to complete the course.

In 1908, during the votes-forwomen campaign, a suffragette shouted down Lloyd George from the balcony, while keeping furious stewards at bay with a dog whip. In the ensuing uproar, the organist tried to calm the meeting by thundering out, "Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be?"

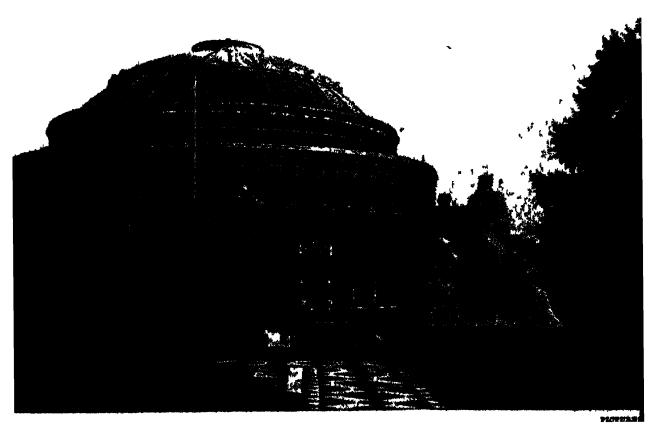
Everything about it is larger than life. The balcony alone seats 1,600, which is more than the total capacity of most theatres. In 1906 a record audience of 9,000, including the Duke of Wellington, heard the first gramophone concert, marvelling at

magical recordings of Patti, Melba and Caruso. With today's stricter safety regulations, a full house means some 7,000 people.

Yet for all its size and distinguished associations, there is something homely and familiar about the Albert Hall. A wartime newspaper

idea of a building that was to be a cultural wonder of the world. But they had an uphill fight to get it built at all.

After the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Royal Commissioners who ran it used the handsome profits to buy a block of land on what was



cartoon showed a woman talking to an attendant outside. "When do you think the invasion will start?" she asks. "Friday afternoon," he says. "And if it rains they'll have it at the Albert Hall."

The Hall's full title, the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, reflects the buoyant hopes of its Victorian sponsors—the Prince Consort among them—who conceived the

then the western edge of urban London.

For years, grandiose building schemes were put forward, one of which envisaged a hall three times the size of the present structure. But money was needed and, in the end, it was left to an energetic public figure, Henry Cole, to awaken the public's interest.

Engaging a military architect,

Captain Francis Fowke of the Royal Engineers, Cole acted as a one-man pressure group until sufficient funds were gathered for building to proceed. Fowke died before completing his plans for the Hall, and they were taken over by Colonel Scott, Secretary of the Provisional Committee.

Royal Memorial. Queen Victoria herself laid the foundation stone just a hundred years ago; the small slab of granite can still be seen behind two seats at the back of the stalls. Only at the ceremony did she let it be known that, in memory of her husband, who had died in 1861, she wanted "Royal Albert" added to the existing title, "The Hall of Arts and Sciences."

Albert's hall is an enormous oval beehive of red brick and terracotta, topped by a dome of glass and iron, 135 feet above the floor of the arena. Seats are arranged in a circle, sweeping up through three tiers of boxes to a balcony and an arched gallery under the roof. Only the 150-ton organ, with its 10,000 pipes totalling nine miles in length, interrupts the ring of seats.

It was a sensational building for its period, with 11,000 gas burners that could be ignited within seconds by electric sparks, a mile and a quarter of corridors, five miles of pipes for heating, a steam engine to work the organ bellows. No detail was spared: encircling the outside of the building, a hundred feet up, is a six-foot-six-inch-high frieze,

composed of millions of small marble squares, showing groups of figures representing the "Progress of the Arts."

The royal opening ceremony took place one March afternoon in 1871. In the audience of 10,000 were politicians, ambassadors and the cream of society. Queen Victoria was so overcome with emotion that she could not declare the hall open, and the Prince of Wales had to do it for her.

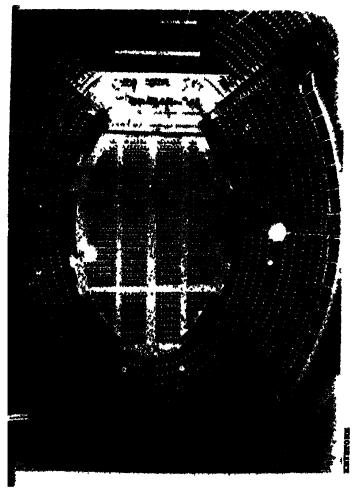
An unusual feature about London's new hall was the way building funds were raised. The Royal Commissioners had handed over the site at a peppercorn rent of a shilling a year—a sum which is still paid to them by cheque every March 25. But much of the money, over Rs. 42 lakhs had to come from the public, who were offered the novel opportunity of buying seats, which they could then sit in free, for all performances, for 999 years. The seats cost Rs. 2,100 each, and more than 1,300—20 per cent of the Albert Hall's capacity—were sold in this way.

Only later did the disadvantages become apparent. Hiring the hall for concerts, promoters were dismayed to find that tickets for many of the best seats could not be sold because they were in the hands of permanent seat holders. Each seat carries a vote in the Corporation that was set up to run the hall, so the seat holders are the virtual owners of the building. It has been claimed that if

a man owned all the seats in a box, he could even live in it.

The right to occupy a seat whatever was happening once produced an absurd spectacle, according to Charles Cochran, a former manager of the Albert Hall. A prefabricated dance floor had been laid across the middle of the hall, covering up more than 2,000 seats, including 650 private ones, all of whose owners agreed to waive their rights for the evening—all, that is, but the Misses Mirchhouse, the owners of J 894 and J 895.

Unique view of the vast oval auditorium, seen from 135 feet up in the domed roof



So a section was removed from the dance floor, enabling the ladies to get to their seats; there they were able to "enjoy the strains of the orchestra and the patter of dancing feet overhead."

None of the original subscribers is alive, of course, but the seats can be bought and inherited just like any property. (In 1948, one box with eight seats was sold by auction for over Rs. 63,000, but a more common price for a pair of stall seats is Rs. 3,150.) Today's seat holders include peers of the realm, like Earl Spencer and Earl Stanhope, as well as public and private institutions and organizations. A Cambridge college is a seat holder, and so is a London store.

Seat holders are now less privileged than they were. To keep the Hall solvent, they have voted away many of their own rights through private Acts of Parliament—necessary because the Albert Hall has a Royal Charter. A century after the original subscribers paid Rs. 2,100 to purchase what they innocently thought was 999 years of free concert-going for their heirs, seat holders can now be excluded from their seats on about 80 occasions a year, and can be called on to pay a levy.

Money problems have plagued the Albert Hall since its earliest days. The crowds that had been expected to improve their education by flocking to a "Hall of Arts and Sciences" never materialized in sufficient numbers to maintain such an enormous building. Almost from the

beginning, the management found that it had to supplement the concerts with exhibitions, prize-givings, political demonstrations.

Film shows were introduced and so was boxing. Pageantry like that of "Hiawatha," based on Longfellow's poem, attracted huge audiences between the wars. Older people still remember with delight the snowstorm and the waterfall which poured away, as does the water from the fountain regularly used at Promenade Concerts, into a natural underground stream that flows beneath the Hall.

The Hall's musical Acoustics. history has been coloured by its famous echo. A sarcastic music critic once remarked that in some seats. "every note is heard twice, so that many people have the satisfaction of hearing two concerts without any extra charge." Measures to smother the echo have included a velarium, a great canvas awning slung in the root, which was moved to make way for a new structure of aluminium in 1949.

Musical perfectionists have made many rude remarks about the Albert Hall, perhaps suspecting that because it is big it must also be vulgar. When the organ was rebuilt in the 1930's, the Musical Times protested that the first tune it played in public was "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

It may have been a curious choice, but it was somehow appropriate. For the Albert Hall has long since outgrown its starchy origins.

The Promenade Concerts: which were moved there when the Queen's Hall was bombed in 1941, have brought classical music to millions. A single season of about 50 concerts brings nearly a third of a million

people to the Hall.

"I have no time for the snobs who sniff at Prom audiences," wrote music critic Neville Cardus, Leopold Stokowski, the American conductor, declared that Promenade audiences "brush aside the formality and churchlike gravity of some concert audiences with their quick sense of humour, good nature and

delightful informality."

And they are dedicated music lovers: every night of the eightweek season, 2,000 or so "Promenaders," many of them teenagers, stand and listen to the music. Even on the last night, which Promenaders have traditionally celebrated with whistles, rattles, banners and paper streamers, they have become silent and attentive as soon as Sir Malcolm Sargent lifted his baton.

But the Albert Hall is no longer London's music centre. Ironically, its pre-eminence was ended by the Royal Festival Hall, opened in 1951 as part of the Festival of Britain—an event celebrating the centenary of the 1851 Great Exhibition which had led directly to the building of the Albert Hall.

To keep the money coming in, trade is attracted from all directions. Business conferences and

dances alternate with Service reunions and Russian choirs. An evening of beat poetry was held not long ago, and for one whole week in 1963, a gathering of 6,000 people from 70 countries attended the Congress of the Baha'i religion, held to celebrate the centenary of its founding in Persia.

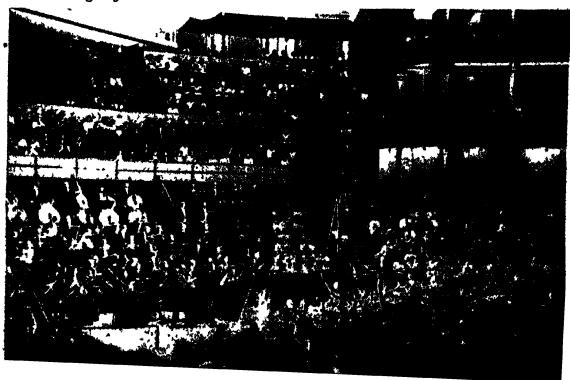
In its struggle to make ends meet, the Albert Hall has received no help from the British Government apart from an interest-free loan of Rs. 84,000 in 1953—a drop in the ocean in view of the hundreds of thousands spent on repairs and decorating since the war. The old-fashioned bulkiness, which gives it so much of its charm in a streamlined age, is a perpetual headache for the management that must pay the bills.

Up on the roof, two men work all year round keeping the glass and slates in repair. Down below, things, always, need sweeping, mending, polishing and replacing. An average of two chairs a day are repaired or sent for re-covering. When rewiring was completed a few years ago, 400 miles of new cable had been installed.

Repainting the doors has always been a nightmare because until very recently no one knew how many there were—an official who tried to count them gave up at 400. (He has since discovered there are 828.) The same man points out the difficulty of buying and fitting carpets and liroleum in such an odd-shaped building—scarcely one of the rooms, sandwiched as they are between the central auditorium and the curving outer walls, is properly square or rectangular.

Cleaning is a major exercise. The





Albert Hall has seven floors from basement to gallery, four with corridors that circle the building uninterruptedly. There are eleven bars and buffets, innumerable staircases, and dressing-rooms for 1,200 performers. Three dozen brooms and five dozen mops are worn out annually by the cleaning staff.

For cooking and catering there is a staff of about 30, prepared to serve anything from soup delivered to the boxes in vacuum flasks to 4,000 rolls and pies on a boxing-match night—when, says the catering manager, they want solid food, nothing small or dainty.

While large kitchens in the basement cook everything on the spot, it has to be taken to the restaurants, bars and boxes by primitive methods. The entire Albert Hall has only one lift, and even this cannot be used during a concert because of the noise. Consequently food and drink has to be carried up the stairs and wheeled along vast stretches of corridor.

Audiences are guided to their seats by members of a unique body, the Corps of Honorary Stewards. About half the 70 members, all of them men, attend every performance. The system was started in the early days of the Albert Hall, and members of the Corps—whose only

privilege is a pair of tickets for each attendance and a small silver badge—include schoolteachers, solicitors, company directors and retired Service officers.

Close on two million tickets are sold in a year by the booking office, who handle dozens of shows at once, many of them with different prices for the same seats. But mistakes such as double-booking for the same seat are infrequent. Some tickets have no price on them; they go direct to seat holders. Ever since the Hall opened, all its tickets have been produced by a private printer, with his machines, type-cases and staff of seven tucked away at the top of the building.

This and other traditions, together with the shadow of so many events over the last hundred years, make the Albert Hall what it is. It could harbour some illustrious ghosts, but it's typical that the only one on record is not illustrious at all.

In the early hours of the morning, when the old building is dark and silent, it's said that the footsteps of a limping man can be heard. His identity? Supposedly he is a former clerk of works—a man who had a club foot—conscientiously haunting the stairs and gangways to see what needs doing. It is an appropriate spectre for a down-to-earth place like the Albert Hall.

## Age of Discretion

A 70-YEAR-OLD lawyer was recently visited by a beautiful curvaceous blonde client. As he closed the door to his private office, he advised his secretary: "If you hear anybody scream, it will be me."

—R. S.

Historic strides are being made by the United States in its attempts to provide equal justice and opportunity for all. But much remains to be done, says this distinguished Negro writer

# The Negro's Place in the American Dream

By CARL ROWAN

THEN Edward Brooke took the oath of office as a U.S. Senator last January, almost every literate person from Chattanooga to Cape Town knew that the 47-year-old Massachusetts making Negro was Throughout the free world, newspapers, television and radio had heralded the fact that he was the first Negro to grace "the world's most exclusive club" for almost a century-since a Mississippi legislature, dominated by northern interests, seeking to take advantage of the South's chaotic conditions in the reconstruction period after the Civil War, sent two Negroes to the Senate.

The Negroes of that era had no

income of consequence, no economic power. They had few civil or other rights. In the elections of 1860, on the eve of the Civil War, only the New England states (with the exception of Connecticut) allowed Negroes to vote on the same terms as whites.

In 1875, a decade after the end of the Civil War, the spite-ridden and corrupt Mississippi legislators sent Hiram Revels and Blanche Kelso Bruce to the Senate.

This was a social, political and racial anachronism. The Civil War was over and the Negro was a free man on paper. But he was still a slave to his indentured past, and to the bitter reality that he had been permitted to acquire hardly any

of the requisites for survival in a turbulent, fiercely competitive society.

Only a handful of Americans, and probably no foreigners, can readily comprehend how different was the society that produced Brooke from the one that gave the Senate Revels and Bruce—or, more important, how different American Negroes of 1967 are from those of 1875.

When Senators Bruce and Revels were in Washington, there were five million Negroes in the United States, and 80 per cent of them could not read or write. The advocates of slavery and white supremacy believed, correctly, that to keep a man in bondage, you must deny him the liberating force of knowledge. Many states had laws forbidding the education of Negroes.

How different was the picture when Senator Brooke took his seat! The number of Negroes in America had risen to more than 22 million. They were earning Rs. 20,250 lakhs a year, and were enjoying a standard of living matched by very few groups anywhere else in the world. The percentage of U.S. Negroes at universities was higher than the percentage of white citizens receiving higher education in Great Britain, West Germany or the Soviet Union.

When Brooke took his oath of office, Negroes were being entertained at the White House, helping to enact the laws of Georgia, sitting in the Cabinet of the President,

running the post offices in the three largest cities in the United, States and competing in major beauty contests.

Unfortunately, that is only part of the story of what has been happening in American race relations. It does not begin to explain the fires of discontent that burn in the slums of every American city, or the protest demonstrations that have caught the attention of a confused world. Nor does it explain to the puzzled, sometimes angered white American why so much racial violence exists in the time of Brooke's triumph.

What we Americans of all colours need urgently is a realistic perspective of our country's most serious domestic problem. We need to understand the magnitude and the grandeur of what it is that we are trying to achieve: the establishment of a true equality of opportunity, a genuine mutuality of respect.

My mind drifts back to 1951 and to my first visit to Washington as a newspaper reporter. Segregation rebuffed me at every turn. All the major hotels and nearly all the better restaurants were closed to Negroes. A Negro could rarely get a taxi. In the ensuing years, a revolution has taken place in the U.S. capital—a social revolution greater, perhaps, than in any city of Asia, Africa or Latin America. And the revolution is spreading.

Why, then, the current discontent? Why are Negroes pressing harder than ever, when the last two

decades have brought so much dramatic progress? There are two reasons: first, few things are more intoxicating than freedom. Man tastes of it, like a fine wine, and wants more. Today's Negroes have known just enough liberty to believe that real citizenship may soon be theirs. So they press onward, sometimes irrationally, occasionally experiencing the anger and frustration that are inevitable when old barriers refuse to budge.

Resentment. The most important reason for the turmoil, for the impatience and anger in every Negro neighbourhood, is that all this progress has touched the lives of only a minority of American Negroes.

Take the number of Negroes at university. Last July, 207,316 Negroes were attending college, constituting 4.6 per cent of the total U.S. university enrolment of 4,491,269. Yet America's Negroes enjoy better opportunities for higher education than Africans, Asians and even Europeans.

But the Negro knows that such statistical comparisons hide injustices. No American Negro of any pride measures his well-being in terms of a comparison with the citizen of Ghana, Brazil or Britain. His only yardstick is: "Do I enjoy freedom, opportunity, abundance to the same degree as other Americans?" The Negro answers by saying that if coloured Americans enjoyed real equality, there would be 518,000 Negroes at university rather than

207,000. He tells himself that the majority of coloured college students ought not to be segregated in second-rate public institutions, or in predominantly Negro private ones that are in many instances inferior. He knows that the statistics of progress do not show that far too many Negroes are consigned to abominable elementary and secondary educations or that, when it comes to such vital aspects of education as on-the-job training through union apprenticeships and teenage employment, the U.S. Negro is still shamefully neglected.

The fact is that while many Americans, white and Negro alike, congratulate themselves on their racial progress, they remain oblivious to setbacks that may produce grievous repercussions for years to come.

In 1948, teenage Negro males actually had a lower rate of jobless-ness than did teenage white males (7.6 per cent as against 8.3 per cent). In recent years the unemployment rate for white teenagers has soared to almost 12 per cent, but among Negro youngsters it has reached an incredible 25 per cent.

These figures suggest that, as jobs become scarcer, Negro Americans are among the first to be squeezed out, as a result of both discrimination and inadequate education. In every racial outburst these frustrated, unemployed youths are in the vanguard, crying for "freedom now" or "black power" or for some

measure of change. This is the Negro America that the parade of progress has bypassed, leaving an

ugly pall of desperation.

Thus a significant and serious element of the turmoil in U.S. cities is not so much racial strife as class conflict, with Negroes at the bottom of the social ladder working against Negroes at the upper end as vigorously as they work against whites.

Those Negroes who have not shared in the general postwar economic progress in America are vulnerable to demagogic cries that all Negroes who have prospered have sold their souls to the white man. And because the birth rate among low-income Negrocs is higher than among high-income Negroes, the ranks of the impoverished, poorly educated, frustrated Negro are growing faster.

The gulf between classes of Negroes is acutely obvious in terms of income: the under-educated Negro (one to four years of schooling) earns Rs. 2,865 for every Rs. 7,500 by his better-prepared earned brother. The Negro's future, then, and the peace of America's cities, will be determined largely by her success in getting enough education and technical training to the Negro masses to halt this increase in the ranks of the under-educated.

But education alone is not the solution. Facts compiled in Washington prove that even Negroes at the top of the educational scale suffer in comparison with whites of

similar educational background. A U.S. Census Bureau survey in 1966 showed that, for individuals with eight years of schooling, the median annual income for whites was Rs. 9,495 higher than that for nonwhites. Move the comparison to workers with a high-school diploma, and the "dollar gap" increased to Rs. 15,225. And whites "with some college training" showed a median income Rs. 21,375 higher than that of the comparable Negro.

I recall taking an employer to task a few years ago because he had given a job to a white applicant even though all evidence indicated that a Negro applicant was better qualified. In a flash of anger, the employer said: "The Bible says that I'm my brother's keeper. Well, that white fellow looks more like my brother than the Negro does, so I gave him the job."

That kind of "brotherhood" has been practised for years in the labour unions, particularly in the skilled trades. A prominent builder said to me recently, "Do you realize that I've never seen a Negro plumber, electrician or bricklayer?" The discriminatory hiring policies of in-

dustry, too, are well known.

Much of the trouble arises from a misunderstanding of what the real problem is. For years ahead, millions of whites and Negroes will not get all the education they should. The big issue is that the "undereducated" white person can find jobs, often excellent ones, but the

"under-educated" Negro generally cannot.

The great need now is ample opportunity for the Negro in the skilled and semi-skilled jobs that give sustenance to such a large percentage of the population. He must be able to earn a living, to support a family and to preserve some measure of dignity.

I have criticized publicly those who advocate that Negroes should seek political power outside America's existing political parties. But I understand the bitterness and despair that lead many Negroes to embrace the destructive slogan, "black power."

What I do not understand is that better-educated white Americans, who have so much more to lose by racial violence, should think that the answer to one stupid slogan is an equally stupid one called "white backlash."

We must concentrate on the only

goal that will bring peace within our nation and peace within our consciences: the goal of creating a truly just society. And we must realize that there is no magic route to that goal. It involves the simple, day-today business of educating coloured children in decent schools; of opening unions to apprenticeship training, and our business and factories to on-the-job training.

Former U.S. Secretary of Commerce John Connor has said that if the Negro enjoyed equality in the fields of education and employment, the U.S. Gross National Product would rise by Rs. 17,250 lakhs a year. Welfare costs would dwindle, too. Clearly, the whole nation would benefit.

But the bonus beyond price would be proving that Americans can surmount the pettiness, the meanness, the backwardness that have sent so many earlier civilizations plummeting into decay.

#### Dog Daze

Just before our Chihuahua gave birth to four puppies our four-year-old son noticed a change in her. "Peppy looks very funny," he said. I casually asked what was different about her. "Well," he said, making a careful study of the dog, "her head keeps getting smaller and smaller." -J. R. C.

Food for Thought

In science-fiction, why is/it that we always assume that people from other planets are more integer than we are but not as good-looking? —В. V.

Wonder how many fig leaves Eve tried on before she said, "I'll take this one." -G. F. C.

## Sir Francis Chichester:

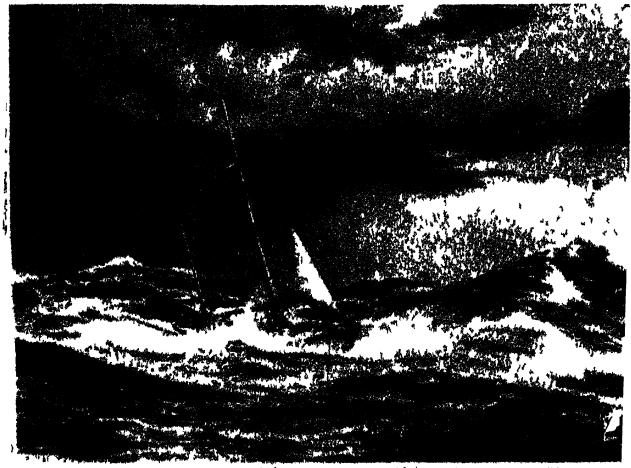
"One of life's great experiences, and I would feel

was terrified of Cape Horn. I had read such terrible things about the old ogre by people who had made the passage. You've got all the water being squeezed between South America and the Antarctic through this narrow, shallow gap

You get waves 50 feet high; you get the fury of hell loose at times there Wind will never go over a mountain range if it can go round the side, so it pours round the point of South America

All this really worked on mc, because I hatc a thing to frighten

'Horn Abeam," painted by Montague Dawson



um palntipo op - komp abbam<sup>1</sup>. Was commissionko by prost & rhed limited, op zovech abd beistol

## My Odyssey

unsatisfied if I had not done it"

me. If anything terrifies me, I must try to conquer it.

I read up on the old clippers that used to round the Horn, and my plan took shape: I would follow the route of these magnificent sailing vessels from England to Australia round the Cape of Good Hope and back again round Cape Horn. And I would try to equal their average sailing time for these voyages.

As it turned out, I did not succeed. I made mistakes. I did not go as fast as they did. But I did sail round the world alone, putting into port only once, and no one has ever done that before. It is always satisfying to do something that no one else has done.

I sailed from Plymouth on August 27, 1966, and the first few days out I didn't feel any romance about the voyage—seasickness is the most anti-romantic thing you can meet. I was a bit slow running from England, but on September 13, when I was 2,390 miles out and almost in the tropics, I got the trade breezes, and really knocked off distance—548 miles in three days.

On September 17, I celebrated my sixty-fifth birthday by dressing in a green smoking-jacket and having

a champagne party in the cockpit. I opened presents from my wife, Sheila, and from friends, and drank toasts to absent loved ones.

Two hours after turning in, I was called out to find the yacht out of control in a violent squall. I had no time to put on my trousers. It took me two hours' hard work to get all the sails down and make the yacht shipshape again. Possibly I wasn't as quick as usual after my party.

In October, I twice entered the Roaring Forties, those windy latitudes that begin at the southern end of Africa, and was driven out by gales and squalls.

The second time I handled the boat badly, and it was damaged. One stanchion was uprooted from the deck, and all the battens of the mizzen sail were torn out and lost. The waves looked 100 feet high, so I dare say they were 40.

I broke half a back tooth during a gale when I was crunching mint cake—it ought to be called Arctic rock. My dentist had given me a repair kit before I left, and I tried three times to repair my tooth—with no success. In the end, I picked the finest file from my toolbox and filed

COMPENSED FROM LIFE

down the jagged edge which had been making my tongue sore.

In the South Atlantic, I felt cut off from the human race, the living and the dead. It is a dreary ocean. The North Atlantic seems to teem with spiritual atmosphere, but here it is a spiritual emptiness, a great void. I did not see a fish in the water—only flying fish going by.

Loneliness, and the fear that goes with it, came at unexpected times. When the boat was going normally, every minute was full of work and things to do. But when we were becalmed and I had to force myself to work, loneliness would hit me. I could have picked up news broadcasts on my radio or listened to tapes of my favourite music, but somehow I couldn't, bring myself to. I knew that the news would make me feel

Disaster. I did put on a tape one starry night. It was so pure, so beautiful—I felt sad and far from home. It was one of the worst moments of the voyage. I turned off the tape and did not play it again until I was on my way home.

more lonely and frustrated.

I was still almost 3,000 miles from Sydney when the self-steering gear that kept the boat on course when I was not at the helm broke, irreparably. This was a disaster. My voyage was finished. It was November 15, and I had been at sea 80 days. I could never sail 3,000 miles on schedule without a self-steering aid. I sat down and had a brandy, hot—then I went to sleep.

When I awoke, I was depressed. Somehow Gipsy Moth had to be made to steer herself. All day I worked with tiller lines, shock cord and balancing of sails. That night I left her steering herself with a system I had rigged up—and awoke to find her sailing back west instead of north-east. But even if she was headed the wrong way, sails aback, she was sticking firmly to her course. That gave me the clue. I deliberately backed one of my sails and harnessed it to the tiller.

The scheme worked. The boat steered herself—on course. Each day I improved the system until I was making 160 miles a day. A kind of elation came over me: something had gone wrong, and I had got round the obstacle all by myself. I could make Sydney after all, travelling 2,750 miles on my own invented self-steering.

Yet, beating up the coast to Sydney—I arrived on December 12, 107 days out of Plymouth—I was at the lowest physical and mental ' ebb of my life. I think I was suffering from malnutrition. It took me two hours to do work which would normally have taken 20 minutes. I had to stop every few minutes to rest and get my breath back. Many times I would have given anything to have my young strength again. On the other hand, there are compensations in being 65. When you are young, you haven't got the will for a long sustained effort like this.

I remained in Sydney 47 days,



Sir Francis Chichester aboard Gipsy Moth

preparing the boat for the worst to come and re-stocking my larders with food more easily prepared, so that I would be likely to eat more. Originally I had planned on cooking quite elaborately. Gipsy Moth demanded too much time and energy to allow for that.

A day out of Sydney, I was bouncing around on the edge of a tropical cyclone. My log for January 30 reads: "About 22.30 capsize." I was in my bunk when it happened, asleep. I had been there for some hours, because you could not stand up or do anything—you got tossed about too much.

It must have been a giant wave,

a freak. I woke up when we began to roll and said to myself, "Well, over she goes." It was pitch-black, which always makes things more exciting.

The episode seemed to last a long time, but I don't think it was more than 20 seconds, really. I could not do anything. I was on the downside, and the whole boat was above me. There was a terrific clatter. Everything showered on to me from across the cabin. (Later, I found a sharp knife embedded in woodwork close to my head. I was very lucky to escape with only a cut lip.)

There never seemed to be any question that Gipsy Moth IV would right herself. She is built to do so. The point was, which way would she come up? I was lying there wondering whether we might go all the way over and come up the other side.

She finally righted herself without going all the way round (I was later able to calculate that she had heeled over to at least 41 degrees below the horizontal), and I struggled out to

survey the damage.

The shambles that boat was in! Tools, containers and food were all over the cabin, which was sloshed with water from the forehatch falling open. I was frightened. I thought: If this can happen in an ordinary storm, what will it be like if I run into a real hurricane?

The capsize left me in low spirits. My log for February 2 reads: "How sick I am of being bumped about,

thrown, twisted, accelerated, jerked as if in a tiny boat in a mountain stream. Everything seems wrong about this voyage. I hate it, and I am frightened." But the experience kept me interested for weeks.

The traditional gale was blowing as I crossed into the Roaring Forties, and my log tells something of how my days were there. "February 25: Drank Sheila's health, as it is our thirtieth wedding anniversary. No dressing up on my part. It is too rough for fun and antics."

Roaring Gales. Winds up to 67 knots blew now for seven days and I found it difficult to stand upright. I finished up with only a tiny sail of 60 square feet, and began to wonder if I was in for something like Sir Francis Drake met when he ran for three weeks before north east gales after the Magellan Strait.

When the wind gets up to a certain note, you are frightened. This term, Roaring Forties, is no myth. You get a kind of soft roar. We had this weather for 30 days.

As I approached Cape Horn, the weather got steadily worse. I could not get a fix on either the sun or the stars, and had to rely completely on dead reckoning. I was steering for the relatively narrow Drake Passage, which is stuffed with islands, and I had seen no land since Sydney Heads 50 days before. I had a nagging fear that I might have a persistent error in my calculations.

I spent one of the most anxious nights of my life, Sunday, March 19, under the storm staysail and storm jib only. Every few minutes I peered ahead, but I doubt whether I would have seen an island 300 yards away on that violent, pitch-black night.

Monday's dawn was a magnificent and terrifying sight. Across the heaving seas, with black clouds low overhead and bursts of rain falling, I made out, 30 miles to the northeast, the landfall I was looking for-Cape Horn itself. Just where it should have been. It was shrouded in rain, but as unmistakable as the Rock of Gibraltar, I have an unfailing sense of humility and amazement whenever I successfully put my trust in the mysterious and lifesaving art of navigation. To me the most important achievement of my voyage was navigation. I went round the world seeing land at only four places.

The waves were tremendous. They varied each time, but all were like great, sloping walls towering behind you. The kind I liked least were like a bank of grey-green earth, 50 feet high and very steep. It was cerie.

A real Cape Horner was blowing. My cockpit filled up five times, and once it took more than 15 minutes to drain. I was caught once, and before I could jump out on deck the water forced its way under my tight-fitting waterproofs and filled my boots. I do not think my feet have ever been so cold. My wind-reading machine stopped recording at 60 knots and my self-steering

could not cope with the buffeting.

I got very little sleep, and I didn't eat for four days. I finally sailed out of the Roaring Forties on March 31. To be candid, I think that anyone who sails in those latitudes a lot is a fool—but I knew that before I started. On the other hand, it is one of life's great experiences, and I would feel unsatisfied if I had not done it.

After Cape Horn I could follow no established daily routine. I never slept more than four hours at a stretch that I can remember. I filleted through the Doldrums in late April as if I had a passage reserved tor me by Father Neptune. As I got into the North Atlantic, I felt I was in friendly waters. I began playing my taped music again. But on May 8, when I was hailed by the Esso Winchester, I found to my disgust that contact with people was making me tremble. It reminded me that three months of solitude is strong medicine.

On May 27, the day before I reached Plymouth harbour, a naval escort picked me up, and Press boats began converging. More and more planes circled Gipsy Moth. An

officer on one of the warships radioed me that a quarter of a million people would be waiting to see me arrive. I asked him to tell me no more about it. I went below and stayed there as much as I could. I still had to finish the job I was doing.

AFTER A voyage like this, one of the first questions I get asked is why I did it. While at sea, I decided what I think is the real answer:

Our ancestors got far more out of successfully hunting a meal or warming their backsides in the sun than we do now living a life completely controlled by the brain. I have tried the intellectual life. I have devised a successful navigational system and have written several best-selling books. I have tried a completely physical life, but it had a sadness and loneliness about it. The only way to live to the full is to do something that depends on both the man-developed part of the brain and on physical sense and action.

That's what I do on these sea voyages, and if I am lucky I end up enjoying the sun on my back, the most satisfying sensation of all.

### Fair Cop?

THE STORY is told of a man rushing his wife to the hospital maternity ward when the stork overtook them. A policeman answered his call for help and delivered the child. Holding the baby in the approved fashion, he delivered a well-aimed spank and the infant let out a healthy yell. Whereupon the fasher immediately began screaming, "Police brutality!"

# The Magic of Charm

Its formula is a mystery; its effect, enchantment

By LAURIE LEE

on, the supreme seduction against which there are few defences. If you've got it, you need neither money, looks nor pedigree. It's a gift, given only to give away, and the more used, the more there is. It is also a climate of behaviour set for perpetual summer and thermostatically controlled by taste and tact.

True charm is an aura, an invisible musk in the air; if you see it working, the spełl is broken. Charm is dynamic, and cannot be turned on and off at will.

As to its ingredients, there is no fixed formula. A whole range of mysteries goes into the cauldron, but the magic it offers must be absolute—one cannot be "almost" or "partly" charmed.

In a woman, charm is probably more exacting than in a man, requiring a wider array of subtleties. It is a light in the face, an air of exclusive welcome, an almost impossibly sustained note of satisfaction in one's company, and regret without fuss at parting.

A woman with charm finds no man dull; indeed, in her presence he becomes not just a different person but the person he most wants to be. Such a woman gives life to

LAURIE LEE, 53-year-old author, whose autobiography Cider with Rosie became a best-seller, was born in Gloucestershire, England. His most recent book, The Firstborn, was featured in Reader's Digest for March 1965,

his deep-held fantasies by adding the necessary conviction to his long suspicion that he is king.

Of those women who have most successfully charmed me I remember chiefly their voices and eyes. Their voices were intimate and enveloping. The listening eyes, supreme charm in a woman, betrayed no concern with any other world than this, warmly wrapping one round with total attention and turning one's lightest words to gold. Theirs was a charm that must have continued to exist, like the flower in the desert, even when there was nobody there to see it.

A woman's charm spreads round her that particular glow of well-being for which any man will want to seek her out and, by making full use of her nature, celebrates the fact of his maleness and so gives him an extra boost. Her charm lies also in that air of timeless maternalism, that calm and pacifying presence which can dispel a man's moments of frustration and anger and restore his failures of will.

Charm in a man, I suppose, is his ability to capture the complicity of a woman by a single-minded acknowledgement of her uniqueness. Here again it is a question of being totally absorbed, of really forgetting that anyone else exists, for nothing more fatally betrays than the suggestion of a wandering eye. Silent devotion is fine, but seldom sufficient; it is what a man says that counts, the bold declarations, the flights of

fancy, the uncovering of secret virtues. A man is charmed through his eyes, a woman by what she hears, so no man need be too anxious about his age. As wizened Voltaire once said: "Give me a few minutes to talk away my face and I can seduce the Queen of France."

But charm isn't exclusively sexual. Most children have it—till they are told they have it—and so do old people with nothing to lose; animals, too, of course. With children and smaller animals, it is often in the shape of the head and in the chaste unaccusing stare; with young girls and ponies, a certain stumbling awkwardness, a leggy inability to control their bodies. But all these are passive, and appeal by capturing one's protective instincts.

You know who has charm. But can you acquire it? Properly, you can't, because it's an originality of touch you have to be born with. Or it's something that grows naturally out of another quality, like the simple desire to make people happy. Certainly, charm is not a question of learning palpable tricks, like wrinkling your nose, or having a laugh in your voice. On the other hand, there is an antenna, a built-in awareness of others, which most people have, and which care can nourish.

But in a study of charm, what else does one look for? Apart from the ability to listen—rarest of all human virtues—apart from warmth, sensitivity, and the power to please, there

#### READER'S DIGEST

is a generosity which makes no demands.

Charm spends itself willingly on young and old alike, on the poor, the ugly, the dim, the boring, on the last fat man in the corner. It reveals itself also in a sense of ease, in casual but perfect manners, and often in a physical grace which springs less from an accident of youth than from a confident serenity of mind. Any person with this is more than just a popular fellow; he is also a social healer.

Charm, in the end, is a most potent act of behaviour, the laying

down of a carpet by one person for another to give his existence a moment of honour. It is close to love in that it moves without force, bearing gifts like the growth of daylight. It snares completely, but is never punitive. It disarms by being itself disarmed, strikes without wounds, wins wars without casualties though not, of course, without victims.

In the armoury of man, charm is the enchanted dart, light and subtle as a humming-bird. But it is deceptive in one thing—if you think you've got it, you probably haven't.

#### Please Remit

Few ever got the better of the artist Whistler in a battle of wits, but there were exceptions. A flippant reply to the secretary of a London club where his account was overdue produced this retort:

"Dear Mr. Whistler: It is not a Nocturne in Purple or a Symphony in Blue and Grey that we are after, but an Arrangement in Gold and Silver."

The money was paid.

—W. O. T.

## Out of Print

From the church news: "In future the preacher for next Sunday will be found hanging on the notice board."

—The New Forest Magazine

From a tyre advertisement: "Once-in-a-Lifetime Offer—REPEATED BY POPULAR DEMAND!"

—St. Petersburg Times

HEADLINE on the garden page: "Rose Fans Invited to Hear Insect Talk."

—Detroit News

News HEADLINE: "Birth Control Bears Fruit."—Rio de Janeiro Brazil Herald

FROM the gossip column: "Sam Huskins accidentally shot himself while hunting. One of the wounds is fatal, but his friends are glad to hear that the other is not serious."

—Frederick, Oklahoma, Press

A startling expose of callous and outrageous methods employed by the U.S. Internal Revenue Service

## Tyranny by Tax Man-An American Scandal

By John Barron

cheat gets away with it, the rest of the taxpayers have to make up the loss in revenue for which he is responsible. In fairness to the great majority of honest Americans, tax men must be encouraged to use every honourable means to collect what is owed to the government. But something is now dangerously amiss in the U.S. Internal Revenue Service. In its pursuit of dollars, the Service is resorting to tactics that threaten all taxpayers.

Last year it subjected 3.5 million returns to special examination, extracting extra payments from 1.9

million citizens because of alleged errors. Moreover, literally no one is beyond IRS's reach, whether he has made a mistake or not. Bewildered, afraid, lacking money to hire lawyers, the lone individual often succumbs in silence when the awesome powers of government are brought down upon him. Evidence from all over the United States shows that in the name of collecting taxes IRS has bullied and degraded countless innocent citizens—while unaccountably favouring others. For example:

• In Kansas City, two IRS agents intruded upon Mrs. Michael Darrah while she was nursing her six-week-old baby. The young mother pleaded with the men to come back another time. Instead, for four torturous hours they questioned her about an income-tax charge against her father. When she sought to ring him for advice, one man ordered, "Don't touch that phone." Unsure

JOHN BARRON became known three years ago as a reporter for the Washington Star—first for a series of articles on the tangled financial affairs of President Johnson and other leading American politicians then, with a colleague, for an exposé of the Bobby Baker case. Barron's investigation of IRS spanned six months, requiring, 5,800 miles of travel and more than 200 interviews.

of her rights, Mrs. Darrah asked permission to phone a lawyer. "That will only make it worse for your father," an agent told her threateningly. For the terrified woman, it was tantamount to being held a prisoner in her own home. Ultimately, a jury unanimously concluded that the father was innocent of any crime. But his daughter suffered a nervous breakdown.

 In Oakland, California, attorney Lew Warden patiently answered questions about his tax return until an IRS agent demanded all his records. "Those files contain confidential information about some of my clients," Warden protested. "You have no right to them." So IRS arbitrarily disallowed his legitimate business deductions for three years and claimed he owed over 19,000 dollars in back taxes. The Service seized his bank account, ordered tenants of a cottage he owned to pay their rent to the government, confiscated his boat. The constant harassment took him away from his law practice so much that his income plummeted.

Insisting on a day in court, Warden spent his last savings preparing for his tax trial, scheduled for April 5, 1965. But on April 1, after hounding him for 33 months, the IRS suddenly dropped all charges. For, as it should have known all along, Warden owed nothing.

All this may sound incredible. I was sceptical too—at first. But proof has been piled high by court rulings,

Congressional investigations, unrefuted sworn testimony, documented complaints to Congress and by the admissions of IRS officials themselves. It is so overwhelming that concern now grips a cross-section of the U.S. Congress. "My files, like those of every other Senator, are filled with moving appeals from taxpayers whose experiences with IRS have turned into nightmares of inquisition," says Senator Norris Cotton.

Alarmed by multiplying complaints, a Senate subcommittee two years ago began questioning IRS officials and their victims under oath. The ensuing Senate hearings produced astounding evidence disclosing that IRS has defied court orders, picked locks, stolen records and threatened reputable people. It has illegally tapped telephones, seized and read personal letters of tens of thousands of citizens. It has illegally bugged phone boxes and hidden microphones where taxpayers talk with their lawyers.

Moreover, such lawlessness has been encouraged from high levels of IRS. Its Washington headquarters has bought elaborate spying equipment for use around the country. IRS sent many agents to an official Treasury School near the White House to learn how to commit such illegal acts as wiretapping and lock picking. IRS has maintained on call in Washington a staff of specialists in illegal snooping.

Many IRS employees who have

1907

witnessed such practices at firsthand are deeply disturbed. As a result, they have secretly provided Congress with evidence, a major reason why IRS abuses are now being exposed. After privately interviewing dozens of IRS agents, I have concluded that most, as individuals, want to be just and reasonable.

What, then, is the matter? Meeting me furtively in San Francisco, one experienced agent explained: "Sometimes you feel like the cop who's got to hand out so many tickets a month if he expects to get ahead. You're judged by how often you bring in more cash. Under such pressure I have seen people determined to find a taxpayer error whether it's there or not.

**Whip Hand.** Clearly, from all the evidence, the root of the problem is the IRS "system." For Congress has given so much power to this one agency that it is a law unto itself. Consider some of the things it can do—without the approval of any court, judge or anyone else.

IRS can audit, interrogate or investigate anyone, for as long as it likes. In Kansas City, policeman Paul Campbell halted a speeding car driven by an IRS agent. "We'll just have to check your taxes," the agent was quoted as saying, after other arguments failed to stop the officer from writing a ticket. Sure enough, soon after Campbell sent in his next tax return, IRS ordered him to report for an examination which lasted two hours. Unable to

find anything wrong, it nevertheless pestered him for another four months with phone calls, letters and more interrogations before admitting he owed nothing.

IRS can assert that a citizen owes taxes, and force him to prove he does not. After contracting to sell his home, businessman Roger Logan (not his real name) discovered that IRS had slapped liens amounting to over 600 dollars on it for alleged non-payment of taxes. Logan's wife produced cancelled cheques and copies of past returns to prove no taxes were due, but without avail. "The best thing to do," an IRS clerk advised, "is to pay off the liens. Then, if you're telling the truth, you can sue to get your money back."

Only after Logan got help from a lawyer friend would IRS even take the trouble to verify that he did indeed owe nothing. The Service had tied up his house simply because it had two old claims against someone with a *similar* name.

IRS can simply claim that a citizen owes taxes; then, if he fails to pay instantly, it can immediately confiscate his salary or all the money he has deposited in a bank, or seize everything he owns.

Nobody knows this better than farmer Noel Smith. IRS checked Smith's books for nine years without telling him it suspected any significant irregularity. Then one morning a friend ran up to him with a newspaper report that IRS was taking over his farms. Smith

rushed to town, only to learn that IRS had confiscated all his money in the bank, the contents of his safe-deposit box, even an insurance policy belonging to his 70-year-old mother. Five days later, IRS formally demanded that he pay it a staggering half a million dollars.

With help from friends, Smith hired lawyers and accountants to unravel the fantastic IRS claims. Meanwhile, the Service began selling off his stored grain, using sledge-hammers to batter apart his bins. "High-handed," "unlawful," declared the U.S. Court of Appeals upon hearing what IRS had done.

Nevertheless, IRS kept custody of Smith's property and denied him income from it for four years before deciding that he actually owed only some 54,000 dollars in taxes. Smith paid this "ransom," as he termed it, so that he could recover his land. Another year Smith overpaid his taxes but had to sue to force IRS to give him back 7,820 dollars the government owed him. Today IRS is still after him. "I did not think it could happen in the United States," Smith told Senate investigators.

Threats. I have found that it can. Look what happened not long ago in the town of Richland, Missouri. As he told the Senate committee, the local bank manager, Gordon Warren, was alone in his office when two IRS agents marched in and demanded the records of a depositor. "I'll just notify this customer," Warren said, reaching for

the phone. "If you do that," ar agent told him, "you'll be liable for a 10,000-dollar fine and a ten-year imprisonment." The threats were as illegal as they were inexcusable But how could Warren know?

Down the road an IRS agent confronted a waitress with a 275-dollar tax claim. When she protested, the agent threatened to confiscate and "dispose of" her old car unless she paid up that day. Near tears, she went to see Warren, who agreed to lend her the money. Only after she spent days getting a sworn affidavit to prove the validity of her tax returns did IRS admit she didn't owe the bill which it tried to intimidate her into paying.

In another part of town, Fred and Katherine Tomlinson run a small ice-cream shop. They have never made a lot of money, but enough to bring up their children and make their own way. On March 31, 1965, a worried bank cashier rushed round to see them. "The IRS has seized your bank account," he reported. "They claim you didn't pay your taxes last year." Tomlinson couldn't understand: "The government's never said anything to us about owing any money." That night, he and his wife dug out a cancelled cheque proving they had paid in full, and posted it to IRS. Meanwhile, cheques they had previously written bounced because of the IRS seizure of their funds. "I'm so ashamed," Katherine told her husband. Not until eight days later would IRS

restore their money—without the least apology.

The attitude that it can do as it pleases sometimes causes IRS to lash out vindictively at people who disagree or cause it trouble, even at its own employees.

Claude Salter, for example, has 34 years distinguished service with IRS. His record as chief of its San Francisco audit division was so outstanding that IRS admits "we cannot deny that he did perform well."

Salter was stubborn, though, when it came to principles. To superiors who demanded special treatment for certain taxpayers, he constantly said no. So in early 1964, these officials tried to have him declared unfit by ordering him to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital and sending along a letter implying that he was mentally ill. A battery of doctors and psychiatrists told Salter that he was well adjusted, intelligent and healthy. Yet, IRS demoted him to a job where he could not influence policy.

And now consider undisputed evidence, unveiled on the floor of the Senate, which shows that while mercilessly trying to take the last cent from some taxpayers, IRS has treated others quite differently.

Over a period of seven years, IRS allowed the New York-based property firm of Webb & Knapp to pile up tax debts of more than 27 million

dollars, while the Federal Housing Administration lavished on it 67 million dollars in government-insured loans. When Webb & Knapp defaulted on the loans, IRS in December 1965 wrote off a whopping 26 million dollars as "uncollectable." Similarly, IRS last year simply wrote off as "uncollectable" a tax bill of more than 23 million dollars owed by six American shipping companies controlled by Greek magnate Stavros Niarchos.

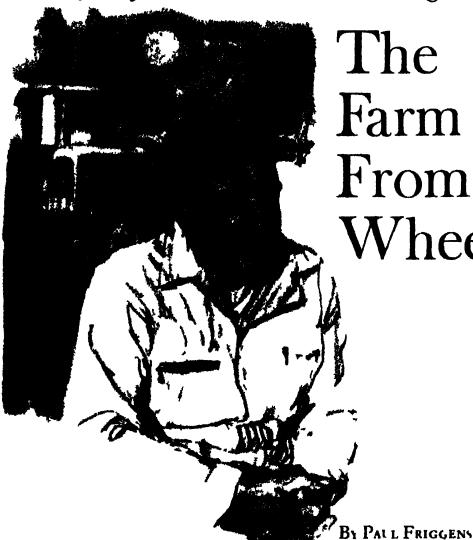
In the face of such outrageous practices, clearly the powers of the IRS should be curbed. Aghast at the discovery that the Service was reading private letters, Congress in 1965 passed a law forbidding it to rifle the mails. IRS Commissioner Sheldon Cohen has pledged an end to illegal wire-tapping and bugging, and has promised to purge IRS of the attitude that the taxpayer is the "adversary."

Experience shows, though, that no government agency can be trusted to reform itself. Clearly, some reforms from the outside are needed. No doubt they will make the work of IRS somewhat more difficult. But in recent years the U.S. courts have erected a maze of legal procedures to protect the rights of the most depraved and dangerous criminals. It is time something was done about also protecting the rights of the honest taxpayer.

THE PERSON who didn't get enough sleep last night always seems obscurely proud of the fact.

—Sydney Harris

"I wanted to earn my living, not just collect it," says this paralysed farmer who refused to give up



The Farm Run From a Wheelchair

his tractor into his Hinckley, Minnesota, farmyard and switched off the engine. Bracing himself between a rear wheel and the seat, his paralysed legs dangling helplessly, he swung his

dangling helplessly, he swung his 180 pounds briskly into a wheelchair brought by his children.

Then, with his powerful arms, he pushed himself up a ramp to the

old-fashioned two-storey farmhouse, where he and I joined his family in a hearty country lunch.

"A man can't afford to get soft," 38-year-old Lawrence Mans said to me over coffee. "When the doctors told me I'd never walk again, I rigged up hand controls on all my machinery. What good is a farm if you can't run it? Besides, welfare is for the needy, and I believe that if

a guy is anywhere near capable of working, he should."

Permanently disabled and in constant pain from a broken back, Mans today successfully farms 480 acres in central Minnesota, where he rears a fine herd of about 100 Hereford beef cattle, and 20,000 broad-breasted white turkeys. He is also a leader in his community. "Despite crushing personal disaster, he has built a run-down farm into one of the best-managed places in our part of Minnesota," Hinckley banker Robert Nelson told me.

Mans' painful ordeal began one bitterly cold February afternoon nine years ago when he drove to a plantation on his farm to fell trees. Unable to reach the plantation because of a heavy snowfall, he parked his van in the farmyard of a neighbour, Frank Rydl, then walked the remaining half-mile. Soon his chain saw was whirring through a poplar, which toppled into another tree. Mans turned to fell the second tree, cutting cautiously now, since the two would drop together.

Suddenly, there was a rending c-r-u-n-c-h, the trees swayed and, instinctively, Mans tried to scramble to safety. "I saw them coming at me, but at that terrible moment something went in my back. I couldn't straighten up!" One of the trees hit him, tossed him high in the air and snapped his back.

Helpless, the young farmer lay in two feet of snow—with the temperature 20 degrees below zero. "I kept shouting for Frank Rydl," he remembers. "I knew that nobody else could hear me." But Rydl, who lived alone, was in town attending a livestock auction.

As the afternoon dragged on, the temperature dropped still further. "I tried to sit up," Mans recalls. "But my foot was caught under one of the trees. Sometimes the pain was so bad that I thought I'd black out." Miraculously, though, he remained conscious throughout the four-hour ordeal.

Emergency. Returning from the auction about dusk, Rydl discovered his neighbour's van in his yard and followed Mans' tracks into the woods. He was only just in time. Half-trozen, Mans was rushed by ambulance to a hospital 75 miles away in the nearest city, St. Paul. There doctors operated on his crushed vertebrae, removing pieces which had penetrated the spinal cord. Immediately after lengthy surgery, during which his pulse stopped twice, Mans demanded, "Do my toes wiggle?" The doctors broke the news. "We're sorry, but we fear you'll never walk again.''

"I don't believe it," Mans retorted. "I'll be out of here and on my legs a lot faster than you think."

But the doctors were right. He would never regain feeling from the waist down.

Now grim realization set in. He was only 30 years old, with a wife, Mary, three children, all under school age, and another baby on the

way. And there was the farm. On his return from voluntary service in Korea in 1953, he and Mary had bought a neglected old piece of land near Hinckley. Together they had built fences, cut logs for barns, laboriously cleared brush by hand to develop new pastures. They seldom indulged in luxuries or went to the cinema, and they cooked on a woodburning stove. Lawrence sat up late at night studying soils, fertilizer application, farm magazines, plans for new brooder houses for their growing turkey flock.

Here he was, stricken and helpless, his plans and dreams shattered. But Mary, a bright, brown-eyed woman with abundant courage, hurried to her husband's side. "Don't worry about things at home," she said. "We'll all farm

for you."

With the help of relatives and neighbours who joined in to plant the spring crops, Mary kept things humming. She tended baby turkeys, cultivated maize, stacked hay, fed cattle and kept house for three small children.

In mid-April, two and a half months after the accident, her fourth child was born. "Having a baby doesn't hold you up very long," said Mary, and within a week she was busy tending turkey poults, supervising spring ploughing and sowing.

Meanwhile, at the hospital the young father lay strapped to a rigid frame, while nurses turned him over

every two hours. Yet he was invariably cheerful. "I'm lucky," he told his visitors. "I still have Mæry and the kids." Jokingly he added, "At least I wasn't smashed up while driving around drunk. I got hurt making an honest living."

At the end of four months, the doctors allowed Mans his first weekend at home. In his wheelchair, Lawrence visited the brooders and the farm shop. Then he spotted his

tractor.

"Mary, I've just got to try it!" he said. Frightened, his wife tried to dissuade him. But, determinedly, he heaved himself into the driver's seat and started off, operating the clutch and brake by hand. Without the use of his legs, he had difficulty keeping his balance, and twice he almost toppled off the tractor.

At last Mary helped him down, wobbly and perspiring—but triumphant. Back at the hospital, when Mans told his doctors what he had done, they reprimanded him. "You can't do such things!" they said.

Recovery. Aided by therapists, Lawrence continued the long road back to a semblance of normal living. While his paralysed legs began to atrophy, he developed extraordinary arm and shoulder muscles from exercises and use of the wheelchair.

Then, in March 1959, 13 months after the accident, came the memorable day when he was allowed to leave hospital. His doctors had advised him to sell the farm and apply for the Social Security and war veteran's benefits of about Rs. 3,375 for which he was eligible. Lawrence demurred. "First, let's see how it goes," he said.

At the farm, he set about installing hand controls on the tractor to do the work of his useless feet. "After a while, I saw that my handicap would teach me to be more efficient," he recalls. "I had to plan; to do things a better way. It was too hard to go back, do things over again. And some things I couldn't do the old way at all."

First, Lawrence learned to double-check his tractor and equipment before he left the farmyard. "I made sure that all bolts were tight and machinery adjusted so I didn't have to fix anything in the field." Next, instead of opening and shutting gates, he introduced cattle grids—slotted crossings over which a car or farm machine can be driven but over which livestock will not venture.

A month after his return to the farm, Mans drove into his fields to attempt spring ploughing. "I worried that Lawrence might be jolted off the tractor," Mary told me. But, holding the steering wheel in an iron grip, he successfully ploughed the fields for maize. He learned to grease the tractor unaided from his wheelchair, and to make small repairs, and one day on the way to town he even changed a flat tyre. "I knew then that I could make it

again farming," Lawrence told me.

That winter, when 12-foot drifting snow blocked the countryside, neighbours were astounded to see Lawrence on his bulldozer before anyone else, clearing the roads into town. He used a motorized ski sled to round up his beef cattle.

New Devices. A farm engineer at heart, he designed a series of labour-saving devices. Instead of breaking ice in the creek for his cattle during very cold weather, he pumped water to stock tanks, using a home-made thermostatically controlled hot-water fountain. His cows thrived, and his neighbours ordered several of the watering devices. To feed his huge flock of turkeys, he built his own self-unloading carts to tip the food straight into the turkey feeders.

His first winter at home, Mans designed an electric wheelchair so that he could get around faster between his house and farm buildings. But he soon abandoned the idea. "I figured my arms would get soft, and I couldn't hang on to that tractor steering wheel," he explained.

His crowning achievement is a push-button feed mill. Fattening 20,000 turkeys requires about 25 tons of feed a week, and to speed up the daily chore he designed and constructed amazingly efficient equipment.

The other day, I watched him operate it. Shuttling back and forth in his wheelchair in front of an electronic panel, he flipped switches to ix, measure and grind just the right proportions of soya-bean meal, grain and extra additives to make plump, disease-free birds. The older children lined up with their self-unloading carts to haul the feed away, for on this farm the family provides all the labour.

Today the once run-down farm is included on agricultural tours of outstanding enterprises in the area. In addition, Mans is active on local farm committees.

Recently, I joined him and Mary on a trip round the farm. Swinging easily from his wheelchair into his car, Lawrence drove us slowly through his flock of turkeys—a sea of white bobbing with red wattles—and as he blew his horn, the birds responded with a tremendous din. A well-earned salute, I thought, to the wheelchair farmer! We went on to inspect his prize-winning hybrid maize—the best in the region. We saw the land the couple had cleared

by hand and bulldozer, and the beef herd grazing on lush autumn pastures.

"We've been pretty lucky," he said, waving at his white-faced cattle and productive fields. "I remember the peasant farmers in Korea, and then I think of all the blessings we've got here—a warm house, good living, education for the kids. It gives you a certain feeling."

As Mans turned the car back to the farm along a winding forest road, I asked about the source of his remarkable independence and courage. "For one thing," he said, "Mary and I decided that we wanted to stay on the farm to bring up our children where they would grow up to be useful and busy instead of running about in city streets." Then he added, "And there are some things a man just has to face. I wanted to earn my living, not just collect it."

A man can't afford to get soft!

#### Sound Advice

Two women were chatting in a restaurant. One babbled on in a neverending stream, until, eventually, the other said, "Helen, why don't you take up Christian Silence?"

#### Tactful Translation

In PREPARING for a recent trip to Japan we used the services of a travel agency in that country but specified dates, methods of travel and hotels. Most of our suggestions were followed, but in one city the agency reserved a room in an inn other than the one we had requested, offering this explanation:

"Our company has never sent our clients to this inn. The inn is likely to be a sort of rest house for an instant couple."

—T. R. S.





## A NAME THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF IN THE BATTERY WORLD



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Marie and Pierre Curie on a bicycling holiday in France

## Madame Curie, the Indomitable Spirit

BY BERNARD JAHLE

Conquering sickness and poverty, this dedicated woman made one of the most magnificent discoveries of all time

woman dressed in black stood in the White House before a distinguished group of onlookers. The President of the United States was speaking: "It has been your fortune to accomplish an immortal work for humanity," he said, and presented her with a small phial of radium.

For that thimbleful of glistening salt, 500 men equipped with every scientific aid had struggled for a year

CONDENSED PROBLEM (SELES (\*) 1930 BERRARD JAFFS
AND THE VORL W. P. BLIGHTHUL OR PART

with a 500-ton mountain of ore. Yet less than 25 years before, this woman, Marie Curie, had accomplished the same miracle. With her husband Pierre, she had produced radium in an abandoned old shed in Paris, with meagre equipment and little or no funds. She had pushed back the frontiers of chemical knowledge, and made one of the most magnificent discoveries in the memory of man.

Born 100 years ago in Warsaw, she first began mixing chemicals in her cousin's laboratory. She was a solemn, motherless girl, passionately devoted to her father, a professor of mathematics and physics, and to her oppressed country of Poland.

At 17, circumstances forced her to become a governess in a Russian family. Her rebellious patriotism flared high. She joined one of the secret groups of young Poles who had vowed to overthrow the hated Russians, and was so fearless in her revolutionary activities that in a few years she was forced to leave Poland

So in 1891, a young exile of 24, she arrived in Paris. A garret was all she could afford, and her meals were often only bread and chocolate. But she did not mind. Her ardour by then had turned from politics to chemistry.

At a time when science was a closed field for women, she had begun to dream of it as a career. She matriculated at the Sorbonne,

though it meant washing laboratory bottles and taking care of a furnace to meet expenses.

For three years she worked uneventfully—until one day she met Pierre Curie, "a tall young man with auburn hair," who had graduated from the Sorbonne and was doing electrical research. Instantly Marie liked him, and he, amazed at the learning of this girl with blue eyes and fair hair, was captivated and could not hide it.

Their courtship was short, and in July 1895 they were married. Marie continued with her studies, and Pierre took up his new duties as professor of physics at the Ecole Municipale.

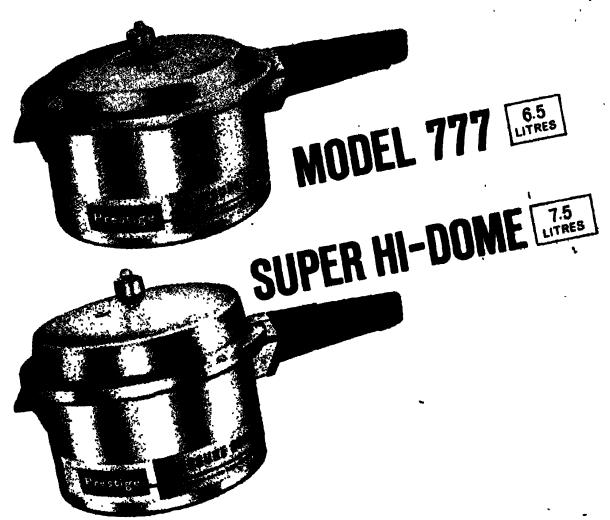
Unknown Element. Then Marie's lucky day dawned—because of an accident in the laboratory of Professor Henri Becquerel. Becquerel had left a piece of uranium ore on a photographic plate in his darkroom.

Later he noticed that the plate's colour had changed under the spot where the ore had been. He could not understand it. He deliberately tried the experiment with other ores containing uranium. In every case a spot was left on the plate, and he found that the intensity of effect was directly proportional to the amount of uranium in each ore.

One of the ores—pitchblende—seemed much more powerful than even its uranium content could account for. He inferred that "there must be an unknown element with

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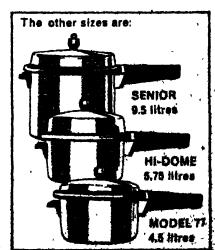
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power greater than uranium to affect photographic plate."

Becquerel had watched Marie Curie in the laboratory, recognizing in her a trained and gifted experimenter. He presented the problem to her, and she talked it over with Pierre. Both were working on other problems, but they dropped their work to join in the great adventure of tracking down the powerful, unknown element in pitchblende.

The Curies had no money to undertake research—so they borrowed some. They wrote to the Austrian Government, who owned the pitchblende mines, and back came the gift of a ton of sandy ore.

Those were hectic days. The Curies worked incessantly. They boiled and cooked their mound of earth, filtered and separated its impurities.

When the poison gases threatened to stifle them under the leaking roof of their shed, Marie herself lifted large vats of liquid out into the yard. For hours at a time she stood beside the boiling pots, stirring the thick liquids with an iron rod almost as big as herself.

Happiness. Often while Pierre worked on some experiment, she prepared hasty meals which they ate as they continued their task. "We lived in a preoccupation as complete as a dream," she remembered years later. "In that miserable shed we passed the happiest years of our lives."

She caught pneumonia, and it was

months before she returned to her cauldrons. Then, in September 1897, a daughter was born. The child was only a week old when Marie walked into that workshop again. Pierre's widowed father, a retired doctor, came to help care for the baby, Irènc.

By now the pitchblende had dwindled to 100 pounds. Another year of heroic work. Again Marie fell ill. Pierre was ready to give up, but not she. After nearly two years of constant work, they had extracted a small amount of bismuth salts which showed the presence of a very active element, about 300 times as potent as uranium.

From this salt Marie Curie isolated a substance resembling nickel. She subjected it to every known test, and in July 1898 announced the discovery of a hitherto unknown element which she named "polonium" in honour of her beloved country.

Others might have been satisfied with this discovery, but not the Curies. They kept working with portions of that ton of pitchblende until it was boiled down to amounts small enough to fit into test-tubes. These chemicals appeared to possess properties much stronger than even polonium.

Marie Curie looked at this residue of two years' tedious extractions. It was a tiny amount; she must be more than careful now. She examined every drop of solution that came trickling through the filter,

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every grain of solid that clung to the filter paper. Not an iota of the precious stuff must escape her.

She and Pierre patiently plodded on, and when one night they walked into their old shed and "saw on all sides the feebly luminous silhouettes of the bottles containing their product, like earthly stars," they knew that they were near their target.

Bottle after bottle, crystallizing dish after crystallizing dish, was cleaned until not a speck of dust was left to contaminate the final product of their extractions. And at last Marie Curie was the first to gaze upon the few crystals of the salt of another new element—radium.

But still there was no public announcement. Pierre was made professor of physics at the Sorbonne, and Marie was put in charge of physics lectures at a girls' high school in Sèvres. She taught, helped care for Irène, even made dresses for her, and went on studying the new element.

Only after five more years did she present her complete work on radio-activity, as she named the effects produced by polonium, radium, uranium, and similar elements. She presented it as a thesis for the degree of doctor of science, and the examining committee of distinguished scientists unanimously admitted that her thesis was the greatest single contribution of any doctor's thesis in the history of science.

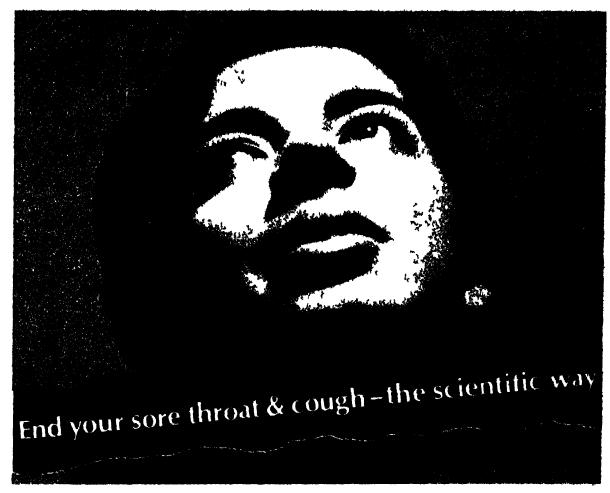
Now the news was made public.

A strange new element had been discovered whose salts shone in the dark and were continuously emitting heat 500,000 times as great as that produced by burning an equal weight of coal. It was the most potent poison known. Next to the skin it produced painful sores. Pierre knew this: his fingers were almost paralysed from its effects. Its presence sterilized seeds, healed surface cancers, killed microbes, coloured diamonds and penetrated solids.

The world marvelled. Overnight the Curies became world famous. Tourists invaded their lecture rooms. Newsmongers pursued them into their home. All sorts of stories came back of this strange couple—Pierre the reticent, dreamy philosopher, and Marie the sad-faced mother who sewed, cooked, and told stories to her little girl. The Curies complained, but they could not escape.

Rewards. Honours were showered upon them, many of which they refused, protesting that they would rather have laboratories than decorations.

Within a few months the Nobel Prize was awarded them, to be shared with Professor Becquerel. But this money was soon gone to pay debts incurred by the experiments. Theirs was still a financial struggle. They could easily have patented their discovery, making fantastic profits. But they refused. Every crystal of radium salt they wrenched



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from mountains of rock was given, free, to hospitals.

Irène was now seven, and another baby arrived—Eve Denise. The Curie cup of happiness was full. But not for long.

In April 1906, Pierre Curie was killed in a street accident. The blow almost struck Marie down. She mourned silently, terribly. It seemed she would never be able to resume her work. But within a few weeks she was back in her laboratory, more silent than ever, consecrating the rest of her life to her husband's memory.

Recognition. France offered her Pierre's chair of physics, although no woman had ever before held a professorship at the Sorbonne. Greybeards muttered, but to her first lecture in the great Sorbonne amphitheatre came statesmen and scientists, the President of France, the King and Queen of Portugal.

When the little black-robed woman stepped in through a side door, the throng rose with a thrill of homage and respect. The tiny figure was visibly distressed and raised a trembling hand. Then she spoke, her voice musical and low, and held her listeners spellbound. Not a word of her tragedy. She continued Pierre's last lecture on polonium almost where he had left off. When she had finished, only a few still doubted her individual greatness.

But even in her triumph Marie Curie set herself new tasks. The element radium must be isolated, free and uncombined with any other clement.

Once again she lived in her laboratory, refusing all social engagements—until, in 1910, she completed her crowning achievement. Before her lay the elusive radium itself—white globules of metal that tarnished in the air.

Here was a brilliant piece of work performed by Marie Curie without Pierre beside her. Her detractors were silenced, and for this work she was again awarded the Nobel Prize, becoming the only scientist ever to receive it twice.

Quietly, Madame Curie worked on. During the First World War she emerged from her laboratory to train 150 girls—Irène among them as radiological operators. She learned to drive a car, and transported instruments for hospitals, loading the heavy pieces of apparatus herself. Then, the Radium Institute of the University of Paris having been completed and she made its Director, she withdrew into a little Institute room on the rue Pierre Curie, and thereworked feverishly through the rest of the war on the extraction of radium.

Peace brought her "a great joy" in the freeing of her beloved Poland, and she knew an equal joy when, in 1929, she was again invited to America to receive a second gift of radium—this time for Poland which had none. She went gladly, in spite of doctors' objections. Her spirit was indomitable, and for another

#### READER'S DIGEST

four years she continued her researches with the potent salt of her creation.

On July 4, 1934, Madame Curie died for humanity. The Curie Laboratory of the University of Paris stands today as her monument. Her daughter Irène, together with her husband Jean Frédéric Joliot, continued Marie's work on radium,

and in 1935 they produced radioactivity in non-radioactive elements. With this achievement, the second generation of Curies opened up still other rooms in that mansion of radioactivity first revealed by Madame Curie.

As she had done, they brought science a step nearer to the understanding of the atom.



### Cryptic Come-backs

ON A trip to America, actor Robert Morley ran into Llewellyn Rees, a fellow actor and old friend from England. Rees seemed very pleased and said, "It's nice meeting old friends. A lot of people think I'm dead."

"Not it they look closely," Morley assured him.

Robert Morley and Sewell Stokes Robert Morley, A Reluctant Autobiography (Heinemann London)

MICHALL LIWIS was for many years the brilliant naval history professor at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, London. He led generations of naval officers not only down the broad paths of history, but also down many fascinating byways. Two admirals on an official visit to the college recognized the grand old man and greeted him warmly.

"I don't suppose you remember us from our sub-lieutenant days, but

we remember you," one said.

"Yes, you taught us French or history or something," added the other.

"A pity," observed the professor dryly, "that I never succeeded in making clear to you the difference."

—U.S.N.I.P.

LORD BEAVERBROOK once printed in the London Daily Express a violently insulting editorial about a certain young Member of Parliament. A few days later he found himself face to face with the M.P. in the washroom of a London club.

"My dear chap," Beaverbrook said, "I've been thinking it over, and I

was wrong. Here and now, I wish to apologize."

"Very well," muttered the M.P. "But next time, I wish you'd insult me in the washroom and apologize in your newspaper!" —C. R.



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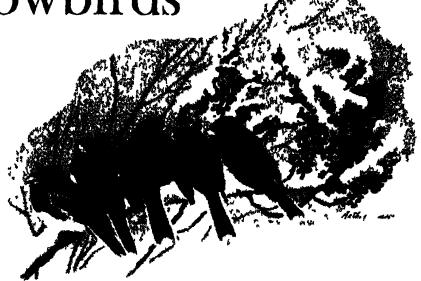
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Long Night of the Snowbirds

By Jean George



Shivering, they huddled in the bushes. How could they survive the icy cold?

1 4 P.M. on December 21, the thermometer outside my room read five below zero. In the crackling cold twilight I scouted the vines for house sparrows, the barn for starlings—without success. A graduate biology student at the University of Michigan, I had a special assignment: to find a roosting bird and observe it through the night, every hour on the hour, as part of a special coldweather survival study. But the birds had apparently gone to bed early on this, the longest night of the year.

Suddenly a gust of wind shot round the corner of the house and

blew into my life a flock of snowbirds. Pirouetting on the icy breeze, they dropped to the snow in the lee of the building, tossing their heads and calling wistfully, "Zill, zill... zill, zill." They looked like little monks in grey cowls and white surplices. I scribbled my first note: "Twenty snowbirds. Scratching snow with both feet. Doubt if they're finding food, snow too deep."

So began my long night of the snowbirds. "It won't be easy," said my professor. "The difficult thing is to remain objective, detached. No food hand-outs, for instance." He winked, but he meant it—despite

the fact that southern Michigan was in the grip of a six-day cold spell with intermittent blizzards, conditions that had often wiped out vast numbers of birds.

In the next few minutes the birds discovered the dense sumac bushes in the shelter of the barn. Hopping from branch to branch, they prepared to roost there.

Aching with cold, I went back indoors and tried to recall what I knew about snowbirds. Members of the sparrow family, they have a delicate beak, especially good for snapping grass seeds from their sheath. I remembered that my uncle always laid in an extra stock of wood when the snowbirds came early. It meant, he said, a later spring, a longer winter.

When I went out again it was almost dark; but the light from my window fell on the sumac and I could see the birds jostling for position. Social birds roost according to status. The oldest and biggest demand the best site, usually in the centre of the group—the area best protected from wind and predator.

One bird flew down from the sumac, alighted and opened his feathers to the snow. With flips and beats he spun the crystals into his breast, then dipped his head into the snow and washed it over his shoulders.

This "snow bathing," I learned from the reference books on my desk, is apparently done to make the feathers lie correctly. Several other birds joined the first, flipped snow over themselves, then returned to their twigs to snap their feathers into position. The birds seemed to sense it was an important job this night, for they preened busily for nine or ten minutes.

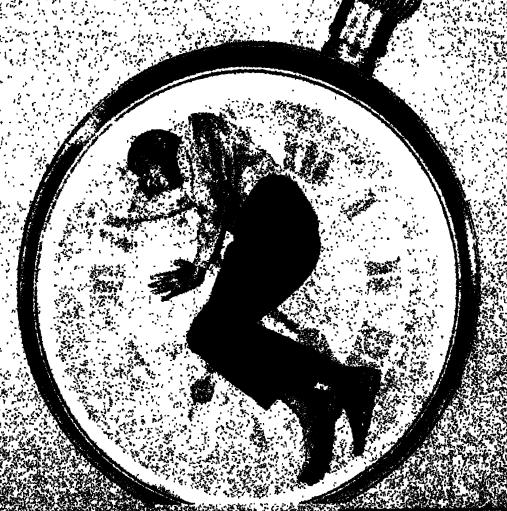
The final ritual of going to bed was delightful. "Much adjusting of feet," I wrote. "Also 'talking' and wing threatening. One bird settles down nicely, then gets up and moves over towards his neighbour, who warns him off by a drooping of his wings." In this way they arrive at a "comfort zone" for each individual: separate, yet close enough to share the radiant heat from the group.

Birds can express anxiety, so I tried to count the good-night chirps as some sort of barometer of their concern. "The calls are frequent and sharp," I wrote. I did not add my own feelings—that they seemed to grow more plaintive as the thermometer dropped. At 4.40 p.m. the voices ceased abruptly; a degree of darkness had been reached that told them it was time to sleep.

The night was upon us: cold and promising a storm. But my assignment required me to choose an individual bird to watch. I went closer to the sumac bush, and just then a small snowbird—one of those pushed to the vulnerable outside of the group—leaned into the light from the window and looked at me. His eyelids were half lifted in bird drowsiness; his breast feathers



Account of the Canara Bank glasky 1999, where a series of the properties or select the Canara Bank glasky 1999, where a series of the Canara Bank glasky 1999, where a series of the Canara Bank glasky 1999, where a series of the Canara Bank glasky 1999, where a series of the Canara Bank glasky 1999, where a series of the Canara Bank glasky 1999, where the canara Ba





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MANANTHODY ROAD, MYSORE-4

fluffed up to hold his body heat. Through binoculars I noted a white tip on his beak that marked him from all others. As I watched him, a name came to mind—"Zill," the snowbird's last good-night note. I went back indoors to wait out the night

The next few hourly observations were reassuring. "Zill shifting feet and moving Struck neighbour Neighbour struck back. Authorities say this activity—the whack, together with the anger that follows—circulates the blood and raises body temperature"

At ten o'clock I noted that Zill had put his head in the feathers of his back "Good," I commented "Curled so tightly, he has less surface area from which to lose heat Also he keeps what he has, by breathing it back into his feathers"

As the night wore slowly on, it started to snow, and the temperature continued to drop. By midnight it had plummeted to 19 below The birds were hauntingly quiet Worried, I noted. "Subject quivering; moved closer to his neighbour."

To still my fears I studied references on how other birds spend cold nights. Woodpeckers and nuthatches go into holes in trees, which their body heat holds to around 70 degrees. Ducks stay on the pond floating in the warmest environment available—the 32-degree water. Pigeons and starlings often seek ledges of concrete buildings

that, having soaked in sunlight all day, still retain some heat. Haystacks and haylofts shelter hundreds

of sparrows and finches.

When I stepped outside at one o'clock, I really began to fear that the birds could not survive this lung-searing cold. The snow was blowing densely now, and I got a brief glimpse of Zill crouched on his twig, head lowered into the storm. "I think he is suffering," I wrote unrestrainedly. "He's puffed out too much." I put down my pen and looked at my glowing electric fire. Where could I get an extension lead at this hour? I hurried round to the house next door. The whole family was out. I left a note and went back, shivering even in my woollen trousers, three sweaters and coat.

At two o'clock I heard an alarm call from one of the birds. The snow had drifted so thickly into the bush that I could not see what was wrong. I turned to the books again. Any potentially harmful situation in the environment. I read, will bring "first an alarm reaction, then a stage of resistance or adaptation, and finally—if the stress persists—exhaustion and death." One of the stresses listed was "cold."

In a moment of sharp panic, I phoned another student to ask what to do. The phone rang on, unanswered. A few minutes later my neighbour tapped on the door with the extension lead. I glanced beyond him into the bushes. They were



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almost covered with snow. Not a wing fluttered to say the birds were alive. "Thanks," I said. "But I'm afraid I don't need it after all."

At 4 a.m., the radio announced that the snow was abating and the temperature had risen a degree. I decided to go and look for small bodies buried in the sumac. Perhaps I could revive a couple of them by holding them in my hand. But then a sense of hopelessness overwhelmed me: I did not go near the sumac bush. Instead I set the alarm for daybreak and fell asleep on the couch.

When I awoke, grey light misted the window and the ice on the pond cracked like a gunshot in the cold. Reluctantly I went to the door. The wind had died, but the snow had drifted thick in the lee of the barn. To put off the inevitable close inspection, I began clearing the front steps.

Then, suddenly, the snow over the sumac burst open, and out into the dawn flew the snowbirds! They flashed their white tail feathers, turned, wheeled, and came down right beside me. I stared, still not daring to believe. One of the birds had a beak tipped with white!

And then, in the midst of my relief and joy, I realized I had something valuable to report. At that time little was known about the natural insulating properties of snow, but here was an authentic instance of it. While the bottom fellout of the thermometer, the night itself had softly covered the birds with a warm blanket. It was light, air-filled stuff, and the birds had been able to breathe in it, making small insulated igloos.

Whatever remained of my precious scientific detachment left me at that moment. I dashed inside, collected chunks of bread, a bag of wild birdseed, suct and raisins. I tossed them abundantly. As the snowbirds swept down on my offerings, I laughed out loud. The birds spun white crystals into the cold air, the sun broke through the grey sky in the east, and the long night of the snowbirds was over.

#### Reluctant Hero

My HUSBAND was wonderful while I was convalescing from a major operation. He would rush home from the office at lunchtime and in the evening to cook, wash dishes and care for my needs, and at week-ends he took on many additional household duties.

After several weeks of this, as we were sitting at the dinner table, he slumped down and with a long, heavy sigh said, "The next time we play house, I don't want to be mother."

—M. A.



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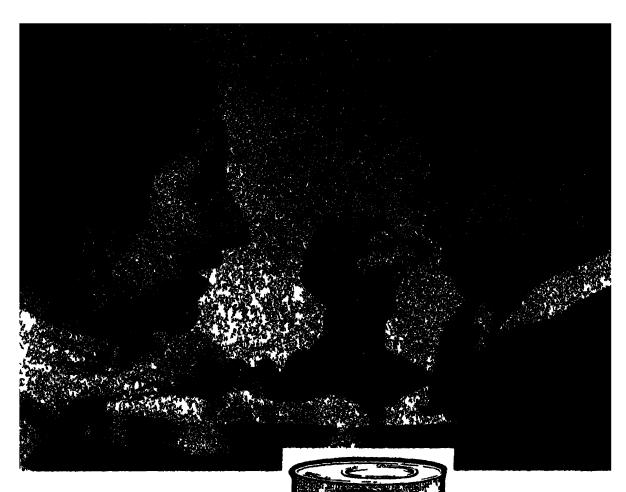
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## Humour in Uniform

On a visit to Paris, while I was a major in the U.S. Air Force, we took our children to the Louvre. As we went down a long corridor flanked on both sides by statues of nude Greek gods, our five-year-old daughter stared intently. She noted that each of the male statues had a bronze leaf strategically placed. Glancing up at the gold leaf insignia on my shoulders, she concluded in a loud, clear voice that could be heard the entire length of the corridor, "Daddy, these men were all majors, too, weren't they?"

-LIEUTFNANT-COLONEL R. BRUNHART

WHILE I was serving in a destroyer my duties took me to the bridge one evening. The captain was taking a telestial bearing, commonly called "shooting the stars."

As he did so, a falling star blazed a trail across the sky. A seaman standing near by exclaimed, "Good Heavens, the commander finally hit one!"

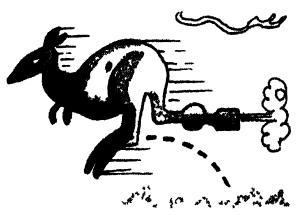
-A. G. MURPHY

As MEMBERS of an air force squadron assigned to a naval base, we felt it our duty to find fault with everything, and we tried to come up with a better complaint each day. The prize went to a young air-force officer who was in the naval hospital after a car accident. He was still on the critical list when our

commanding officer was permitted to see him. Asked how he was feeling, the patient managed a smile and said, "Fine, sir." Then, looking down at the intravenous-feeding tube taped to his arm, he continued, "But this navy food is awful!"

—R. L. S.

TAKING time off in Australia to photograph kangaroos, a SEATO officer spotted a fine specimen and told his driver to give chase. For some time the driver drove his jeep over the



scrub and rock at top speed, without gaining an inch.

"It's no use chasing the critter, sir," he shouted at last. "We're doing 65 now, and it hasn't even put down its front legs."

—C C. TORODE

Among the troopers in our Hussar unit was a number of volunteers from neutral Eire. These "free" Irishmen's attitude to the war was a constant source of interest and amusement to the rest of us. Outside Tobruk, while we were taking shelter from Rommel's artillery, I overheard two of them heatedly debating the merits of Eire's prime minister. As the Germans opened fire once more, one Irishman clinched the argument: "Sure, he's the best of the lot—didn't he keep us out of the war, after all?" —T. Andrew

The sergeant was trying to justify our company mascot to the captain. "Sir, I know it's against regulations to keep a dog in the barracks," he said, "but he is the best sentry ever. Why, no intruder can come within 50 yards without him letting us know about it."

"What does he do?" asked the officer. "Wake up the entire post with his barking?"

"No, he gallops inside and hides under my bed."

—E. N. PETERSEN

WHILE ON shore, two men from our submarine participated in a wild episode involving a "borrowed" bicycle and a plunge into a river. The bike was recovered and returned to its owner, and the seamen made a humble appearance before our commanding officer.

He gave them a severe reprimand and unofficially restricted them to the ship by taking their passes and telling them they could have them back when the passes dried out.

The lads waited a discreet week before calling on the C.O. They knocked on his door, then looked in. He wasn't there, but their passes were—on the desk floating in a jar of water. —J. C. C.

A COUPLE of years ago, RAF Transport command were ferrying a load of newly enlisted soldiers. To cover up their first nervousness, they joked about the incompetence of the RAF. The pilot ignored their remarks until, levelling out and engaging the autopilot, he walked the length of the plane, unreeling a ball of string in each hand. Handing the ends of the string to the last soldier in each gangway he

asked them to keep it taut in order to hold the aircraft on course. He disappeared into the galley.

Every passenger sat tense and terrified until the pilot emerged and solemnly returned to his cabin, winding up the string as he went.

-G. I. WRIGHT

Some years ago my husband and I lived near an army base, and most of our neighbours were service people. One morning we went to a sergeant's house for coffee. Toys were strewn everywhere, and as their little boy rushed through them to greet us, the Sergeant yelled, "Stephen, don't tread on your equipment!"

—J. H.

I was standing in a long line with other recruits, waiting to receive injections in both arms. When I approached the two orderlies giving the shots, the one on my right dabbed my arm with alcohol, squirted a blob of smallpox serum on my skin and proceeded to scratch the skin. I asked nervously if the needle had been sterilized. The orderly, obviously bored with his repetitious task, said brusquely, "Don't worry, chum. You're getting a tetanus shot in the other arm."

—C. J.

THE MAJOR and captain walked down the busy high street, receiving salutes from other ranks. Each time the captain returned a salute, he muttered, "And the same to you."

Finally the major asked him for an explanation. "I was a private once," replied the captain, smiling, "and I know just what those fellows are really thinking."

—CLARENCE MORAIS





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### MY MEETING WITH DEATH

A self-prescribed dose of penicillin, a sudden allergic onslaught—and this victim learns how it feels to die

#### By DAVID SNELL

JUST OVER 24 hours ago, as I write this, I learned what it is like to die. By nearly every clinical standard an arresting of life did occur. The cause of my "death" was a condition known as anaphylactic shock, induced, in my case, by an acute allergic reaction to penicillin.

For most people, a dosage of this drug, properly administered, is beneficial. For me, with long-dormant allergic factors lurking in my system, the drug could hardly have been more hostile.

The allergic onslaught was massive and swift. Had I reached the doctor a minute or two later I could not have survived. A busy phone, a misplaced ignition key, a blocked

street—any number of things could have made the difference.

By the rarest combination of good circumstances I was delivered in time into the competent hands of a general practitioner whom I shall simply call the Doctor, in keeping with her own wishes. Slumped in a chair in her surgery, I was slipping across the honed edge of death. For some minutes there had been no pulse, no blood pressure, no pronounced stirring of the heart. In the last extreme seconds, only awareness remained.

As the crisis deepened, I was acutely, almost electrically, aware of things around me, and then, when this awareness receded, of

things within me. I was an enthralled witness to my own rapidly advancing demise. And at the end I gazed into something that I believe to be life's supreme mystery.

The emergency that confronted the Doctor was a meeting of two chains of circumstance. One involved my own medical history; the other involved the Doctor's methodical and intelligent approach to the practice of medicine.

The circumstantial chain on my side began with my first encounter with penicillin some 25 years ago. To cure a throat infection, a doctor gave me an injection of the thennew wonder drug. A few days later I had a mild allergic reaction in the form of nettle rash. The doctor prescribed some pills, the swellings went away, and I forgot all about it. Thereafter, I was given penicillin a number of times with never a discernible ill effect.

The circumstantial chain on my doctor's side began with her foresight in assembling a special "setup" of equipment and drugs to cope with emergencies in which decisive and immediate steps must be taken to save a life. Providentially, she had acquired a vial of Neutrapen—an enzyme which specifically attacks and destroys penicillin—against the day when she might be confronted with penicillin-induced anaphylactic shock. She put the vial into her bag, together with one containing adrenalin and another containing a highpotency antihistamine and a special

set of sealed hypodermic syringes with which to administer all three. There the Neutrapen remained, its seal unbroken—a tiny unnoticed burden on countless rounds and house calls—for ten years.

EARLIER in the week I had developed a nasal irritation. Saturday morning I awoke with a raw and scratchy throat. I made a mental note to phone the Doctor later in the day. Then I looked into the medicine cabinet for some throat lozenges and saw the bottle of penicillin tablets left over from a prescription for my children. Although I was aware that self-prescription is wrong, I took two tablets – a standard dosage. It was shortly after 7 a.m.

Reaction. During the next half hour, I went through the routine of feeding the dog and brewing coffee. While list ning to the news I became aware of a prickly sensation on my ankles and legs. It spread rapidly to the wrists and palms, then across the shoulders, lower back and chest. I went into a frenzy of scratching. I could see coin-size white blotches rising on the backs of my hands and then I remembered that long-forgotten penicillin reaction.

I called my wife, who was still asleep.

"What on earth's the matter?" she asked.

"Nettle rash," I said.

I told her about the penicillin and how a similar thing had happened once before. It still had not dawned on me that the portent was ominous.

"I'd better phone the Doctor," my wife said. She had read that a penicillin reaction can be extremely dangerous.

"The Doctor says we must come at once," she said, putting down the phone. "I'll start the car. We've got to hurry!"

Now I was prepared to believe it. I scarcely recognized the swollen, crimson-splashed face that stared back at me from the mirror. The itching was turning to pain and I was experiencing a pronounced asthmatic, choking sensation. Suddenly I was across the bed, one knee on the floor. I realized that I had fainted. I think it was at this point that the thought of real danger crossed my mind and I lurched to my feet.

Emergency Dash. I remember wondering how I could possibly keep my balance all the way down the stairs. In slow motion I made it, my legs moving in that high-kneed way of puppets. I wondered who was manipulating the strings. Now the kitchen floated past. In the garage I tried to approach our Volkswagen but reeled in the opposite direction. My wife caught up with me as I wobbled on to the drive, knees starting to buckle. Then I was inside the car, lying on my back across the seats.

While we drove the short distance to her surgery, the Doctor had put the available minutes to urgent use. Without stopping to dress, she had laid out her equipment. She broke the seal of the Neutrapen vial and reconstituted its powdered contents with 2 cc. of sterile distilled water. She loaded three syringes, one with the entire contents of the Neutrapen vial and the others with the adrenalin and antihistamine. Then she stood at the door to await our arrival.

The Volkswagen stopped. As the door opened and my wife started tugging me out, I saw a flash of colour. It was the Doctor in her red and blue plaid dressing-gown, looking decidedly unprofessional against the backlight of the morning glare. Momentarily rejuvenated, I was able to make it up the path and into a leather armchair in her surgery.

Nine minutes had elapsed since my wife's phone call. I was approximately three minutes away from my confrontation with death.

The Doctor double-checked her equipment. As she did so, she addressed my wife: "Phone the police. Ask for an ambulance as quickly as possible." She spoke with quiet authority and no trace of excitement or fluster.

For me, a kind of euphoria was setting in. It was marked by detachment, hyper-alertness and exaggerated good humour. "Now, Doctor," I said, "there's nothing wrong that a good shot of penicillin won't put right."

The Doctor gave no sign that she heard. She was preparing to inject

the adrenalin to start my heart, which was now all but dormant.

From far away, as though on some disembodied arm, I felt the tickle of the hypodermic and a tightening little knot as the solution of adrenalin flowed into the muscle. And I observed, but thought it curious that I did not feel, that the Doctor was taking my pulse.

When an allergic reaction has set in, a chemical called histamine is excessively generated within the body, causing the permeability of cells throughout the body to increase. This produces the effects commonly associated with allergy a rash, an asthmatic swelling of the respiratory passages or a fit of sneezing. In acute cases, the blood's serum and lymph spill through capillary walls in a flood-tide and the blood itself piles up in pools instead of returning to the heart. This is the swift chain-reacting characteristic of anaphylactic shock. Unless the condition can be reversed, the body must die.

To buy a little time by attacking the histamine, the Doctor sponged my upper right arm and injected the high-potency antihistamine.

In a military sense, the injection of adrenalin and antihistamine had been tactical and defensive. Now it was time for the all-out assault with the Neutrapen. This was the weapon with which the war within my system could be won or lost.

Dimly now, for my external awareness was receding, I saw the

Doctor probing for a vein in the crook of my left arm. Then the Neutrapen was started on its mission—to seek and destroy the penicillin. Now it was up to the bloodstream to deliver it.

Dying. At that moment, the Doctor later said, there was no pulse, no discernible pressure, movement or flow of blood. The adrenalin had not taken effect.

Suddenly I knew.

"Am I dying, Doctor? Is it now?"

No reply, or rather, none that I could hear.

"Tell me truly. Am I dying?"

"No, we aren't going to let you," she said, though I did not hear her.

External awareness had slipped away—I heard, saw nothing. I sagged forward as my wife held my head to stop me falling out of the chair. To the Doctor I had reached clinical death. But for me there was a surge of internal awareness—magnified, finely focused, brilliant.

It is a progressive thing, death. You feel the toes going first, then the feet, cell by cell, death churning them like waves washing the sands. Now the legs, the cells winking out. Closer now, and the visibility is better. Hands, arms, abdomen and chest, each cell flaring into a supernova, then gone. There is order and system in death, as in all that is life. I must try to control the progression, to save the brain for the last so that it may know. Now the neck. The

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### MY MEETING WITH DEATH

lower jaw. The teeth. How strange to feel one's teeth die, one by one, cell igniting cell, galaxies of cells

dying in brilliance.

Now, in retrospect, I grope for this other thing. There was something else, something that I felt or experienced or beheld at the very last instant. What was it? I knew it so well when it was there, opening before me, something more beautiful, more gentle, more loving than the mind or imagination of living creature could ever conceive

But it is gone.

THE THUNDERGIAP of adrenalin into the heart, reverberations through the grottoes and canyons and cliffs and peaks of the body Sprays of sleet, gale driven against my nakedness, stinging, slashing Then blurs of motion, sounds of voices

It is only three or four minutes since I first settled into the leather chair The Doctor is at my right side, feeling my pulse as I stir from the coma. Her husband, a surgeon, has appeared from somewhere and is holding the other pulse. "Well," he is saying, "we're getting a good" pulse now. Good and strong."

THE AMBULANCE moves, sunlight through the windows, glimpses of trees in bud. An oxygen mask is placed over my nose and mouth. I suck hungrily at the odourless nothingness

Now the bump-bump bump of potholes, the honk-honk-honk of the ambulance horn as traffic is encountered Good sounds Sounds of life and living

"No sircn?" my wife asks.

"We haven't got one," says the ambulance attendant

Inside the oxygen mask I raise my voice in a wild how! The attendant is alarmed, but my wife gets the message She smiles. "He's supplying the siren," she says.

### Cartoon Quips

Driving if i examiner reading mail "It's a thank-you card from a husband whose wife I failed."

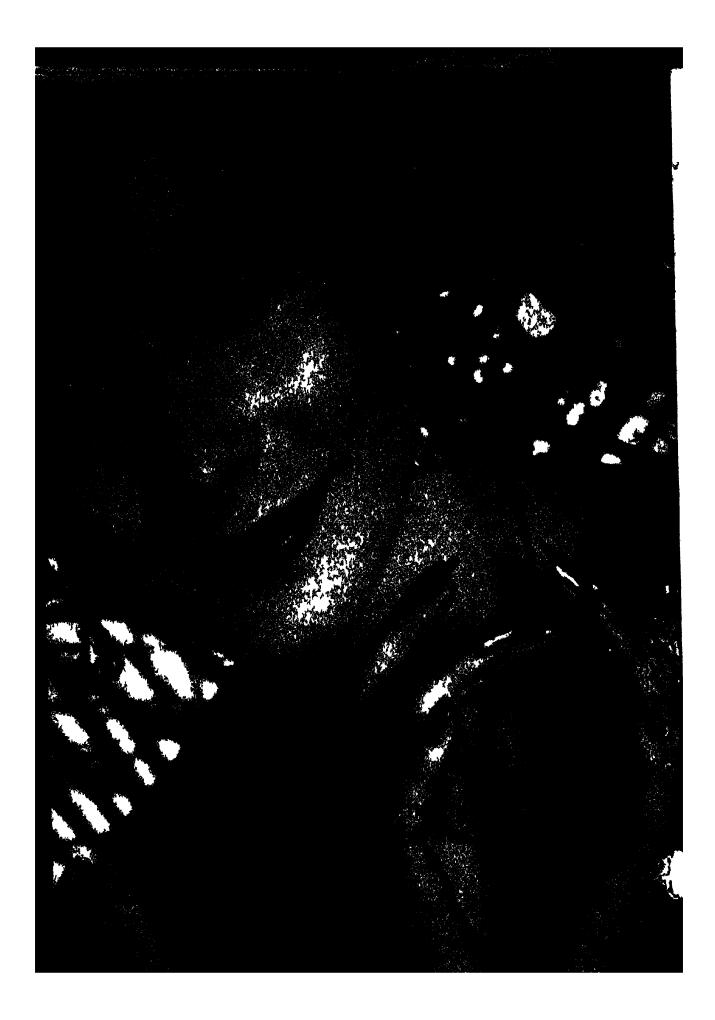
FAT WOMAN in café "I sometimes wish Mother had warned me about banana splits instead of men."

—T.L.

TRAVEL agent to client "For the price you have in mind, sir, I suggest that you join the Navy."

Woman to pollster: "Where can I get in touch with you when I change my mind?"

—J. M



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Discovered after years in a dusty trunk, the notes were more than a literary treasure; to Robert Frost they were a poignant reminder of a bitter-sweet past

### FIRST LOVE

By LAWRANCE THOMPSON

OBERT FROST, the poet, frequently told me about his first love. She was, he said, a dark-haired, dark-eyed, mischievous tomboy. Her name was Sabra Peabody and she and Frost had been schoolfriends, many years before, in Salem, New Hampshire. As an awkward 12-year-old he wrote her ardent notes, but the young lady had many other admirers and did not encourage him. Eventually he moved away from the village and heard no more from her.

As Frost's official biographer, I mentally filed this information. But I did nothing about it until years later, when I heard that the same Sabra Peabody, now a widow, had

returned to Salem to live. I wrote for an interview and received a cordial invitation to come and visit her,

I was welcomed by a tall, lithe, vibrant woman in her seventies, white-haired, and still beautiful. Her memories about the school-days with Frost were much like those the elderly poet had given me. She told me how she, her brother Charles and young Frost used to roam the woods together after school and on Saturdays. Adventurous like her brother, she used to tease Frost into keeping pace with them. She recalled that he sometimes quarrelled with her over her other beaux.

I did not stay long that day, but was encouraged to return. It was

during my second visit that the unexpected happened—the kind of thing biographers dream of but seldom encounter.

We had talked again, even more freely than before. Finally I stood to take my leave. Sabra remained seated. "Was there something else?" I asked. Yes, said Sabra, she had just been waiting for the right moment. She told me that this house, to which she had returned after her husband's death, had been her childhood home. Recently she had opened a dusty trunk in the attic and found several family keepsakes, among them a wooden pencil box she had used as a child.

Holding it in her hand, she had suddenly remembered that in the bottom of the box there was a secret compartment which could be opened by sliding out the thin wooden base. She tried it, the secret compartment opened, and out fell four notes—notes written by Frost to Sabra, perhaps in the autumn of 1886. She now wanted me to see them.

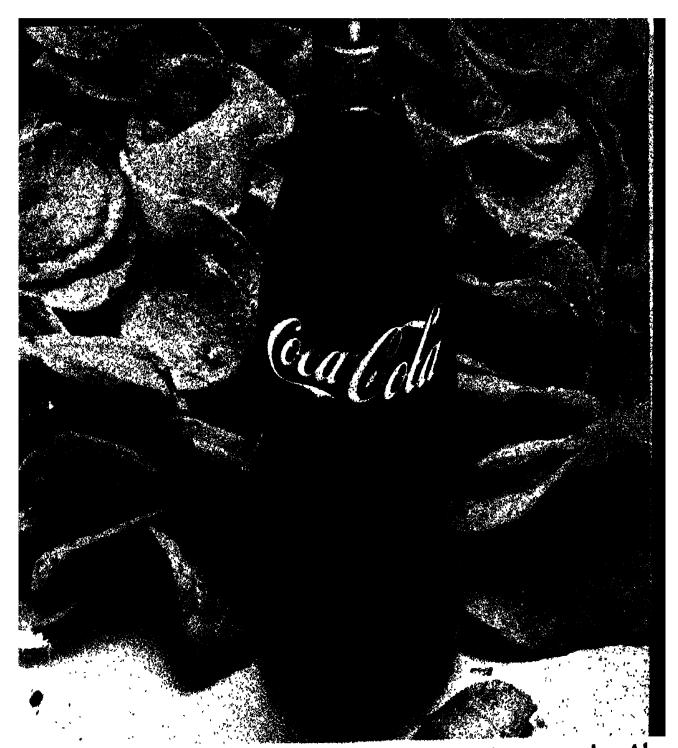
As she took the notes out of a desk drawer and gave them to me, I felt great excitement in the knowledge that, almost by accident, I held the earliest known writing of a major literary figure. But as I began to read I found further rewards. "I like those leaves you gave me," began one note. Another pleaded: "There is no fun in getting mad every so often so lets see if we cant keep friends . . . I like you because I

cant help myself and when I get mad at you I feel mad at myself to." In such lines I could sense the rapture and the anguish of a boy in love.

The former Sabra Peabody had no idea of the importance of this find. When she offered to give me the notes, I explained that their market value was too high for me to accept them as a gift. But would she consider donating them to the collection of Robert Frost's papers at the Jones Public Library in Amherst, Massachusetts?

She agreed, and I delivered them a few days later to Charles Green, the curator of the collection. Since I feared the poet might not approve of my snooping, I asked that this gift be kept a secret. I further requested that the notes be packaged up and placed in the vault of the library with the notation "Not to Be Opened During Robert Frost's Lifetime." The secret might have been preserved as planned, had not fate intervened—in the person of Robert Frost himself!

Frost had stored in that same vault a small metal strong-box containing manuscripts of some early poems. Shortly after the four notes had been turned over to the library, he appeared there unexpectedly to retrieve one of the poems. Green offered to bring the box out, but Frost said time could be saved if they both went into the vault. The poet opened his strong-box, took what he wanted, closed it—and



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looked around. "What's this?" he asked.

Green had inadvertently placed the secret package on a near-by shelf. Frost peered at it, then read aloud, "Not to Be Opened During Robert Frost's Lifetime." He turned accusingly to the curator. "This is your handwriting, Mr. Green."

Flustered, Green said yes, yes it was, but Larry Thompson had asked him to write it because . . .

Frost was in no mood for explanations. With clenched hands he broke the string, then tore the wrapping off the package. After reading the notes carefully, the old gentleman shoved the material back on the shelf. Then he turned and, without a word to anyone, stalked out of the library.

Green's letter of apology gave me all the details and said that the poet seemed very angry. I was worried. If Frost should not forgive me for my snooping without his permission, my work on the biography might end before it really began. What could I do to make amends? Perhaps it would be best, I decided, to let his anger cool, even to wait until he chose to bring up the subject. I waited.

Nothing happened until the following June when I arrived in Vermont to spend some time with the poet as he and I had planned. When I reached his farm, he was in his vegetable garden setting out a row of lettuce seedlings. His greeting was cordial and his instructions were



Robert Frost

sensible: I should take off my city jacket and prove my farming background by helping him get these plants into the ground before they began to wilt. When we had finished, we went up to his cabin and sat down in front of the stone fire-place. Frost began to tell me how a fox had made off with one of his hens. "I didn't react fast enough," he said. "Nothing like that has happened to me since I was a boy in Salem and..."

Salem! Reminded of unfinished business, he stopped in the middle of the sentence. His expression changed. He leaned towards me, shook the index finger of his right hand under my nose, and said,

### READER'S DIGEST

"You! You! What you did to me!" With that he launched into his version of the visit to the Jones Library.

He said that as soon as he saw the admonition on the packet and heard Green say my name, he knew that I'd been prying. Hurt and angry that I hadn't confided in him, he had broken the string and torn open the package almost before he realized what he was doing.

The feeling of resentment had been swept away by the opening words: "Dear Sabe." No one could possibly understand, he said, how overwhelmed he was by the memories which flooded up as he read. By the time he finished the last note, he could feel the tears burning in his eyes. He couldn't bear to let Green see those tears; he couldn't

talk to anyone. So he fled. When Frost paused and silence filled the room, I was the one whose eyes stung.

Then, suddenly, his manner changed and he looked me straight in the eye. "So you found her?" he asked quietly.

I nodded. "Where?" "Salem."

He continued to stare at me and I didn't dare go on. The silence became uncomfortable. At last he spoke, almost to himself. "Sixty years!" I had to lean forward to hear him. "Sixty years... and I've never forgotten."

Then he leaned back.

"You can start," he said quietly. "Start at the beginning and tell me all about her."

### CARPE DIEM

Robert Frost's classic lines on "Seizing Today"

Age saw two quiet children
Go loving by at twilight,
He knew not whether homeward,
Or outward from the village,
Or (chimes were ringing) churchward.
He waited (they were strangers)
Till they were out of hearing
To bid them both be happy.
"Be happy, happy, happy,
And seize the day of pleasure."
The age-long theme is Age's.
'Twas Age imposed on poems
Their gather-roses burden

To warn against the danger
That overtaken lovers
From being overflooded
With happiness should have it
And yet not know they have it.
But bid life seize the present?
It lives less in the present
Than in the future always,
And less in both together
Than in the past. The present
Is too much for the senses,
Too crowding, too confusing—
Too present to imagine.



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# "What's the Trouble?"

By Stephen Leacock

fuss about! I have known two professors of Greek who ceased speaking to each other because of divergent views on the pluperfect subjunctive.

I remember two old men who were bitter partisan opponents. Old Archie hadn't spoken to old Sidney for ten years. Archie was a Grit, and Sidney was a Tory. You don't know what that means; but then, neither did they.

Anyway, they sat each morning in the country tavern with their newspapers. Each started a sideways campaign of sneers, addressed to the room but intended for the other: "I see where some darn fool of a Tory," etc. So it went on for years. Then old Sidney

died, I saw old Archie at Sidney's funeral, standing, shrunk and silent, his head shaking from side to side. They said that at the next election (his last) he changed his vote.

So while there is yet time, let us realize how insignificant are these animosities—what good fellows we all are in reality. I recall an English music-hall song with the refrain "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first."

We are all like that. I am sure I am, and I think it likely that you are. You may look pretty disagreeable, but that's because you can't help it with that face of yours. Let people realize that it is only your face, that behind it you are all right.

And, mind you, we can do this if we try. We all do it at Christmas: we pretend to be such good fellows that somehow the whole world looks brighter for the pretence.

For, you see, it is the illusion that is the real reality. "All the world's a stage," as Shakespeare said, or at least it could be if we set ourselves to make it so. Come, let us play our parts as we should like to play them, each according to his true self.

I'll tell you why I want this reconstruction. I don't believe we can mend our broken world without it. Treaties and agreements, legislation and pledges, are worthless without the heart and spirit of the people. In the long run the world can move only with the spirit.

### Two delicious marmalades by Kissan

Look at the wonderful things you can do with them

### Golden Mist Banana Romance a cool refreshing dessert

First, make a thin custard by scalding together 1 cup milk (8 ounces) & cup sugar and & teaspoon salt. Next beat one large egg until light Circularity mix hot milk into beaten egg. Return mixture to he it and cook while stirring constantly until custard coats a metal spoon. Remove from heat. Sprinkle & teaspoon unflavoured gelatine and & teaspoon Vanilla essence over the custard. Mix well and allow to cool.

Spread a layer of sliced binanas (2 or 3) in a pretty serving dish and dot generously with Golden Mist and cooled custard. Be it whites of two large eggs until stiff. Heat 2 tablespoons Golden Mist until liquid. Pour hot Golden Mist into egg whites beating all the time. Continue to beat until mixture is stiff and glossy. Drop egg whites irregularly over the custard, garnish with more Golden Mist and fresh orange sections. Chill for several hours. This will serve six people.

#### Quickie tarts —a simple tea-time goodie

Put a small spoonful of Golden Mist or Silver Mist on rounds of pastry (mide according to your favourite recipe) or on Savouries made from maida and serve

#### Mist and Cheese Pakoras—a satisfying snack

Make 3 Golden Mist or Silver Mist sandwiches in the normal way using 6 pieces of bread (day old bread is easier to work with) Cut each sandwich into 4 or 5 strips

Prepare a batter of 2 large eggs ½ cup maida or American flour 2 ounces finely grated cheese, 1/4 tenspoon baking powder and enough milk to get the coating consistency of batter

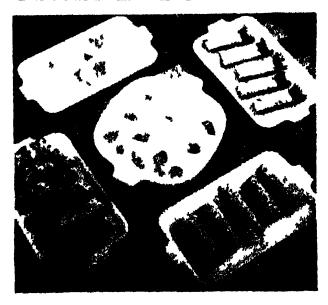
Coat sandwich strips with batter and deep fry until golden. Serve piping hot This makes 3 or 4 servings







Goldenmist Orange



### Golden Mist Chewies sweet bars to make ahead of time for unexpected guests

Melt ½ cup butter in a large saucepan over low heat Add I cup sugar and cook until slightly dissolved Stir in 6 tablespoons of Golden Mist

Sift all together and add 3/4 cup pre sifted maida, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 3 teaspoon salt

Add 13 cups cooking breaktast oats (dry) Mix well and press into a baking dish about 9 × 12" or two smaller ones. Bake in a slow oven (300°F) for about 25 minutes.

Cut into squares or bars and cool This will make about 35 to 40 bars

### KISSAN PRODUCTS LIMITED Bangalore

# Britain's Jackpot in the North Sca fourteenth lar These reserve tween 4,000 a the sea-bed, ar

The discovery of natural gas beneath the sea promises to give the British economy its greatest boost since the Industrial Revolution

. By JAMES WINCHESTER

gambles in the world today, more than Rs. 735 crores has been staked in the last two years to find natural gas beneath the capricious waters of the North Sea. Already the third largest natural-gas deposits known anywhere—with reserves containing between 20 and 40 billion cubic feet—have been tapped on the British side of this

fourteenth largest sea on the globe. These reserves alone, varying between 4,000 and 10,000 feet below the sea-bed, are large enough to provide all of Britain's expanding gas needs for several decades.

More than 60 companies, banded together into 25 separate groups, continue to hunt for further reserves. At a cost of Rs. 1.37 crores each, some 50 new exploratory wells will be drilled in the North Sea this year alone. By 1970, experts estimate, at least 4,000 million cubic feet of natural gas a day will be reaching Britain from the North Sea—or four times the amount that the country now uses annually. Many expect the flow to be much greater, with some experts predicting that by 1980 a quarter, perhaps more, of all Britain's fuel needs will be thus supplied.

The gas itself is rich, with an energy content twice that of manufactured gas and, pound for pound, nearly double that of coal. Burning just one cubic foot of North Sea natural gas will make 20 cups of cossee, starting with cold water.

With its very ability, abundance and availability, North Sea gas is eventually going to cost much less than other forms of energy for both families and factories, providing an almost unlimited supply for domestic and industrial markets. Within a

few years, British housewives could be cooking and heating for 25 per cent less than they pay now, while big industrial users may save 50 per cent or more. Electricity costs may also drop as the cheaper gas replaces oil to turn generators.

Until the North Sea finds, the country's only home-mined natural source of fuel had been coal, on which its prosperity in the nineteenth century was based. While coal still supplies over half of Britain's energy needs, rising imports of more efficient petroleum products now absorb Rs. 1,287.3 crores of foreign exchange a year, affecting the country's already precarious balance-of-payments deficit.

By 1970, North Sea gas could save Britain millions a year in foreign exchange. "It looks as if the stuff is going to bail us out of a very awkward economic situation," says

Prince Philip.

Companies pay the British Government from Rs. 1.3 lakhs a year for the right to drill in each 100square-mile block to which they have been granted prospecting rights, and there are well over 1,000 of these squares in the United Kingdom sector of the North Sea. In addition, the companies must pay 12.5 per cent royalties on any gas they find and sell.

Nearly half of all the wells drilled so far have struck gas, as against a worldwide average of only one in forty. Yet nothing about finding or producing North Sea gas is cheap or

easy. To bore through the sea bottom, a weird and wonderful armada of offshore drilling platforms is used.

Some cost up to Rs. 6.3 crores to construct, and Rs. 1.5 lakhs a day to operate; some are as high as 360 feet and weigh 8,000 tons. The derricks sitting atop their huge decks can support a load of a million pounds of steel pipe dangling as far as 20,000 feet into the bowels of the carth.

Bizarre Sights. Some rigs sit on permanent, 30-storey-high legs; others resemble ships, with the drilling done through a hole in the hull. The most common type is the "jackup" platform, which has from three to fourteen legs positioned around the edge of a two-storey deck almost an acre in size.

Ocean-going tugs tow this rig from one position to another. When a drilling spot is reached, huge hydraulic pumps push the legs 25 or 30 feet down into the sea-bed; at the same time, the deck itself is elevated until, in its working position, it sits 15 storeys above the sea.

Nowhere in the world are the hazards of undersea drilling as great as in the North Sea, an extremely shallow (mostly 300 feet or less) expanse of 200,000 square miles. As one veteran driller reports: "In the Gulf of Mexico, we evacuate rigs in the kind of weather we work in almost every day here."

Although wind, wave, current and cold are individually no worse

than in other places, nowhere else are all these conditions found in such ravaging—and unpredictable—combination. Raging storms blow up unexpectedly in as little as three hours, often continuing for days.

The drilling rigs keep enough food and supplies on hand to last their 50-man crews a month, in case helicopters or surface supply boats cannot reach them because of the weather. Says Peter Wainwright, operations manager for one of the oil companies: "The North Sea is one of the biggest challenges the oil

industry has ever faced."

It's also a nightmare for underwriters. In less than three years, since the first drilling in the North Sea on Boxing Day 1964, Lloyd's of London have paid out about Rs. 6.3 crores in insurance damages. Its rates now run as high as Rs. 73.5 lakhs a year on a Rs. 7.35 crores drilling barge. Additional insurances on crews and installations can bring the annual premiums for one rig to Rs. 84 lakhs.

Few rigs come through unscathed. With strong winds trying to blow them in one direction and vicious currents battling to move them in another, they are exposed to very

complicated stresses.

The first major disaster occurred on December 27, 1965. The Sea Gem, under charter to British Petroleum, had just made the first gas strike 42 miles off Lincolnshire. But triumph turned to tragedy as



UK prospecting concessionsGas discovery well

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the rig was being prepared for towing to another site. Without warning, the drilling platform collapsed and, within minutes, the entire 5,600-ton structure lurched into the sea. Thirteen of the 32 men aboard were lost. And in April this year, a section of the drilling platform Conoco r was overturned east of Grimsby by 90-m.p.h. winds and 45-foot seas. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

Executives and geologists for the North Sea combines work in London, but most of the shore support for the drilling rigs is concentrated in Britain's eastern coastal towns: Lowestoft, Grimsby, Scarborough and Aberdeen. Nearly 200 firms have moved in as suppliers for everything from catering services to helicopters. Blast furnaces are working overtime to provide special pipelines, and a whole new petrochemical industry is being blueprinted.

But the community that has profited most from the gas rush is Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, which has become the base for a Rs. 52.5 crores operation. Long stretches of its quays have been rebuilt by the oil companies. Several hundred newcomers and their families, gathered from all over the world, live in the vicinity, and business in Yarmouth's restaurants and hotels has trebled in the last year alone.

Work on the rigs is hard and dangerous, the hours long. The crews stay aboard for two weeks, put in 12 hours on and 12 hours off every

day, then have seven days free ashore. Because of the high winds, moving machinery and complicated scaffolding, accidents could be frequent—and with no doctor on board the men are necessarily resilient. One roughneck\*, hit on the chin with a sledgehammer, was taken below, stitched up and bandaged. Ten minutes later he was back at work.

Good wages are the big attraction. Roustabouts, who do routine labouring jobs, earn between Rs. 630 and Rs. 840 a week. A Scottish engineer on the *Orion* gets Rs. 1,260 a week and boasts: "I've got a house, a car and the best-dressed wife in Edinburgh." Thus there is never any shortage of job applicants.

I took a boat out to the Constellation, a new "jack-up" rig drilling in 173 feet of water 24 miles off Great Yarmouth. On its top deck is the helicopter landing pad, as well as part of the living quarters and the drilling derrick; on the middle deck is a clutter of drill pipes, casing, wire hawsers and miscellaneous supplies, plus the giant generators and 89 motors that keep everything running; on the lower deck are living quarters, shower room, laundromat, recreation room, galley and dining hall.

Prepared by Tom Duffy, Constellation's English cook, the food is excellent. For my first dinner aboard there was a choice of steaks,

\* Oil industry jargon: roughnecks work on the detrick floor.



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### BRITAIN'S JACKPOT IN THE NUKTH SEA

chops, roast beef or fish and ten varieties of trifles, jellies, cakes and pastries. Everywhere are signs reading: "What you see here, leave here." Secrecy—in this competitive business—is high, and important messages to shore are coded or scrambled.

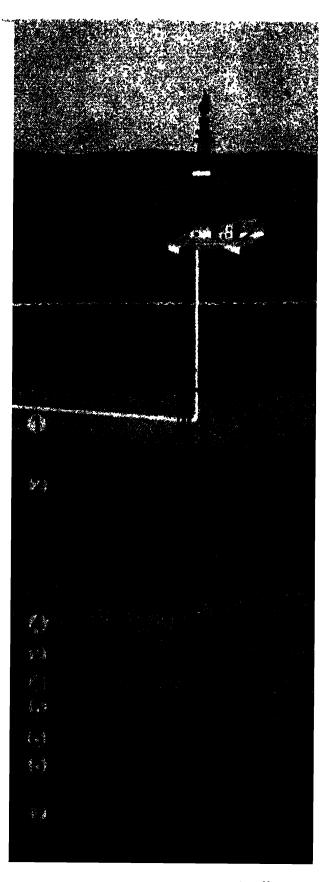
Early on my second morning aboard, engineer Bill Stadtmiller ordered a test to determine if the rig's 23 days of drilling were going to pay off. Here's how it works. With the drill itself out of the hole, a special valve is opened at the end of thousands of feet of heavy pipe. Under more than 2,500 pounds of pressure per square inch, whatever geological mixture lies outside will be forced into and up the pipe, taking two or three minutes to make the long trip to the top.

"Turn out the lights! Open test!"
The order echoed over loudspeakers.
The wait seemed interminable. At last, from a small pipe on top of the hole, there was a sudden gush of water and mud. Stadtmiller stuck his fingers into the mixture. "Dry hole," he announced laconically.

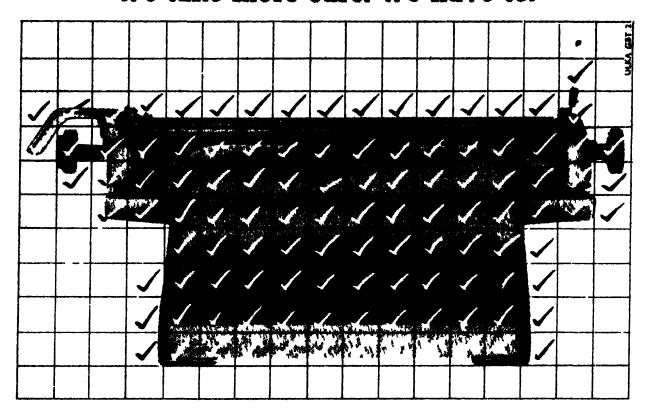
It had cost Rs. 73.5 lakhs to find nothing. But the *Constellation*, with a record of three "strikes" in eight attempts, will be towed to another site to try again.

Geologists first became interested

Gas-rigs bore through many strata of the sea-bed: L. Sand 2. Clay 3. Chalk 4. Limestone 5. Sandstone 6. Rocksalt 7. Carboniferous



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### BRITAIN'S LACKPOT IN THE NORTH SEA

in the North Sea following the discovery of a huge natural-gas field ashore in North Holland in 1959.\* They suspected that the same formations holding the Dutch gas might extend all the way across to England.

Millions of years ago this part of the world was entirely under shallow water. Then came the ice age. Glaciers moving north from central Europe and south from Scandinavia, carrying sand, clay, rotting vegetation and other materials, filled in the sea. When they retreated, layers of stagnant materials were left behind, forming a delta.

High temperature and pressures built up carbonization between these layers, forming deep reserves of methane, chief constituent of natural gas. Escape of the gas was prevented by a cap of non-porous rock on top—often of salt. Extensive seismic surveys across the North Sea showed many salt domes under which gas or oil might be found.

Drilling, however, could not start until it was decided who owned the mineral rights to what lay underneath these waters. International law stated that a country's rights extended only three miles off its coasts. A United Nations Convention in 1958 proposed a new definition of territorial waters for purposes of exploiting natural resources: a

\*See "Holland Strikes Gas," Reader's Digest, October 1964.

country would own everything under the sea in waters out from its shores to 200-metre depths.

The signatures of 22 nations were required to make this new law valid. In 1964, after years of legal wrangling, Great Britain became the twenty-second country to sign.

Under the new pact, where shallow water extends all the way across between two countries, as happens in the North Sea, the dividing line was to be midway between. Thus Great Britain got about half the available North Sea area—approximately 100,000 square miles.

Determined not to sit on this bonanza, Great Britain got into the gas rush in a hurry. The formidable and unenviable job of determining who would get the valuable licences to drill was tossed into the lap of Angus Beckett, a 56-year-old civil servant who heads the Petroleum Division of Britain's Ministry of Power.

Finally the winners were picked and announced by the Ministry of Power in September the same year. Three months later, drilling began.

"The North Sea could prove to be one of Britain's cheapest sources of fuel," reports Sir Henry Jones, Chairman of Britain's Gas Council, which has exclusive rights to buy the new gas for fuel. "It could turn out to be the most important development in this country since the Industrial Revolution."



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As medicine marches forward, hospital efficiency is not keeping pace. Here is a daring plan which could revolutionize medical care all over the world

### Hospital of the Future?

By WARREN YOUNG

Sprinting through the corridors and up the stairs of the hospital, the four-man emergency team knew they had, at the outside, only four minutes in which to restore a life. Not four minutes that would begin when they and their equipment reached the patient, but four minutes from the instant his heart had stood still. After that, even if the heart beat anew, oxygen lack would do irreparable brain damage.

Luckily, the heart's sudden silence just happened to have been noticed quickly enough, and the needed doctors just happened to be near enough for instant aid. While the surgeon pounded the patient's breastbone to force blood through the heart and the anaesthetist applied mouth-to-mouth respiration,

the electric defibrillator, electrocardiograph and oxygen arrived. Presently the heart began to beat, and a heart stimulant plus force-fed oxygen kept it going.

The marvels of modern medical technique, together with unusually good team planning, had warded off a sure death. But drops of sweat on the surgeon's face reflected more than the sudden burst of exercise.

"We may have half a dozen of these in a day, and sometimes I think it's a miracle that we save as many as we do," said Dr. John Gillespie, of the Georgetown University Medical Centre in Washington, where this rescue took place. "We're better organized for crisis action than most hospitals, but our inefficiency is ludicrous. The patient's life hangs in the balance while highly skilled medical talent demonstrates its galloping ability, and expensive equipment is dragged bodily through the halls. And while this problem was being met, our capacity for handling similar emergencies was drained."

Accusations against the shortcomings of today's hospitals are sorrowfully familiar: patients given the wrong medicine, or shockingly neglected. Nurses short in numbers, low in morale, underpaid and overworked. Depressing food. Not enough rooms or money. Germs that ambush surgical patients.

"New methods and devices pull many people through today who otherwise would be without hope," says Dr. Gillespie. "But the basic vehicle, the hospital, is holding us back. It's time to design an entirely new model."

Planning. Dr. Gillespie is one of three men at the Georgetown University Medical Centre who are trying to do just that. With his superior in cardiac surgery and research, Dr. Charles Hufnagel, and the centre's renowned pathologist and cancer expert, Dr. Charles Geschickter, he has set out to transform the Georgetown hospital. The U.S. Congress has authorized an unprecedented grant of seven million dollars (Rs. 5.5 crores) for the project (to which the university must add another eight million dollars) and, after four years of quiet planning, ground will be broken this year.

In the initial planning stage, as the three doctors pored over statistics on personnel, patients and budgets, they became fascinated by one discovery.

At any given time, about 80 per cent of the hospital's patients were merely undergoing tests, convalescing or receiving treatment; they were not candidates for emergency life-saving measures. Meanwhile, the other 20 per cent were in a serious condition, if only for a day or two after surgery. This discovery, they concluded, was the key to the whole problem.

"Looking at it from this angle, anybody can see how hospitals ought to be built," says Dr. Gillespie. "There should be one section equipped to give top-quality, concentrated treatment to one-fifth of the patients and a second, larger section for more limited care. But hospitals try to provide complete emergency care for 100 per cent of the patients, as if any one of them might need it at any moment. In the process, they not only waste money but fail to come close to the goal."

The 400-bed, 19-year-old redbrick hospital at Georgetown is, like so many others, overcrowded and in need of enlargement even for conventional-style care. The three doctors decided to turn it into a pleasant, relaxed unit for the 80 per cent who need only minimum care. Meanwhile, for the 20 per cent who are acutely ill, they have designed a nine-storey, 192-bed



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### HOSPITAL OF THE FUTURE?

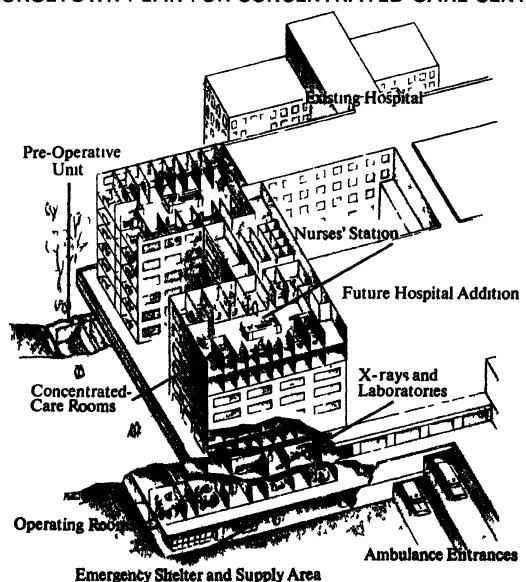
concentrated-care wing into which they have poured all the genius for modernization they can muster.

Hospitals have traditionally divided up space and staff into surgical, medical, psychiatric, paediatric and obstetrical "services," and then sorted the patients somewhat arbitrarily into these categories. This method caters mainly for the convenience of the department heads,

while scattering expensive equipment throughout the building, puffing up the budget and making efficient therapy virtually impossible. A patient almost ready to go home after the most minor surgery, for example, may find himself next to somebody who has just had a lung removed.

In the new Georgetown plan, the first consideration in sorting

### GEORGETOWN PLAN FOR CONCENTRATED-CARE CENTRE



patients will be the gravity of their condition.

A typical victim of gall-bladder disease—let's call him G.B.—will realize even before his therapy begins how efficient the new plan is. Arriving the evening before his operation, G.B. will go straight into the new wing's sub-basement, where 31 rooms adjacent to the surgical suites will shelter pre-operative patients. His overnight room will be small with a private bath and television set. Final tests can be performed on the X-ray-and-lab floor directly above.

Next morning, G.B. will be roused at a reasonable hour and transferred just a short distance to one of 32 cubicles where he will be prepared for surgery. The proximity of the whole "pre-op" unit to the operating theatre should be a defence against germs.

Old-style practice requires putting a pre-surgical patient through an ordeal of baths, antiseptics and changes of garment to remove all possible germs. Then he is transported through the regular hospital corridors, while his gown, his attendant and especially the wheels of the trolley pick up dirt and germs. Often he lies parked in the hall outside the operating theatre to await his turn.

Finally, "this bundle of contamination" is moved to the operating theatre. "Yet some surgeons still wonder," says Dr. Gillespie, "why so many surgical patients have complicating infections."

In the new Georgetown unit, everything and everybody in the preop area will be isolated from outside contamination. The operating theatre itself will be completely redesigned.

"Today," Dr. Gillespie says, "you see shiny square tiles on the wall and attractive terrazzo stone on the floor. But those lines between the tiles and those pocks in the stone are marvellous germ traps. And there the 'bugs' sit, undaunted by our attempts to sterilize the room between operations."

His solution: cover the entire inside of the operating theatre—walls, floor, ceiling and all—with heat-sealed sheets of vinyl; make the room windowless, and round off its corners. This is a room that can be made truly sterile.

G.B. may also notice the absence of the traditional surgical light, which can shed an occasional germ-ridden grain of dust from its shining reflector. He will see instead only smooth glass plates in the ceiling. Recessed above the plates will be a circle of spotlights which G.B.'s surgeon will adjust with foot pedals for the exact lighting needed.

When the operation is finished, G.B. will not be moved into a recovery room. If he takes a turn for the worse on the operating table, he will be kept there as long as necessary. (To make this possible, the hospital will have 21 operating theatres.)

If there are no complications, he

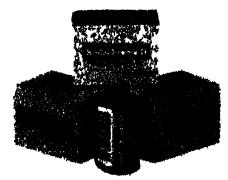


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### HOSPITAL OF THE PUTURET

will be whisked by a high-speed lift to his concentrated-care room. The special trolley he rides on will become his bed, eliminating a delicate transfer.

G.B.'s room will be one of 16 arranged in a rectangle with a nurses' station in the middle, making up a concentrated-care unit. There will be two identically designed units on each of the six patient floors, with supply quarters and major emergency equipment housed between the two units. Twelve rooms in each unit will be designated as sub-acute spaces; the other four, nearest the nurses' station, will be for the most acute cases.

Constant Watch. Flowers and gifts will be banned from the unit, and the number of visitors will be controlled. Because he is just out of surgery, G.B. will be in one of the acute rooms. He and the other patients will not be able to see each other, since the side walls of their rooms are opaque. But the inner end walls are glass, and thus the three duty nurses will be able to keep constant watch on every patient.

G.B.'s recovery will also be watched by electronic eyes. Sensing devices will constantly monitor his heart and respiration, his temperature, his electrocardiogram and blood pressure. G.B. will not have to hope that if he enters a crisis somebody may spot it.

Indeed, if any single bodily functions or combination of functions deviates beyond the fixed limits programmed into a computer, will flash and a buzzer will sound the alarm. Within seconds, nurses, technicians, doctors and a complete array of equipment will be in action at his bedside.

The same computer will also plug the memory gap which brings about the appalling frequency of mistakes in medication. When G.B.'s doctor orders medication, it will be keyed into the computer instead of scribbled on a notepad. The order will go automatically to the hospital's pharmacy, at the same time producing an electronic record. The computer will not only remind the nurse when she is supposed to give G.B. a dose but will require electronic verification that this has been correctly done.

Barring complications, a gallbladder removal is only moderately serious, so after 24 hours G.B. will be moved again—this time only a few feet, into one of the sub-acute rooms.

There the computer will monitor only his pulse, breathing and temperature. He will be a few steps farther away from the nurses, but still in their direct view.

On the fifth day, if all goes well, the resident doctors will examine G.B. and his computerized record and pronounce him fit for transfer to the minimum-care section of the hospital.

Here G.B's life will be quite different. He will be far away from

#### READER'S DIGEST

when they do visit him, however, he will not have to compete for their time and attention with direly ill patients. When hungry, he will not have to wait in his room for food which often arrives tepid and tasteless. Instead, he will go to a self-service cafeteria contracted out to a catering firm. His visitors will not have to whisper, and, in short, he will soon begin to feel half-way back in the outside world. Eight days after his surgery, he will go home, slicing an average of at

least two days from the time he would have spent in an old-style hospital.

Because it is an experiment, nobody knows how well the Georgetown concept will really work. But if it proves itself—in restrained costs, saved lives and short-circuited frustrations—other hospitals may add similar wings before long.

"We should be able to improve the quality of patient care by at least 100 per cent right away," says Dr. Hufnagel. "How much higher can we go, that's the only question."



## Ways of the World

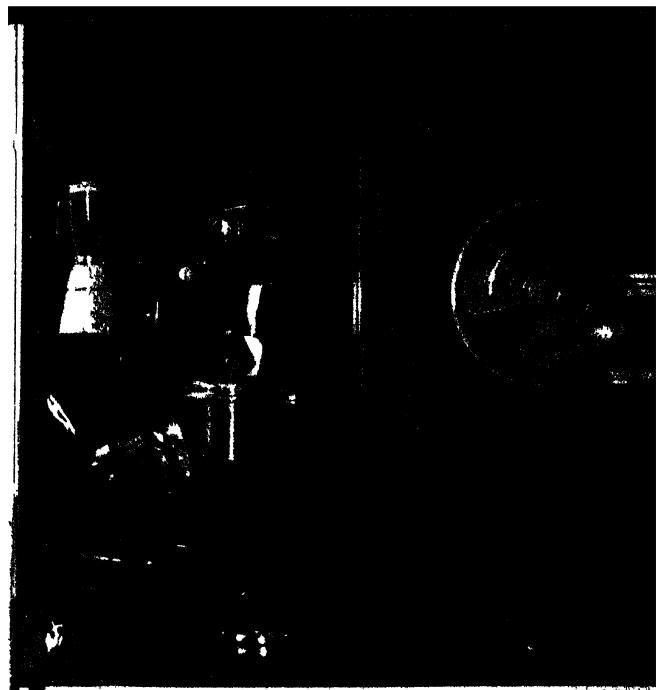
THE MOST unusual—and exhausting—test of a golfer is claimed by a course near Dhahran, an oil town in Saudi Arabia. The fairways and roughs are all alike—pure sand. The "greens" are sand on which oil has been poured. The golf balls are red.

—N.G.N.B.

ITALIANS can now insure against losing their driving licences (18,456 were suspended last year). A premium of 12,000 lire (Rs. 147) a year gives a banned driver 3,000 lire for each day he's banned from driving, except in the case of a lifetime ban.

—N. A.

The Japanese have a solution for the man who finds he has run out of money on the way to the geisha house: a vending machine that makes cash loans. Installed on the pavement in Tokyo's Ginza, the machine dispenses two crisp 10,000-yen notes (Rs. 420) when a special credit card is inserted. The machine keeps the card after each transaction. If the customer repays the loan within three months, at five-and-a-half-per cent monthly interest, he gets the card back.



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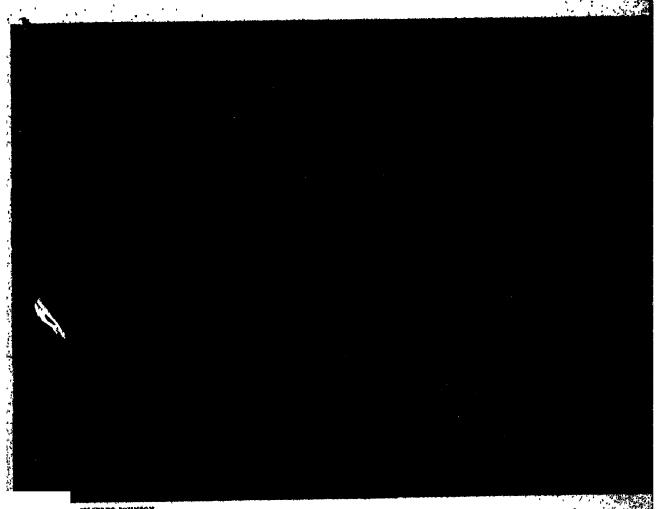
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# Earth in All Her Glor



CHARLES JOHNSON

## This distinguished American naturalist records some great moments he has experienced in a lifetime amid the wonders of creation.

By Donald Culross Pearting

s a CHILD, I spent months of A happy isolation with my mother in a log-cabin inn on a peak in the Appalachian Mountains. It was my little boy habit to go out upon a point in the forested peak to see the en recon the autumn foliage in the

valley far below. And standing thus with the valley sinking into purple shadow and the pine trunks about me still ruddy with departing light I felt my tremendous solitude. But though alone, I was not ionely. For I felt companioned by the matrix

about me, a presence mightier than any human fellowship, embracing

me, enfolding me.

For the first time I understood that man is a part of nature. He is subject to her great laws, sharing in her sanctities, never without companionship in her, if he can discover the brotherhood to be found in trees, the fellowship in all that flies or runs or creeps.

I was too small then to accept this fact in any way save as a high, happy emotion. But it has grown in me with increasing understanding, deep-rooted now as is a man's religious faith. Through the years, nature has given me not only a profession but a sanctuary, a phi-

losophy, a way of life.

Not long after this sunset hour, a gentle old man, examining with me some flowers we had gathered together, explained that not only animals but plants have sex. All at once the plant and animal kingdoms were for me united in one great kingdom of life and I was filled with inexpressible delight. This oneness of living things, made entrancing by their infinite variety, was for me a new way of loving nature and finding strength there; it remains so today.

It was when I first began to identify plants that this bewildering variety that is in nature all began to fall into place. For as I came to comprehend the great system of classification originated by Linnaeus, the "Father of Botany," I saw that all

the dancing fields of flowers, the great stands of forest trees, the humming insects, the sunning lizards and running rabbits had each an appointed place in the scheme of things, and that by studying the structure of each, and its relation to the others, one could find that place and name that flower or tree or creature with the exact name, in double Latin, which had been given it by some wiser scientist than I was.

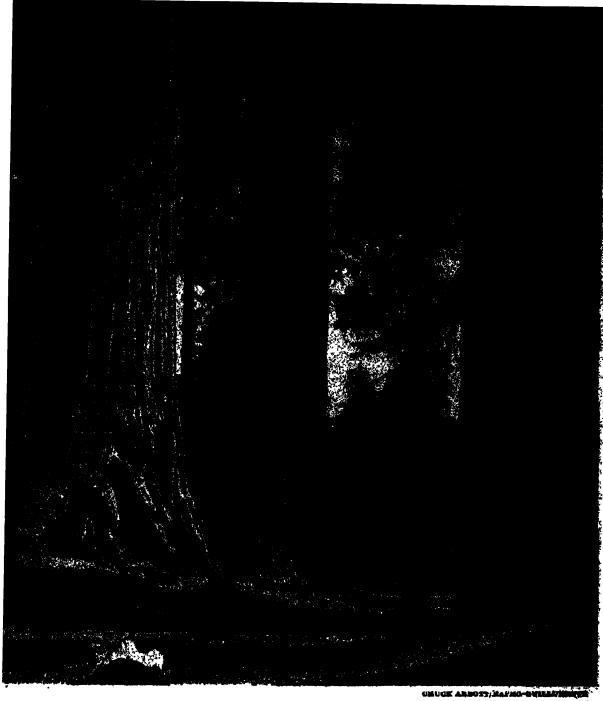
So, with study, I came to realize the grand order in nature. Families and species stood ranked securely in a system that not all mankind's revolutions could upset. Underneath all the wild sweet growing, the freewinged flying and the careless flowering, there lay this tremendous, unshakeable order on which I could always count.

This gave me a sense of security in nature, which has steadily increased with my ability to find my way around in this established

natural order of things.

My philosophy has been based sometimes on study and experience in the field, sometimes on moments that stand out in memory as revelations. They have been the makings of a naturalist, who remembers them with gratitude.

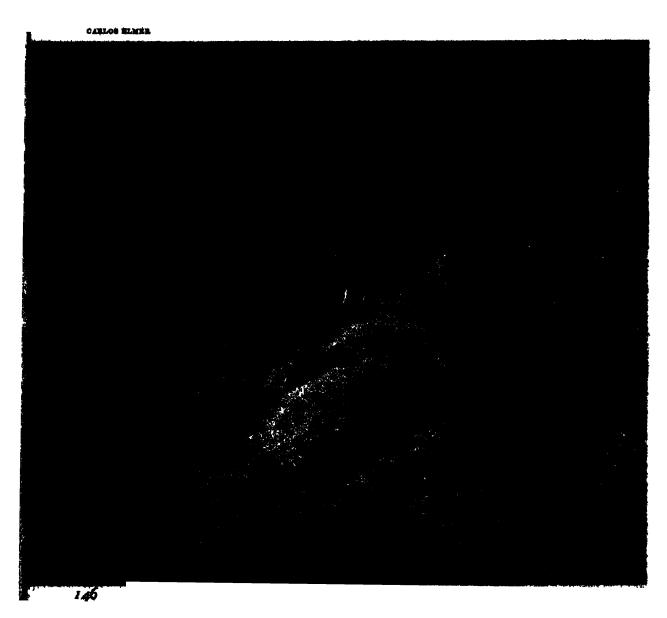
Today I know that in nature growth is sure, and upward. That at the heart of things is screnity. That in due season even the desert will flower, and that, for all of us, life is a gift to be revered as divine.



Under the giant redwood trees of California, a man's thoughts grow calm and sure and deep. For the great shaggy trunks that rise into a canopy of greenery so high it is scarcely to be seen are thousands of years; old. Moreover, where a redwood has fallen, from the stump or the log may spring new shoots. This is immortality of a kind, a perpetual growth that defies destroying time. In the forest's great sweet hush a man feels the tremendous power of growth, the greatest power on earth. This too instructs the naturalist, and leads him into paths of peace.

#### READER'S DIGEST

Revelation came to me one April when I first saw the desert in flower. I had arrived at the ranch in the dark, late the night before, and when I stepped to the door in the brilliant morning light it was to see a tide of bloom washing from the horizon to my feet. Not every year does the desert blossom thus. The rains must be just enough, and must fall at the propitious time. Then the Mojave Desert that has been brown and grim and wrinkled as the face of an old woman, breaks into this radiant smile. You cannot set foot without crushing the flowers, delicate blue gilias, white tidytips, sand verbenas, mariposa lilies. I collected and identified 75 species—all suddenly rushing up in loveliness from what had seemed a waste of creosote bush and cactus. Yet the seeds had lain in the sand, waiting the summons of precisely combined rain and sunshine. It was, for all of us who rejoiced in it, a lesson in hope.





BEADLEY SMITH/BAPHO-GVILLUMETTS

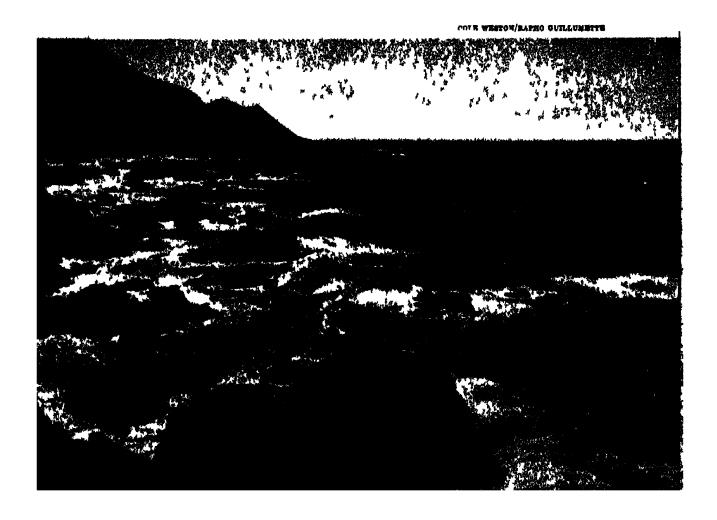
In the immense sculptured abyss of the Grand Canyon, a mile deep and 4 to 18 miles wide, coloured like the sunset and filled with silence so mighty it is like unheard music, lies the work of time laid bare. This chasm was carved by the Colorado River over more than a million years, and in the layers of rock thus revealed science can read a history of life.

In those varicoloured layers of rock that form the canyon walls have been found fossils of early insects and primitive reptilians and fronds of the ferns that once clothed earth. Higher layers held sharks' teeth and coral fossils, showing that the sea had once covered them. And now in the sunlight on the surface grow the sweet pine forests where chipmunks run and deer stalk shyly. So, seen upon seon, life has developed from the rudimentary to the marvellously diverse plenitude of life today. The formid Canyon sook of the exalting story of evolving life.

#### READER'S DIGEST

One day the sea spoke to me unforgettably. We had been motoring for weeks in the plains of Wyoming, Montana and eastern Oregon; then we turned down the great forested gorge of the Columbia and came suddenly and superbly upon the Pacific We raced for miles alongside those crashing white-maned breakers until I stopped the car to watch the sea palms in the surf. They are, of course, only little seaweeds a foot or two high Between waves, they stand clear, breathing the air, holding up their "foliage" The next moment the sea falls upon them with all its might and they are submerged in a lashing violence of water. The wave draws back for another attack, the sea palms rise up, erect again, undaunted Again the crash, again the survival, which lifted my heart with its proclamation that life, even such flimsy seeming life as a seaweed's, is stronger than the inanimate force of mighty ocean.

But the beat of ocean calms the pulse It marks time out of mind It promises endlessness. I live near the sea now, near a quieter shore than Oregon's rocky one, and whenever I want assurance I go and walk beside it, to hear the long serene breakers rolling in, falling back, rolling in again to whisper, hush! There is peace There is the endurance of beauty. There is the serenity of nature



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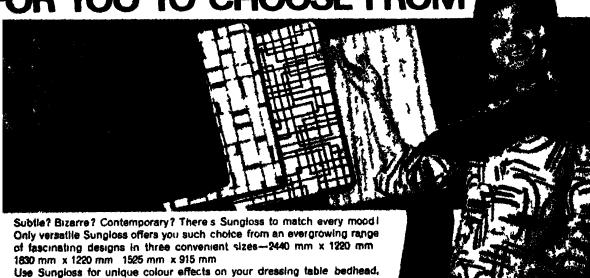
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## Master Plan for a Perfect Wife

By HAL BOYLE

Some things don't improve with age. Wives are an exception. The longer they are married, the better, as a rule, they become.

A ten-year-old car is ready for the scrap heap. Its gloss is gone, it creaks and squeaks, its performance is faulty and it costs too much to have it overhauled.

Some men think wives are like that. Since it is illegal to throw a wife on the scrap heap, they dispose of her in some more orderly manner and get a new model.

But they are wrong. A wife is not like a car. Ten years after saying, "I do," she is just beginning to show her mettle.

Every year after that she gets better and more useful to her husband. After 15 or 20 years she may need

an occasional repaint job, but she is certainly worth it. After 25 years a wife becomes indispensable.

She may not look as glossy, but she has more under the bonnet.

The buttons she sews on stay on longer.

She may still believe that money grows on trees, but she realizes that kind of tree doesn't grow in your back garden.

When she occasionally has to carry the rubbish out, she doesn't make a political issue out of it.

If she finds a blonde hair on your coat, she doesn't make a big scene. She knows that some female just brushed against you on the bus.

She no longer yells about going home to Mother if you overdo anything. Her biggest threat is, "I'll tell your doctor about you."

The meals she prepares don't taste like a misprint in an Armenian cookery-book.

If her vacuum cleaner breaks down, she mends it herself.

In a crisis, she'll dip into her secret emergency fund and lend a husband a little extra for lunch. (You can never expect this from young wives; they're always broke.)

Yes, it takes a lot of time, trouble and understanding for a husband to take a flibbertigibbety young bride and turn her into man's greatest masterpiece—a perfect wife, nobly planned. But in what more rewarding manner can a fellow spend his years?



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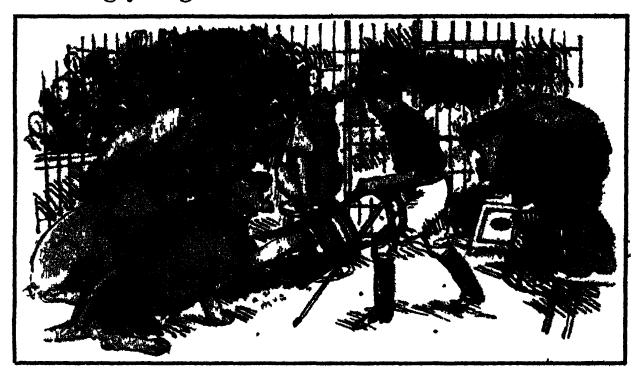
Let him eat hearty so long as you use

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France's imaginative Vocational Foundation helps deserving youngsters to achieve their life's ambitions



## THE FUND FOR DREAMS

By PAGE D ALINAY

French farm worker, dreamed of becoming a research scientist. But when she was 15 her father fell ill and she was obliged to leave school

Refusing to abandon her dream, Jeanine worked in a factory by day and studied at night. She could not afford proper meals, and one Christmas had to turn to the Salvation Army soup kitchens to survive. But despite her determination, it seemed she could not succeed, for an explosion in the chemical plant where she worked left her temporarily blind.

Then one of her teachers told her

about France's unique Vocational Foundation and its fund for dreams. Every year the Foundation helps to make the dreams of some two dozen young French people come true It does so by giving them each a cash grant of 10,000 francs—about Rs 15,330 The winners, aged between 18 and 30, are chosen because they have relentlessly pursued their respective goals in life, often against great odds

In autumn 1963, Jeanine applied to the Foundation. A month later she found herself among the winners. Freed from financial worries and studying full time again, she won a doctor's degree in science. Now aged 30, she is a biochemist in a high-powered research team.

The Vocational Foundation began seven years ago. Its imaginative founder, Marcel Bleustein-Blanchet, is a stocky, grey-haired man of 60, who left school at 14 to sell furniture in his family's Paris shop. There he became interested in advertising. At the age of 20, he borrowed money, used a converted kitchen as an office, and started his own advertising business. It was prospering when, 12 years later, the war broke out.

Hard Times. Bleustein-Blanchet became a Resistance fighter and joined the Free French Forces in London. After the liberation he returned to a Paris of ration-books and restrictions.

The outlook for advertising looked grim. But with characteristic tenacity he started from scratch again, and in a few years his business was on its way to success. Now it is France's largest privately-owned advertising agency.

His idea in setting up the Foundation was to help youngsters who, like himself, had shown themselves willing to make sacrifices to follow their vocations. He asked a number of prominent Frenchmen if they would serve on the jury to select the first winner. They agreed—and some of them offered to contribute to the fund. Almost before Bleustein-Blanchet realized it, his idea

for one scholarship had blossomed into a multi-grant foundation.

The first year brought 800 applicants; of these, seven girls and ten young men were awarded grants. Last year there were more than 3,000 applicants and 25 prizewinners. The long, painstaking selection starts in August or September and ends in November or December when, before a glittering gathering of celebrities, awards are made in Paris.

As applications pour in, the Foundation offices fill up with manuscripts, paintings, pottery, rugs, jewellery—samples of the candidates' work. Winnowed down to 250, candidates are interviewed by a selection committee and seen by one of a team of six psychologists; those judged to lack the personality to achieve their goal are weeded out.

Once past all these hurdles, remaining candidates are likely to be interviewed by some of the most famous men and women in France—the Foundation's permanent jury. Meeting twice in long and frequently stormy sessions, this 24-member panel sometimes goes to incredible lengths to pick the right winners.

Take the case of Pierre Thomas, a shy bank clerk whose dream was to become a lion tamer. One day he decided to make his dream come true. He threw up his job, joined a travelling circus, and for eight months fed animals, cleaned cages, painted wagons and turned a hand to every dirty job going. Then the sudden death of his father forced

him to return home to carry on the family business.

But Pierre did not forsake his dream Hearing from a friend about the Foundation, he applied for a grant to buy some lions, confident that he could learn to train them. The Foundation jury, however, were not so sure At their request, Pierre went into a cage with six circus lions, stayed there for 20 minutes, and was even able to put the big cats through a few paces Convinced, the jury granted Pierre his award in November 1962

He used part of the prize money to buy a lion and two bears. The owners of a large circus were so impressed by him that they gave him two more lions Now, after a season touring with another circus, Pierre is back home in Brittany preparing a new act for next year

Marcel Bleustein-Blanchet



To every prizewinner, the cash award means at least a temporary answer to an immediate financial problem. The Foundation grant enabled Joan de Kat, who hopes to break the world record for solitary navigation, to spend a year designing a boat he plans to have ready for the 1968 transatlantic race. With the award, Jean Frédéric Schmitt could go to Japan to study Far Eastern techniques in the making of stringed instruments

For former garage mechanic Pierre Pottier, whose passion is restoring old monuments, the award meant that he could carry on with his work, which had been brought almost to a halt by the need to support his family

A young medical student, Daniel Yapaudjian, can become a paediatrician "Without the Foundation's help," says Daniel, "I would have won my M D But I probably never would have been able to continue and specialize"

A Foundation prize is more than just a cash award Because it puts the winner in the public eye, it can often trigger a chain reaction that may lead to outstanding success.

Perhaps the prizewinner whose life the Foundation has changed most radically is Elizabeth Baillon who, in 1963, was living almost in poverty. With the Foundation's help, she was able to give up her unrewarding job as an embroiderer and change to a highly successful career as a tapestry weaver. In 1964

she gave four exhibitions and was invited to display her tapestries at the historic Hôtel de Sens in Paris during the annual summer Festival du Marais. Today her tapestries are widely sold abroad.

One of the prizewinners who has won world renown is Michel Siffre, a spelaeologist or student of caves. His special interest is studying what happens to man when he is cut off underground from the normal 24-hour cycle—research of considerable importance to military planners needing to know about the reactions of men in space ships or nuclear submarines.

A Foundation award in 1960 allowed him to explore caves in

Ceylon and to spend 63 days in the Scarasson cave in southern France. He now has the active support of the French Army.

Another outstanding prizewinner is Jean-Paul Steiger, founder of the "Young Friends of Animals Club." Now 25, Jean-Paul decided when he was 13 to gather together all the children of France who, like himself, loved animals, and organize a club to protect them against cruelty.

A pop singer let him explain his project on her radio programme, and Jean-Paul received more than 900 letters from children all over the country. The Club was launched; membership cards were issued, a news bulletin—edited by young



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people—was published, and within a few years the Club had spread to several other countries.

Once awards are made, the prizewinners are not forgotten; they are helped in their careers by the members of the jury and by the Patronage Committee—the money raisers -who act as their "godparents." One of last year's winners was Jacqueline Dubut, a 26-year-old pilot whose career has been actively aided by jury-member Jacqueline Auriol, the first Frenchwoman to break the sound barrier in a jet. The Foundation grant enabled Jacqueline Dubut to pay for courses which have recently qualified her as France's first woman airline pilot.

The staff of the Foundation, too, keep a close eye on their flock, helping out when an award-winner has an exhibition, a concert or a press conference.

Often this little extra effort yields amazing results. Take the case of Yves Coppens, a young palaeontologist who, on a trip to Chad in 1961, discovered the skull of a prehistoric apeman judged to be at least one million years old.

The discovery aroused intense interest in scientific circles, but, at this point in his career, Yves was called up. At the end of his army service, he just managed to scrape together enough money for another trip, this time to the caves of South



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#### THE FUND FOR DREAMS

Africa. Before he left, he applied for a Foundation fellowship. While in Johannesburg, he received a cable announcing that he was among the 1963 winners.

Until two years ago, only a limited number of fellow palaeontologists were aware of the importance of Yves' discovery. Then, in the spring of 1965, the Foundation gave Yves that little extra push: the staff arranged a press conference at Foundation headquarters.

As a result, newspapers and magazines published articles about his work, and the Palais de la Découverte in Paris organized a special exhibition. Yves was invited to speak on radio and television. His name quickly spread abroad, and that summer he was invited to attend two international scientific meetings—one in Austria, the other in the United States.

Towards the end of 1965, Yves prepared to leave once more for Chad. But before he left, he wrote a

letter to Bleustein-Blanchet: "I want to express my gratitude to the Foundation, the origin of all this activity, and for all your help. I hope that you have not been disappointed in your choice."

Already the idea has spread to other countries; in Belgium, a similar foundation started in 1963. Meanwhile, from Italy, Spain, Holland, Switzerland and Latin America, the French Foundation is receiving requests for information which will make possible more sister foundations.

Bleustein-Blanchet, whose office walls are hung with works of art bought from prizewinners, says: "The raison d'être of the Foundation is that deserving youths may achieve their dreams in life. Already some are well on their way towards careers which will redound to the glory of France. It is my fondest hope that some day there may emerge from this group a Nobel Prize-winner."

## Holy Order

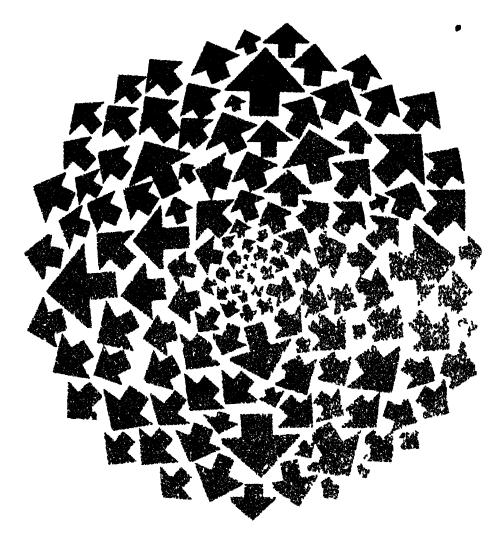
Many years ago when, after considerable bitterness, Irish tenant farmers were being permitted to buy land from the Crown, a titled Englishman was given the ticklish task of receiving the farmers' reluctant payments. All went well until one burly fellow stalked up to the desk and began banging his money down on it, piece by piece. As he slammed down the last halfpenny, he thumped the desk with his big fist and roared:

"There! Take your dirty money! From this day on I'll have no land-

lord but the Lord God in Heaven!"

Smiling patiently, the Englishman replied, "I sincerely hope you get on with Him. After all, He evicted His first tenants."

—v. s. s.



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## My Most Unforgettable Character

room shower drowned out the noise of the huge crowd leaving the cavernous Philadelphia stadium that September 23, 1926. I was soaking my aching body after having defeated Jack Dempsey to win the world heavy-weight boxing championship. Suddenly the shower curtain was yanked aside, and a great bear of a man plunged into the shower with me. It was my friend Bernard Gimbel, fully clothed and bursting with enthusiasm.

"You did it!" he exclaimed. Then, oblivious to the drenching, he excitedly recounted the details of the

ten-round fight.

That wild scene was typical of Bernard Gimbel. He was the most ebullient, life-loving man I have ever known. Whether he was negotiating a multi-million-dollar deal,

GENE, TUNNEY retired as undefeated heavyweight boxing champion of the world in 1928. Now 70 years old, he is chairman of the board of a large American company. By GENE TUNNEY

Bernard Gimbel was called the Merchant Prince, but besides his business sagacity he had a warm heart and an exuberant love of life



devouring a gargantuan platter of corned beef and cabbage, jogging five miles before breakfast or betting on a horse race, he did it with a verve and gusto that was pure joy to watch. "This life is a wonderful thing," he used to say. "I try to get a little something out of it every day, and to give a little to it."

He was one of the greatest merchants of his day, the head of the huge American chain of Gimbels and Saks department stores, but he had an incredible variety of other intcrests, from improving his beloved New York City to game-fishing in Mexico. He particularly loved sports and was a fanatic about physical fitness. He begrudged the time he had to waste sleeping and allowed himself only five hours a night, saying that this gave him a threehour edge on the rest of the world. "Three hours a night adds up to about 20 hours a week," he told me. "That's 1,000 hours a year, or 25,000 hours in 25 years. Think of all the things you can do in 25,000 extra hours!"

Introduction. I first met Bernard Gimbel just after the First World War. My budding career as a professional boxer had been interrupted by service with the U.S. Marines in France. Back home following the Armistice, I began training at the City Athletic Club in New York.

There I was introduced to a brawny businessman who said he would like to box with me. Gimbel, at 34, was already head of the New York store bearing his family's name. Although he weighed 190 pounds to my 172, the idea of fighting an older businessman amused me.

My condescension turned to surprise when he donned his boxing trunks, revealing a rock-hard physique. He was a good boxer, too. We fought three rounds, with each of us getting in some good punches. After that we boxed a couple of times a week and soon became close friends. Although I was virtually unknown, Gimbel predicted that I would become heavy-weight champion. As I slowly climbed the boxing ladder, he was always at my side as friend, counsellor and occasional sparring partner.

When I fought Harry Greb for the first time, I suffered a terrible beating. Bernard came into my dressing-room afterwards to find me with my nose broken, my eyes almost closed and my lips slashed by Greb's windmill attack. "Don't let it bother you, Gene," Bernard consoled me. "You learned a lot tonight. You're a better boxer and will beat him next time." He was right. I beat Greb in two subsequent fights.

"In the ring—or in business—you've got to notice what's going on around you," Gimbel used to say. "If you don't, you're not going to be around very long." Bernard was around a long time.

His business sagacity was inherited from remarkable forebears. His

grandfather, Adam Gimbel, a Jewish immigrant from Bavaria, was a pedlar who opened a trading post at Vincennes, Indiana, in 1842, when it was a frontier village. Bernard was the son of one of Adam's seven sons. While he was growing up, the seven Gimbel brothers expanded the family holdings to include prosperous stores in Milwaukee and Philadelphia, Bernard began his career juggling packing cases in the Philadelphia store after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, where he played football and water polo and won the heavyweight boxing championship.

The young man brought to the family's growing empire the same aggressiveness that he showed in the ring. Promoted to vice-president at 23, he set his sights on opening a New York store. "We've got to fish where the fish are," he argued. His father and uncles were opposed to the idea, but the younger man eventually won.

\*Close Rivals. He opened a tenstorey Gimbels in New York only a block away from Macy's—the largest department store in the world. "It was like an uninhibited David assailing a startled but dignified Goliath," a magazine observed at the time. But from the outset customers came flocking.

Bernard operated the store with the same exuberance with which he did everything. He introduced a bargain basement. He fired relatives and raided other top stores for key personnel. He hired Macy's star copywriter, and she began to needle Macy's in Gimbels advertisements. He knew his merchandise, too, and sometimes startled women at parties by saying, "That's one of our dresses, isn't it?"

For all his aggressiveness, Bernard brought a warm personal touch to the business. He knew most of the employees of the New York store by name and always referred to the public as "the boss." One night he was asleep in his New York apartment when the phone rang. "Mr. Gimbel, I want to ask you a question," an angry woman's voice said. "Have you ever spent the night on a chaise longue?"

"No," said Gimbel. "I do my sleeping in bed-where I am now."

"Well, I've been trying to sleep on a chaise longue for a week," the woman snapped. "I'd like to know where the bed is that I bought at Gimbels two weeks ago."

"She got her bed the next day," Bernard recalled.

While he was building up Gimbels, Bernard was also aiding my career. He was at the ringside for most of my big fights, giving me his keen analysis of my opponents. He noticed that Dempsey was vulnerable to a straight right hand, and that I had a bad habit of dropping my guard when against the ropes. A few days before I was to meet Dempsey for the title, Bernard visited my training camp. Dempsey was an overwhelming favourite and,



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as we walked along a country road near my camp, Bernard asked if I had a plan of battle.

"Yes," I said. "I'm going to try to surprise Dempsey. I'll start feinting and make him think I'm afraid of him. The first opening I get I'll nail him with a right. Even if I'm hurt I'll keep punching."

"That's a good plan. Promise me

you'll stick to it."

"I promise," I said, and we shook hands on it.

It was a few days later that Bernard, plunging into the shower with me, shouted, "You kept your promise!"

After I became champion, he handled the intricate matters of purses, percentages and contracts. He negotiated for me a straight 50 per cent of the gate for the second Dempsey fight. (The gate proved to be over Rs. 1-9 crores—still the largest in boxing history.) He introduced me to publishers, bankers and leading businessmen. His advice was always valuable and, thanks largely to it, I left the ring in good health and financial security.

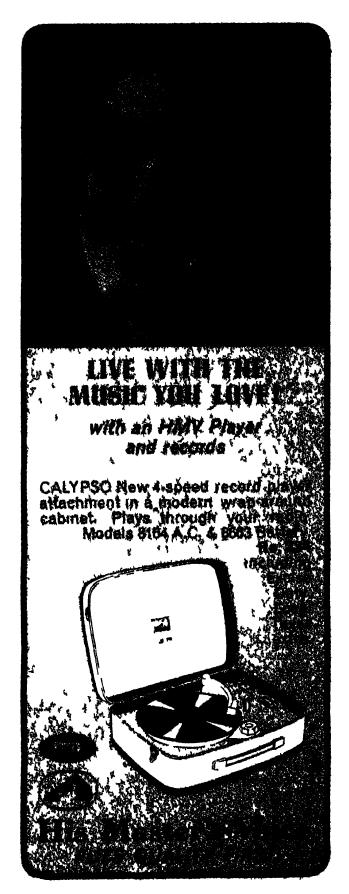
Bernard was a gregarious man who liked nearly everybody. "Two things are bad for the heart," he said. "Running uphill and running down people." His friends were the great and the humble: President Kennedy and the saleswomen in his store; Bernard Baruch and the cloakroom attendants at the race track.

To become a friend of Bernard's

was to be caught up in a whirlwind of excitement and action His world, like Bernard himself, seemed larger than life He relished extravagant gestures, like getting the liner Vulcania to stop at the Adriatic island of Brioni so that he and his wife could join my wife and me on our honeymoon He loved his charming wife, Alva, their five children and numerous grandchildren He loved his business and worked at it compulsively He loved his friends and had so many of them that his 200 acre estate in Connecticut sometimes seemed as crowded as Cambels' bar gain basement

A hearty eater, Bernard had to exercise rigorously to keep his weight down He would eat a rich meal and then head for the baths at a well-known hotel There he would steam off a few pounds before charging into the pool, belly-flop ping like a porpoise and sending a geyser to the ceiling "I must have lost about 20,000 pounds in my life," he'd say "I exercise and take a steam bath and lose five pounds each time But I love eating, so I put it right back on I do that at least 200 days a year One thousand pounds a year for 20 years—that's ten tons I've lost over the years" He thought nothing of playing 36 holes of golf, although he considered golf so little exercise that he would sometimes turn somersaults down the course between shots to cram in a little extra action.

This unorthodox tactic sometimes



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had a disastrous effect on his game. Once Bernard and I were paired against Grantland Rice and John Wheeler, two top sportswriters and crack golfers. We came up to the eighteenth hole even with our opponents. Bernard boomed a good shot off the tee and went somersaulting after it. He got up slightly dizzy from his tumbling and sent his approach shot sailing into a bunker, costing us the match and a fat prize.

Bernard sparked Gimbels' growth with a canny business sense and a willingness to gamble. After he had gambled the family fortune on opening a store in New York—and won —he proposed gambling millions more to acquire the exclusive Saks chain of stores. Again his father and uncles were opposed; once more Bernard wore them down. He and Horace Saks negotiated the Rs. 6 crores deal sitting on a coffin in a railway luggage van (where they had taken refuge from a crowded compartment as they returned from a week-end in the country.

Top Store. When the Second World War broke out, Gimbel borrowed Rs. 15 crores and stocked up with goods he felt would soon be in short supply. When the goods did become scarce, customers flocked to Gimbels to get them. By 1944 he had the satisfaction of seeing Gimbels pass Macy's in volume of sales to become the leader in its field. Last year the 54 Gimbels and Saks stores sold nearly Rs. 450 crores worth of merchandise.

Newspapers called Bernard "the Merchant Prince," but he used to say, "I'm just a simple fellow," and in some respects he was. His cuffs were sometimes frayed, and he slept in old-fashioned woollen underwear. He was more interested in people and events than in abstract theories or intellectual pursuits. He devoured newspapers—especially their department-store advertisements—but he wasn't very interested in books.

Bernard defied the best efforts of his wife to interest him in cultural things. Once she managed to lure him to the opera. He went grudgingly and dozed through a performance by Enrico Caruso. Someone in the balcony dropped his binoculars and hit Bernard on the foot. "They might have hit me on the head and killed me," Bernard fumed. "No more opera for me. It's too dangerous."

Bernard's wonder at the city of New York was like a small boy's at a circus. He liked to prowl the streets looking for ways to improve the city. "Anyone who lives here and doesn't make a contribution is like a barnacle on a boat," he declared. He served on numerous civic and philanthropic committees, and was active in both the 1939 and 1964 World Fairs.

Shortly after he reached 80, Bernard was stricken with cancer of the spine. I saw him for the last time in his apartment overlooking Central Park. Outside, the lights of the city

he loved sparkled in the darkness. He was in bed, too ill to sit up, but his jaw still jutted defiantly. As I looked at my greathearted friend, there flashed back to mind the battle plan we had talked about before I fought Dempsey.

"Remember what you told me that day at my training camp?" I

asked. Bernard nodded.

"Even if you're hurt, keep on punching," I said. "Never give up."

"I won't," Bernard replied.

Then, as he had done on that long-ago day, I held out my hand.

"Promise?" I asked, He took my hand and weakly clasped it. "I

promise," he said.

Bernard kept his promise, fighting gamely to the last. Perhaps one of the finest tributes to him came from David Yunich, president of Macy's in New York: "Behind that big bulk," he said, "was not only a great competitor but a very warm heart."

## Eternal Triangle

My wife's Aunt Enid, a particularly down-to-earth woman, was staying with us. One evening we began discussing a bitter quarrel beween two people we knew.

"Well," my wife finally summed up, "the only fair thing in a fight like

that is to remember that there are two sides to any story."

"Yes," mused Enid, "and then there is the truth." —D. H.

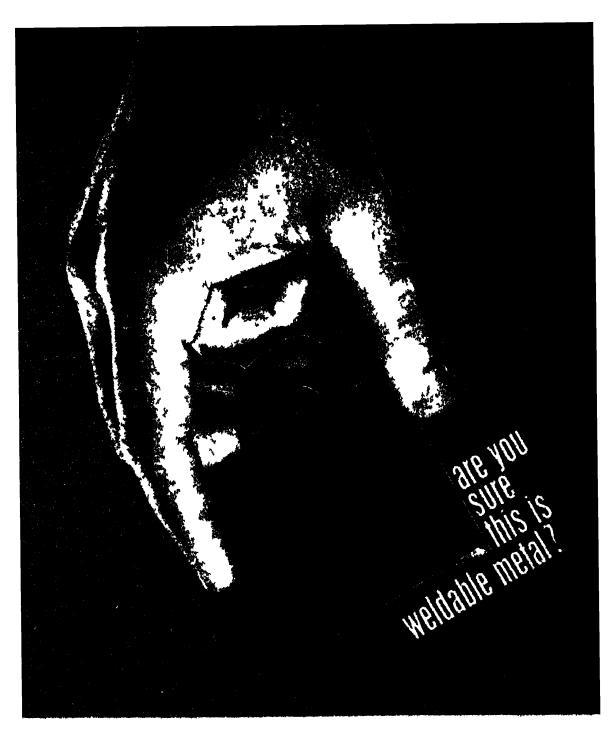
## Super Shoppers

In an American supermarket I was nearly impaled on an aerial protruding from a shopping cart pushed by a young woman. Apologizing, she explained that the two-way radio attached to the aerial was for communicating with her husband, shopping at another store ten streets away. As she started down the aisle, I heard a man's voice advise: "You'd better buy it there, it's three cents a can cheaper."

—H. M.

As AN ENGINEER I am analytically minded, and as the head of a house-hold I am cost-conscious. So when I go grocery shopping I often use my slide rule. From the prices marked on the containers and the contents listed I can easily calculate the best buys. While going through my slide-rule motions one day, I noticed a woman observing me. If I picked up two tins of fruit, she picked up two tins of the same brand. She followed me about, buying what I bought. When I moved towards the check-out counter, she asked, "Do you always shop on Saturdays at this time?"

-L. M.



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# The Glamour of the Trans-European Express

By Roul Tunley

more; they go by jet or drive Aston Martin cars. Who makes movies about the Orient Express today? Or films a Marlene Dietrich in the velvet ambience of the wagons-lits? As a train lover and devotee of the Hitchcock films of yesteryear, I have been saddened by this trend. It seemed that the glamour of the great international expresses was dead.

My first indication that this might not be so came from a friend of mine, a jet-propelled stockbroker who practically commutes to Europe. He startled me recently by saying that he was travelling on trains

again.

It all began by accident. He was in Paris and had missed his plane to Brussels. It was a grey wintry day, and the concierge suggested that he

go by rail.

My friend hadn't been on a European train for years, and on his way to the Gare du Nord, he already regretted the decision. The prospect of a long lurching ride in a dusty compartment crowded with people peeling oranges was something he felt he shouldn't have let himself in for.

He couldn't have been more off the track. First there were the people. They looked like jet-travellers; women in leopard-skin coats, men with alligator brief-cases. Then there was the train itself. Its shiny, Chinese-red coaches stretched along the rails like a glittering dragon. When he stepped inside he found himself in a long coach furnished in soft blues and greys.

He sank down into his window seat, and the train began to move. Smoothly. Noiselessly. In minutes it had reached 90 miles an hour, streaking across the flat landscape of northern France. There was no clickety-clack; the rails had been continuously welded. He probably couldn't have heard the noise anyway. The train was both air- and sound-conditioned.

Settling back, he pushed a button to adjust his seat. Another button raised the venetian blinds. It was snowing outside, but inside it was cheerful—hardly the uncomfortable, dingy compartment he'd been expecting.

As for the orange peel—a waiter set a table in front of him, taking it from a space in the wall. After studying the menu, he enjoyed a

## Luxurious new Continental trains are showing the world how railways should be run

well-cooked meal-and a bottle of St. Emilion.

At the Belgian border, the train did not stop for the usual frontier formalities. Passport and customs officials, who had travelled on the train from Paris, came to his seat. A money-changer provided him with Belgian currency. Then he put his seat into a reclining position (again by pushing a button) and stared at the sky.

He dozed for a few minutes and was woken up by an announcement that the train was about to arrive in Brussels. In no time at all he was on the station platform, having covered the 200 miles in exactly two and a half hours. The cost: about

This train, the "Etoile du Nord," is not unique. It is one of a new breed of international trains called the TEE (Trans-Europ Express). At the moment, there are 24 of these sleek streamliners covering the Continent with ultra-modern speed but old-time service. They bear evocative names — "L'Oiseau Bleu," "Edelweiss," "Rembrandt," "Parsifal," "Blue Gentian," "Ile-de-France"—and are unbelievably successful. On the Paris-Brussels



run, for example, patronage has increased by 300 per cent in the last few years.

TEE was born through the European's impatience with bumper-to-bumper driving and the uncertainties of flying. European railways have cashed in on this impatience, courting travellers with

new amenities, in addition to speed and comfort. TEE offers secretaries and news stands. It also offers an instant Telex reservation service so that a passenger can order just the kind of seat he wants (backward, forward, window, aisle, smoker, non-smoker) on any TEE in Europe. Telephones are standard equipment.

Trains are "in" again for European celebrities. The late Chancellor Adenauer, for example, always took a TEE to his holiday house in Italy. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton travel on one between their Swiss home and Paris.

The TEE concept was the brainchild of Dr. Franciscus den Holthen president of the lander, Netherlands Railway. For some time he had watched air and car traffic cut into rail revenues, and it outraged his sense of logic. On journeys up to 300 or 400 miles, he felt, the train should be able to compete with other forms of transport —especially when you consider the time it takes to get air passengers from the centre of a city to the airport and vice versa. And further delays result from bad weather, a frequent hazard in Europe.

In 1954 Dr. den Hollander called a meeting of his colleagues from other countries and proposed a new international rail service with greatly increased speeds. Special diesel trains were to be designed, to do away with the switching of engines at frontiers. Additional time could be saved by customs officials riding on the trains, thus eliminating border inspections. Dr. den Hollander wanted nothing less than a superefficient railway network, with its own design, colour, meals and service.

Problems. In principle this bold concept was accepted, but technical problems arose. Some countries wanted diesels, others electric engines. Some wanted to design their own trains. Still others preferred restaurant cars to eating at one's seat.

About all anybody had agreed on when the first TEE rolled out of Amsterdam for Paris were the colours (red and beige), the name, and of course an increased speed.

Even with such limited co-ordination, however, TEE became extremely popular. People didn't seem to mind if the journey took an hour or so longer than by plane; it was more pleasant and more reliable. Success bred more co-operation. Multiple-current engines were built and at a border a driver could change from alternating to direct current, or from 25,000 to 3,000 volts. More routes opened up. Speeds were increased even further.

At fares averaging just over 20 per cent higher than first class, most TEE trains could make money. Some made quite a lot. Although 50 to 60 per cent of capacity is needed to break even, some trains—like the "Cisalpin" on its Paris—Lausanne stretch—operate at 98 per cent

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capacity. At last count, TEE was connecting 100 cities in eight countries, and was still growing.

TEE trains do not have sleepers. The idea is to make journeys so fast that most of them can be completed in half a day. The schedule is arranged with businessmen very much in mind. The route from Zürich to Paris, for example, takes 5 hours and 55 minutes. The longest journey—from Hook of Holland to Geneva—takes 11 hours 45 minutes.

I made a tour of Europe by TEE trains only. My journey aboard the "Rheingold," perhaps the most popular of the trains, was typical. We pulled out of Amsterdam en route to Mannheim on a cold November day. We glided swiftly and quietly over jointless rails, just as dawn was breaking. The flat Dutch landscape—canals, cows and old farmhouses—looked astonishingly like the paintings of Ruysdael and Hobbema.

As we neared the German border, I watched neat gardens race by, then woods of elm, pine, spruce and birch, glinting in the early-morning sun. The "Rheingold" has a special observation car, with a huge, segmented glass bubble on one side like the eye of a giant insect. German businessmen were already there, quaffing beer and reading reports. The train secretary was there too—

a trim, lithe blonde who speaks four languages, can take a letter in any one of them and transpose it to another.

By mid-morning we were in Cologne, looking at the twin towers of the cathedral. Moments later we were following the banks of the busy Rhine. From Koblenz onwards, every seat in the bubble was occupied. Even the businessmen looked up from their reports. For the next 50 miles, we saw ruins, castles, vineyards, crags, black-and-white-timbered towns. And at 1.22 p.m. we pulled into Mannheim, right on time.

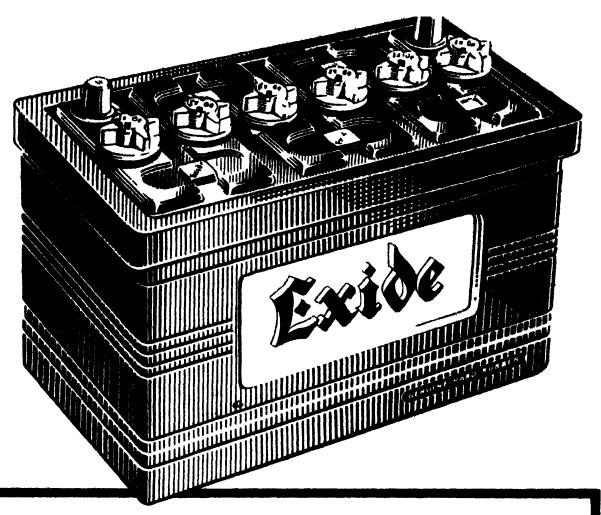
There are now formidable highspeed trains in other countries. Japan's Tokaido line, for example.\* Or Canada's "Rapido," which has cut the Toronto-Montreal run to five hours. Things are beginning to look up in the United States, too. High-speed trains will soon appear on newly-welded tracks between Boston and Washington, where test speeds of 152 m.p.h. have been achieved.

Other countries may follow suit. For TEE's spectacular success has shown that railways do have a future; that the prestige passenger train is still very much alive—and healthier than ever.

See "Japan's Two-Mile-a-Minute Train," Reader's Digest, June 1965.

LITERATURE is mostly about having sex and not much about having children; life is the other way around.—David Lodge, The British Museum

In Falling Down (MacGibbon & Kee, London)



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STILL KEEPS GOING WHEN THE REST HAVE STOPPED

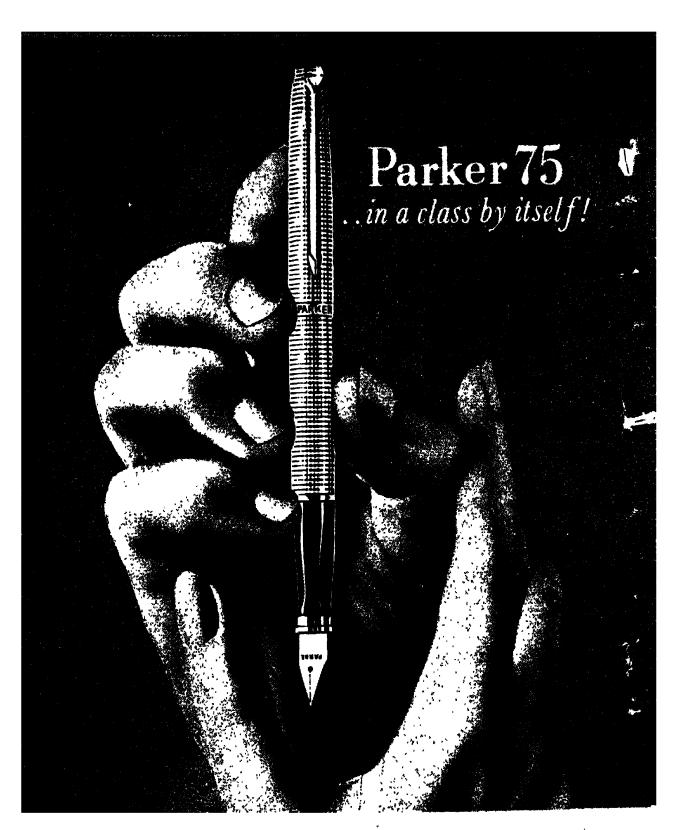
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#### Guide to Girl-Watching

Random comments on man's favourite sport



By RICHARD ARMOUR

that men were never meant to be tied to one woman, I have felt better about "looking around." Consider the situation on a plane—which is where I am a good deal of the time. Most passengers like a window seat where they can gaze at the scenery. I like an aisle seat where I can gaze at the stewardesses.

Clouds are pretty, but stewardesses are prettier. Unlike clouds, they don't keep changing shape every few minutes, and with *their* shapes, why should they?

So I sit in an aisle seat and look at the kind of scenery I like best. And the scenery, which knows I am looking at it, looks back and smiles at me. Maybe laughs at me, considering my age and all that, but I prefer to think not. Perhaps it's the altitude, but when I am in a plane I forget about having almost no hair on top of my head and a perfectly good wife at home.

I love the attention I get from

stewardesses. The way they bring me a tray of sweets and hold it in front of me and trust me to take just one. Or the way they look to see whether my seat belt is fastened, as if they really care.

My biggest thrill is when a pretty stewardess looks into my eyes and says something very intimate and personal, such as, "Could I get you a magazine?" or, "Wouldn't you like a pillow?"

A woman who wants to please a man—either to get him or keep him—should take a plane journey now and again and observe the stewardesses. Or a man can observe the stewardesses himself and make some helpful notes for his wife. These might include such things as "Take off about 15 pounds," "Take off about 15 years," and, "Bring me food and drink every few minutes." You know your own wife, but some husbands may find it advisable to use a suggestion box in their homes and not sign their names.

The airlines do a marvellous job of selecting attractive stewardesses with an appealing seatside manner. But they could do a little more. What I want, in the little pocket in front of me, where they have all the flight charts and escape instructions, is something really helpful, like "Miss Sally Wentworth, 36-22-35, university graduate, interested in modern art and music, designs her own dresses, has read all the latest books, cooks divinely, and has no steady boy friend."

You see, I am not just an old ogler. I am looking for a wife for my son. And even if I don't find someone for him, I will have done my parental duty. Somehow, by feeling that I am doing something worthwhile, the journey seems shorter.

This brings me to the subject of jealousy. I have had dozens of attractive women colleagues, most of them considerably younger than my wife. I have had hundreds of lovely students, several of them beauty queens. I have been with them alone in my office far into the night. I have been with them in remote corners of the library, ostensibly looking for a book.

My wife has never shown the slightest jealousy. Never a word of suspicion or complaint. Indeed, if I did receive a perfumed letter, addressed to me in a feminine hand, with "I love you, I love you, I love you" written along the back of the envelope, she would place it on my desk unopened and not even ask me about it.

It's a little discouraging.

As a matter of fact, my wife not only doesn't mind my looking at beautiful women, she points them out to me.

"Don't look now," she tells me in a restaurant, causing me to whirl round immediately, "but there's a beautiful woman behind you. I wish I had a figure like that."

After I have stared at this luscious creature about as long as I dare without getting punched in the eye

#### THE CHAIN REACTION



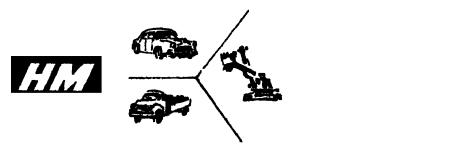
It was in 1942 The automobile industry in the country consisted largely of assembling vehicles imported in a knocked down condition. Hindustan Motors gave it a lead by embarking upon a programme of progressive indigenous manufacture. It was historic indeed when the company launched the first partially manufactured cars in the country.

Since its inception. Hindustan Motors has marketed over half a dozen makes and models of cars and trucks. No mean achievement for an industry still in its nascent stage.

With large number of vehicles already on the road H M Automobile Division is meeting the country's demand for automobiles. The company has diversified its activities and the Heavy Engineering Division has been making progress in the production of overhead travelling cranes shovels structural fabrications etc.

By expanding and diversifying its production year after year creating a network of nation wide, sales and service and developing many hundreds of suppliers and ancillaries, Hindustan Motors has played a significant role in the economic development of the country

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by her escort, my wife finds me another one. "Look over there, next to the man in the light suit. Isn't she gorgeous?"

I look, and she is. My wife has impeccable taste. We make a fine team, she picking them out and I looking.

I always listen with awe and envy to married men who tell me of their conquests. I don't care whether these men do all the things they say they do. I just like to listen.

"There was this girl I met in the supermarket," they begin. "Boy, what a smasher! Well, we got to talking, standing at the meat counter, and would you believe it . . ."

I lean forward. My eyes bulge slightly. I try not to miss a word.

I am just as fascinated when a man who has been divorced several times tells me about his previous wives. It's difficult for me to imagine being married more than once.

I have a friend who has been married four times, and he is very generous in telling me about each of his wives. It seems a little unfair, though. This friend of mine has to pay alimony while I get the benefit of his wisdom free. I am learning so much about women, without running any risk myself, that I really should pay him tuition fees.

But when you've had only one wife, and never expect to have another, this is almost the only way to enlarge your experience about matrimony.

#### Entente Cordiale?

During the French Revolution, an English frigate captured a French transport which had on board the Marquis de Montrond. The captain of the frigate invited the Marquis to dine with him. Seating him on his right, he proposed a toast. "France," he said, "has become a country of brigands, but"—raising his glass and smiling at his guest—"there are some exceptions."

The Marquis de Montrond got to his feet and replied, "To be aboard an English warship is to be already in England, a country comprised only of gentlemen, with"—raising his glass and smiling at his host—
"some exceptions."—Reprinted from No Laurels For De Gaulle by Robert Mengin,

1966 by Farrar, Straus & Giroux

#### Dead Reckoning

To TEST the load capacity of the new Elizabeth Bridge in Budapest, a worker suggested that the Soviet occupying forces stationed in Hungary should march across it. "If it holds," he remarked, "the bridge is good; if it doesn't, it's even better."

—WBNX



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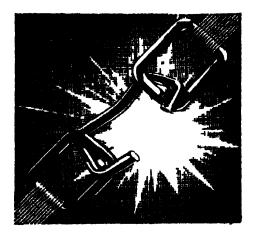
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#### A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

The story of a little girl's touching contribution to her family

A
Question
of Insight

By JEAN BELL MOSLEY

Bible is reserved for noting special dates. Most entries have an explanation of what happened on that day—a birth, a death, a marriage. But some stand alone, as if the writer could not bear to record what had taken place. Such a date, in faded ink, is October 18, 1926.

That day dawned like countless other October mornings in Missouri. There was frost on the stubble fields, faint wood smoke in the air,

mingled with the odours of ripe apples and drying maize sheaves.

After breakfast, my sister Lou and I had our usual lively quarrel over whose turn it was to wash up. We detested this job, mainly because it was so boring. But such bickering did not hide the deep love we had for each other and for all the members of our household, which included Grandma and Grandpa.

On our way to school that day, we passed Mrs. Zimmer's house. She

called a cheerful greeting and asked us to stop on our way home for a jar of the apple jam she was making. Farther along, we saw Mr. Schmidt leading his sheep from one pasture to another. From behind a small hill we saw smoke rising from Harvey's mill. One remembers well the little details of such a day.

At school, the corridors were crowded, and there was noisy pushing and shoving. I overheard one teacher complain bitterly to another that children were self-centred little ingrates with no sensitivity and no perception of the rights and needs of others.

Back home from school, I was laying the table for supper when there came a knock at the door. It was Mr. Holly, a friend and co-worker of our father's at the mines. His face was white and his hands were shaking. "Is your mother at home?" he asked.

"What is it?" Mother asked, already at the door, pushing me aside.

"There's been an accident, Mrs. Bell," Mr. Holly said gently.

"Wilson?" Mother asked, hardly above a whisper.

Mr. Holly nodded and went on hurriedly to explain how fortunate they had been to get the Iron Mountain fast train to stop and take Dad to St. Louis. "It's his arm. Caught in a belt. But he is in hospital and receiving the best of care."

Mother had already taken off her apron and was smoothing her hair. "Now," she said, turning to us and

Grandma and Grandpa, who were by this time gathered at the door, "I'll be gone for a few days. Be good children. Go to school and help with the chores as usual. Everything will be all right."

But everything was not all right. Grandpa, who made the trip to St. Louis a few days later, returned to tell us that our father might lose his arm. (He had already lost it, but Grandpa thought the bad news should be given to us by degrees.)

When Mother returned we knew the truth, and it was a harsh reality from which our young minds recoiled. Surely, any day now, we would hear it was a mistake, that the arm—the great muscled black-smith's arm that had cradled us and carried us and swung us in the air—would have been sewn back on.

Mother said, "When Dad comes home, you are not to cry in his presence, nor act as if any great change had occurred. Just go on as usual. Life does, you know. And it is the way he wants it."

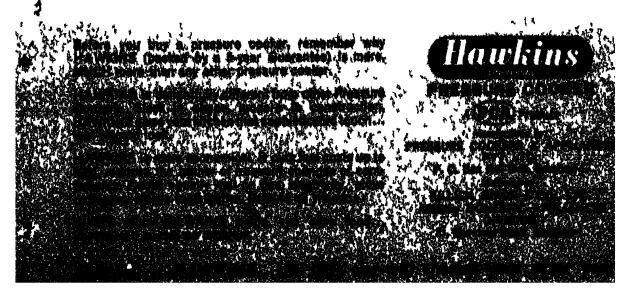
Go on as usual! Was Mother so grief-stricken she didn't know what she was saying?

Dad was brought home in the night. We heard every movement, although we pretended to be asleep. Mother had said that he would be tired from the trip and that the morning would be a better time for us to see him. The night seemed endless. What would we do? What would we say? How would he look?

Next morning, he looked pale and



#### but *Hawkins* does more, *much* more



thin, sitting in a chair by the kitchen fireplace. Firelight shone through the long empty sleeve. In time one gets accustomed to a one-armed hug. But that first one—the horrible gap, the missing pressure—hurt all over, especially in the throat.

Grandma found something to do in the pantry as we stood there beside Dad, asking, stilted and formal, as if he were some visiting stranger, how he was. Mother, with her back to us, kneaded together the rolls she had shaped and did them all over again. Grandpa went to fetch a bucket of water.

Nothing was right. When Grandma came out of the pantry, she walked on tiptoe. When Grandpa came back from the well, he should have said that it would be a good time to take the hounds hunting on Simms Mountain. At the breakfast table, Mother passed the apple jam and said, "This is some of Mrs. Zimmer's," but her voice was too high.

Somehow Lou and I felt compelled to eat the inside of our rolls, which we usually scraped out wastefully, preferring only the crust. But soft as it was, and righteous as eating it made me feel, it stuck in my throat. Go on as usual! How?

Eventually Lou pushed back her chair. "It's your turn to wash up," she said to me.

I distinctly remembered it was

not. I had washed up the supper dishes the night before and broken one of Grandma's good rosesprigged dessert plates. But I said nothing. To start quarrelling there, first thing, in front of Dad just home with that empty sleeve, would be indelicate.

"It is your turn, so there," Lou said, as if I'd protested. There was the usual quarrelsome tone in her voice. I looked at her in horror. Was she being colossally insensitive?

Then a little, almost imperceptible quiver in her eye made me stop, open-mouthed. I saw something in that quiver—my sister's perceptiveness- and felt its quick contagion.

"It is not," I said, flaring up properly.

"It is!"

"It most certainly is not!"

"Children, children," Mother said, in a quiet, natural, happy kind of voice.

We turned to her, but on the way I caught a fleeting glimpse of Dad's face. He was smiling, a sort of good, coming-home-at-last smile.

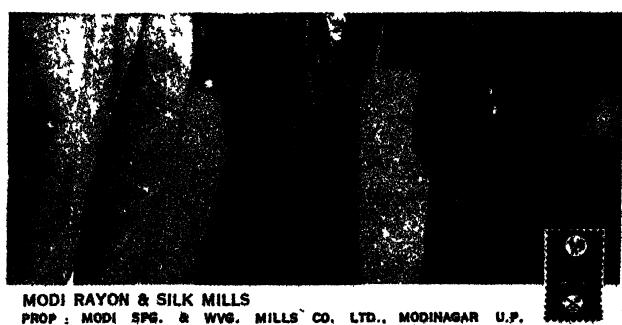
So now, these many years later, I look at that written date and wonder. Should I write, "The day Wilson Bell lost his arm"? No, I think not. Some time I may write down my answer to the teacher's accusation that day. I'll write, "Children do have perception!" I might even add, "And don't you forget it."

Communists are always planting seeds of discontent and it's up to us to see that they have crop failures.

—W. J. B.



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Often the solution to our most difficult problems lies simply in facing things as they are—and adding two words

### The Way of Acceptance

By ARTHUR GORDON

Some YEARS ago, two friends of ours were given the heart-breaking news that their teenage son was going blind, that nothing could be done. Everyone was torn with pity for them, but they remained calm and uncomplaining. One night, as we left their house, I tried to express my admiration for their fortitude.

I remember how the boy's father looked up at the stars. "Well," he said, "it seems to me that we have three choices. We can curse life for doing this to us, and look for some way to express our grief and rage. Or we can grit our teeth and endure it. Or we can accept it. The first

alternative is useless. The second is sterile and exhausting. The third is the only way."

The way of acceptance . . . How often that path is rejected by people who refuse to admit limitations, who hide behind denials and excuses, who react to trouble with resentment and bitterness. And how often, conversely, when one makes the first painful move towards repairing a damaged relationship, or even a broken life, that move involves acceptance of some thorny and difficult reality that must be faced before the rebuilding can begin.

It's a law that seems to run like a

shining thread through the whole vast tapestry of life. Take alcoholism, for instance—that grim and mysterious disease. Where does recovery begin? It begins with acceptance of the unacceptable, with the uncompromising four words with which members of Alcoholics Anonymous introduce themselves at meetings: "I am an alcoholic."

Or take a failing marriage. Any marriage counsellor will tell you that no reconciliation ever succeeds unless it involves acceptance of the other partner, faults and all, as a fallible, imperfect human being. And acceptance, too, of the fact that the blame for the trouble must be shared.

Difficult? It's hideously difficult. But in terms of courage and cheerfulness and ultimate happiness, the rewards can be beyond measure. I knew a man once, an Anglican clergyman, who through some hereditary affliction was deaf and almost blind. But he went on preaching, visiting the sick, listening to people with his hearing aid, laughing uproariously at jokes, giving away huge portions of himself and having a marvellous time.

One Christmas I went with him to buy some trifle in a crowded shop. On the back of the entrance door was a mirror, so placed that as we turned to leave, my friend's reflection came forward to meet him.

Thinking that someone else was approaching, he stepped aside. So, naturally, did the image. He moved

forward and once more met himself. Again he retreated.

By now an uneasy hush had fallen on the spectators. No one quite knew what to say or do. But on his third advance my companion realized that he was facing a mirror. "Why," he cried, "it's only me!" He made a grand bow. "Good to see you, old boy! Merry Christmas!" The whole shop exploded in delighted laughter, and I heard someone murmur, "That man really has what it takes." What "it" was, surely, was the gift of acceptance -acceptance of limitations that in turn brought the power to transcend them.

Is there any way to be receptive to this gift, to learn to rebound from the inevitable slings and arrows that wound the ego and try the soul? One way is to face your difficulty, your problem, your loss, to look at it unflinchingly, and then to add two unconquerable words: and yet.

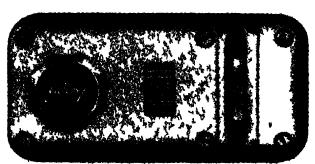
Last summer, I met a man who had been a sky-diver until, on his nineteenth jump, his parachute failed to open fully and his emergency chute wrapped itself round the partially collapsed main chute. He slammed into a dry lake bed at 60 m.p.h. The doctors thought this broken remnant of a man would never leave his hospital bed. They told him so, and he sank into black despair.

But in the hospital he had frequent visits from another patient, a man whose spinal cord had been

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severed in a car accident. This man would never walk, would never, in fact, move a finger again. But he was always cheerful. "I certainly don't recommend my situation to anyone," he would say. "And yet I can read, I can listen to music, I can

talk to people . . . "

And yet: those two words alter the focus from what has been lost to what remains—and to what may still be gained. They gave such hope and determination to the sky-diver that he came through his ordeal and today walks without a limp.

Some people confuse acceptance with apathy, but there's all the difference in the world. Apathy fails to distinguish between what can and what cannot be helped; acceptance makes that distinction. Apathy paralyses the will-to-action; acceptance frees it be relieving it of impossible burdens.

There was no apathy in the acceptance of our friends whose son lost his sight. They helped him to learn Braille. They convinced him that a life could be useful and happy even though it had to be lived in darkness. He's doing splendidly at university now, and his attitude seems to be a cheerful, "My handicap's blindness. What's yours?"

In such cases, acceptance liberates people by breaking the chains of self-pity. Once you accept the blow, the disappointment, you're freefree to go on to new endeavours that

may turn out magnificently.

I remember being given a glimpse

of this truth quite early in elife. Home for a brief visit during my first year at university, I was faced with the unpleasant necessity of telling my parents that my brave plans for working my way through

were not succeeding at all.

The field I had chosen involved selling. Undergraduates ran the concessions for such things as drycleaning and laundry, and first-year students could compete for positions in these organizations by selling service contracts. I waited until my last night at home. Then I told my parents that I had done my best, but that I was not going to be among the successful candidates.

"Why not?" my father asked.

Nothing is so indelible as the memory of failure. I remember how the coal fire muttered in the grate, and the tawny light flickered on the shadowy bookcases. "Because," I said slowly, "I'm a terrible salesman. I get self-conscious and discouraged. Other people do the job much better. I'm in the wrong pew, that's all."

I waited for the remonstrance, the exhortation, the you-can-do-it-ifyou-really-try lecture. But the room remained silent. At last, my father laughed gently. "Well," he said, . "that's all right. It's just as important to learn what you can't do as what you can. Now let's forget about that and talk about getting you into the right pew!"

Accept, forget, move on: some great men have ordered their lives

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#### READER'S DIGEST

along those lines. Abraham Lincoln once told a visitor that in the fiery crucible of the American Civil War he did the best he could, regardless of criticism, and would do it to the end.

"If the end brings me out all right," he added, "what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference." It was his way of describing his acceptance of the frightful responsibility, the awful loneliness of the Presidency.

Just as acceptance has its rewards, so non-acceptance has its penalties. We knew a couple once who had three children. The oldest was a girl, sweet-tempered, but very slow. It was clear that there was a degree of mental retardation, but the parents could not bring themselves to accept it.

They tried to pretend that the child had normal abilities. They sent her to schools where she could not

keep up. They begged for performance that she could not give. They tried to rearrange the world to fit her limitations, meanwhile neglecting the emotional needs of their other children. They meant well; they thought they were doing the right thing. But their refusal to accept their child as she really was made life a burden for all of them.

Perhaps in the long run the beginning of wisdom lies in the simple admission that things are not always the way we would like them to be, that we ourselves are not so good or so kind or so hard-working as we would like to believe. And yet . . . and yet . . . with each sun that rises there is a new day, a new challenge, a new opportunity for doing better.

"O Lord," goes one variation of the old prayer, "grant me the strength to change things that need changing, the courage to accept things that cannot be changed, and the wisdom to know the difference."

People have called it the prayer of acceptance. They are right.

#### Vicious Circle

THE PRODUCER was very self-satisfied. He often said: "I'm all the happier with my success because, I have to admit, I started from nowhere."

Whereupon someone murmured: "He must have bought a return ticket."

—Jean Nohain, La Traversée du XX'eme Siècle

#### For Better or Worse?

A London schoolmaster was asked whether the evacuation of his pupils to the country during the war had had much effect on their speech. "Not much," he replied. "They went away saying 'We was' and came back saying 'Us be.'"

—G. L. Brook, English Dielects (André Deutsch)

A visit to the West Indies—exotic world of carnival and mystery



Mardi Gras in Trinidad, a dazzling pageant of elaborate costumes and swirling colours

#### Voodoo Islands of the

Caribbean

You'll find many strange things in Trinidad and the Windward Islands," said my friend Jock, a ruddy-faced Canadian who had been in the West Indies for many years. "Things like black magic—voodoo doctors round here are two a penny. Keep your eyes open and you'll see for yourself."

As he spoke, our plane soared off from Antigua into the cloudless sky. Swiftly the blue waters swept past

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

beneath us, then the island of Guadeloupe, so criss-crossed with wide yellow paths that it resembled a jigsaw puzzle. Ahead, through a smoky canopy of clouds, I glimpsed towering mountains.

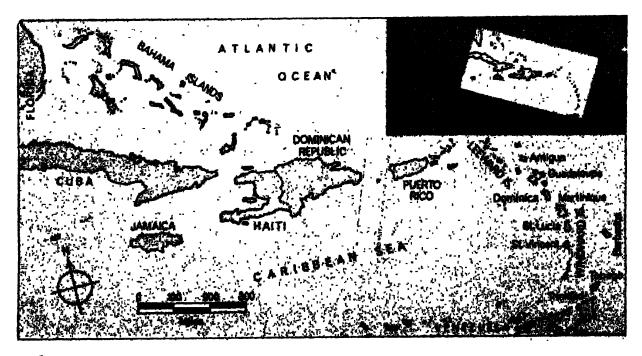
"That's Dominica," Jock remarked, "where you will visit the Carib Indians. They were once cannibals, you know, the terror of the islands. They particularly liked to eat white men."

From the airstrip a government official and I set off by jeep through an endless forest, tangles of towering trees and giant ferns. In these dark recesses, the fierce Caribs held their weird cannibalistic ceremonies; from here they went out to massacre their enemies. Now, centuries after the Spanish conquerors had either exterminated the tribes or shipped them off to die in foreign lands, only 500 pure Caribs

are left, living on a remote reservation.

We made our way up rivers and creeks and along mountain trails until my backbone seemed like jelly. At last we reached a few pathetic huts, a tiny church and a school. The Caribs who gathered round the jeep were in extraordinary contrast to the Negroes who now occupy the islands. Shy, with slanting eyes and yellowish skin, they eke out a frugal living from agriculture and fishing.

An elderly Čarib started beating a drum and several old women began to dance, stamping on the ground with their bare feet. Suddenly their whole manner changed. Delicately lifting up their skirts, they began to sway to and fro in the graceful steps of a Louis XIV quadrille. Somehow, during the French occupation of the island in



the seventeenth century, they had seen these courtly movements, and added the steps to their own primitive rhythms. A moment later the drum throbbed loudly and their bare feet were noisily pounding the hard earth again.

I left Dominica next morning, flying to the French island of Martinique. On arriving there I took a taxi to Fort-de-France, the capital. All along the road men and women were carrying enormous burdens on their heads. Often the faces and even the costumes looked the same; it would have required little imagination to believe that I was deep in the Congo.

"They will carry anything on their heads, Señor," remarked a South American riding with me in the taxi. "I have seen a man riding a bicycle with another on his head."

We reached Fort-de-France, and

drove on towards the now dormant volcano, Mount Pelée. At last we arrived at the ruins of St. Pierre. Here in the shadow of its grim destroyer lay all that was left of a once busy city. On May 8, 1902, the volcano had erupted, and in seconds the entire population—except for one man—was annihilated in one of the greatest disasters of human history.\*

"It was terrible, this eruption, Monsieur," said a wrinkled old Frenchwoman visiting the museum in the midst of the ruins. From a distance, she told me, she had witnessed the city's destruction. "It need not have been so. The smoke and the lava and the earthquakes, we had seen and felt them days before. But the governor did not wish the inhabitants of St. Pierre to leave

\* See "Day of Doom in Martinique," Reader's Digest, January 1962.



Fishermen mending their nets on a quiet Martinique beach







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Mongo COAP because an election was coming up and he feared to lose their votes. So he told them there was no danger. He had much to answer for when he appeared before the good Lord—the lives of 30,000 people."

The snowy-haired old man who acted as the museum guide spoke up. "It was a day I shall never forget," he said. "I am 70, I look 90. Anyone who saw this eruption grew

20 years older overnight."

I stayed in Martinique for a few days, journeying to sugar and banana plantations where life went on much as it had in earlier centuries. One day with Max, my young French escort, I drove to a remote part of the island, unvisited by tourists.

There, we saw a mongoose. These are the animals whose ancestors were brought in many years ago from India to kill the fer-de-lance, a deadly snake once common in many of the islands.

"The mongoose isn't what he used to be," Max remarked. "He was brought here to kill snakes, yes—but it's much easier to kill chickens. He's so destructive with poultry now that he's more of a nuisance than a blessing."

On the way back to Fort-de-France we passed a fishing village where I saw a fisherman violently whipping his nets with a stick. I learned it was because they had caught no fish that day. Our conversation turned to superstition and black magic, and we called in at the home of a

Frenchman who had made a special study of voodoo.

"It's logical that voodoo, or obeah, as we call it, has flourished in the Indies," he said. "The natives were brought here as slaves from Africa and their witch doctors naturally came along too. There are many educated and cultured Negroes in the islands, but most of the population is still very backward."

"That's why you needn't be surprised to see a chicken hanging by a string from a tree or a candle burning at night in the middle of the road," said the Frenchman's brother, a quiet-spoken lawyer.

Our host continued. "I know a priest who swears that he had a girl parishioner who was the victim of obeah. This girl was loved by a man but she disliked him, so he asked a witch doctor how he could get the girl in his power. The witch doctor gave him a drug which he dropped into her food and which made her appear to die. She was buried soon afterwards.

"The night after the funeral the rejected lover went to the graveyard, opened the coffin and gave the girl a potion that brought her back to life. But although her body was restored, she had no mind or will. The drug had destroyed part of her brain. She remained this man's slave for several years, and then, strangely enough, recovered. The priest told me that she is now at a convent in France."

"Like the priest," said our host,

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#### VOODOO ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN

"I'm convinced that, occasionally, automatons like that girl have been created by the voodoo doctors. Sceptic that I am, I've seen too much to leave any doubt."

I went on to another island, Saint Lucia, where I had arranged to meet my Canadian friend Jock. From there we journeyed to Saint Vincent, only a short distance across the water. The island was peaceful, with such gentle, soft-spoken inhabitants that all thoughts of black magic were driven from my mind. From my hotel window I could see the tiny island of Bequia; to my astonishment I heard that the natives there caught whales.

I set out for a fishing village on the jagged Saint Vincent coast. As we approached I heard singing in the distance. I discovered that the music was coming from two Carib dug-outs being rowed to shore. While I watched, shouts of joy went up and the entire population dashed down to the beach. The singing meant that the boatmen had caught a whale. In fact, they had caught

Nearer and nearer they came, towing their unwieldy prizes. The boatmen, sturdy figures with harpoons made of long bamboo poles, looked as though they had just emerged from Moby Dick. I listened to the words of their song with unbelieving ears: they were singing an old English sea shanty! In this day of whaling crews with electronic depth finders, elaborate harpoon



Carnival cartwheel: a highly original alphabetical costume

guns and boats as big as ocean liners, I was witnessing a scene I thought had vanished over a century ago.

Since coming to the islands I had looked forward to the Trinidad Carnival which marks the period just before Lent. I arrived in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad's capital, late at night, and went to a hotel. Shortly after going to bed, a terrific commotion roused me. Peering drowsily out of the window, I saw half a dozen enormous devils and giant bats executing a weird dance to the sound of a wildly beaten drum. It was 3.30 in the morning. Mardi Gras, the last day of the Trinidad Carnival, had begun.

I got up, and with my friend Jock drove slowly through the teeming city. The streets were a fantastic mass of colour full of gay Carnival costumes—Red Indians and ancient Babylonians, Egyptian queens and

Russian tsars. Steel bands were playing their strident calypso music, and the crowds, following the rhythm, were doing the "jump-up." This is a curious, jerky dance step as though a frog had begun to leap away in fright and, suddenly changing its mind, had stopped with

a jerk in mid-air.

"Everybody takes part in the Carnival," Jock commented. "But it's mostly the poorer people you see out there—clerks and labourers and oil workers. They'll save up all year out of their scanty incomes to spend Rs. 1,470 on an elaborate costume of velvet and rich brocade. That Marie Antoinette may be a salesgirl and Napoleon may be a barber.

Scattered among the musicians are calypso singers. The calypso was created in the days of slavery when plantation owners ordered the Negroes not to play their drums, for fear the rhythm would excite them to rebellion. But singing was not forbidden. The slaves would stand in front of their masters' houses on the night of a gay party and make up songs about the passing guests, relating scandalous happenings in ribald rhyme.

All that day the celebration continued in a dazzling spectacle such as I had never seen before. The formal processions ended with darkness, but the merriment did not slacken. As the time neared midnight, we drove to the poorer part of town and inched our way through the swirling crowds. Bats and devils

and Red Indians and Zulus surged round us. The crowds were still doing the jump-up, but their once frog-like elasticity and abandon had vanished. Then a bell somewhere in the distance struck 12. As though a spring inside them had broken, the dancing automatons suddenly collapsed like weary dolls.

The Carnival was over.

I spent a few days in Trinidad while the excitement of Carnival gave way to the quiet of Lent. Everywhere I saw mosques and Hindu temples and beautiful girls in graceful saris. For almost a third of the population is East Indian, descendants of the Hindu labourers brought here over a hundred years ago to take the place of Negroes just freed from slavery.

Mystery. Everywhere there existed an air of the exotic. And often I heard rumours of black magic. I told Jock that I would like to see something of the Shango, that curious cult in which voodoo plays such an important part. Shango is widespread over the island, even though voodoo ceremonies rigidly suppressed by the police.

Jock phoned me the next morning. "I've found a man to take you to a Shango priestess," he announced. "He'll call for you in ten minutes."

From Port-of-Spain we drove for an hour through villages surrounded by palm groves, then twisted up a steep hill to a dingy, wooden-walled compound set in a

#### You need a torch in an emergency



grove of banana trees. At the battered gate, the driver knocked loudly. A servant appeared and there was a hurried consultation. A moment later I was ushered through the gate towards a thatched hut. A middle-aged woman came out to meet me—a towering figure, perhaps six feet tall, clad in a gaudy blue robe and wearing a shabby gilded crown. Her face was intelligent. But her eyes were crafty; her mouth was hard. At first she looked at me with deep suspicion, but after talking together for some time she softened. "I will show you the Temple," she declared.

She guided me round the thatched building and I saw that this Shango cult was an extraordinary mixture and distortion of three religions— Anglican, Catholic and Hindu—all set on a base of African voodoo. Here were rats' tails and dried lizards, goats' feet, cocks' combs and all the other trappings of witchcraft. Mingled with these were shrines to the Virgin Mary and various saints, as well as statues of Hindu gods. Here and there in front of a shrine a black voodoo candle burned. Along the walls was a vicious collection of axes, hatchets, long daggers and sharp knives, weapons I knew were used in grim animal sacrifices.

In front of the hut we saw a few chickens and ducks and a well-fed goat—all of which would soon die in some cruel Shango ceremony.

Just before we left, the priestess led us to a small wooden building at the far end of the compound. She unlocked the door.

I walked inside and received a shock I will never forget. On the floor lay what were apparently the dead bodies of two men, wearing the white Hindu robes. Their heads were swathed in bandages so that no trace of eyes or mouth or nose was visible. I could see no sign of movement in their stone-like legs or arms, no trace of breathing. It was as though I had stepped into a funereal chamber, with two Egyptian mummies prepared for burial in some ancient tomb.

The Shango priestess looked at me in triumph. "They are being purified," she said.

As I walked with her slowly across the compound, she turned to me in apology. "I am sorry," she said. "We cannot dance to the drums. It is Lent."

I left for home not long afterwards. I have not yet found an explanation for that strange experience on the hill beyond Port-of-Spain. Whether the two seemingly lifeless figures were drugged, or hypnotized into a state of suspended animation, only the Shango priestess could say.

The Windward Islands and Trinidad are truly islands of mystery.



## THE MAN FROM MISSIAN TO THE MAN FROM MISSIAN THE MAN FROM MISSIAN TO THE MAN FROM MISSIAN THE MAN F

BY GREVILLE WYNNE

#### THE MAN FROM MOSCOW

Greville Wynne, a British businessman, made world headlines in 1962 when he was arrested for spying and tried by a Russian court. Found guilty, he was sentenced to eight years imprisonment, but after 12 horrifying months was released in an East-West exchange.

Now, for the first time, Wynne tells his own story of his work for British Intelligence. He describes the long years of preparation, his "business" trips to Eastern Europe, and finally his contact with Oleg Penkovsky, the Soviet Colonel who became one of the most valuable secret agents ever to aid the West.

There was a pale light in the sky and a great stillness. As I came down the pavilion steps I felt a stab of danger. The palms of my hands were wet. The Hungarian delegates whom I had been entertaining for the last two hours had suddenly melted away, leaving me alone with Ambrus, my interpreter. I had never trusted him.

Half-way down the steps Ambrus asked where I was dining and I said I did not know. Ambrus said there was a nice place in Buda, with an Italian dancer. He made suggestive curves with his hands and laughed in a coarse way, and to my

super-alerted mind this seemed like a clumsy attempt to distract me. But I did not run away. There was really nowhere to run to. I could see my caravans not a hundred yards away under the trees, and I knew I would never reach them.

They were beautiful caravans, built to my own design for trade exhibitions. There was a motorized unit and a trailer, each with two compartments for exhibiting tools and machine equipment. That was their official purpose. Their unofficial purpose was to give me one last excuse for going to the Soviet Union to see the person with whom I had been deeply concerned for six years

—Oleg Penkovsky. One of the caravans contained a concealed space just big enough for a man to lie down in, and if possible I was to smuggle Penkovsky out to the West London (I mean those I worked for) was very anxious to save him

The party had started at five o'clock There had been plenty to drink, and long tables covered with tasty snacks Between the toasts and compliments, I introduced the Brit ish manufacturers' representatives to the Hungarian delegates and took them in twos and threes to the exhibits in the caravans Then back to the liquor—Hungarians are great drinkers

It was an important party, for if Budapest was a success, it would be a step towards a similar show in the Soviet Union. Gallons of liquor had disappeared in the good cause—and then the guests had vanished, and I was alone with Ambrus among the empty bottle-laden tables

At the bottom of the pavilion steps I turned to speak, but Ambrus had gone I saw him across the drive Between him and me four men had appeared as if by magic. They were all short and thickset and wore their trilby hats at the same angle One of them said quietly, "Mr Veen?" and I said, "Yes, that is my name" And then, with the danger filling me, I shouted to Ambrus and he called back, "It's all right, they speak good English," and walked away

A car had drawn up beside us. I was tripped and my arms were



On the first day of his trial in Moscow, Greville Wynne (left) stands in the dock with Oleg Penkousky (right)

was opened and I was hurled inside. As I fell headfirst, I grabbed the far handle, opened the door and yelled to my driver, Charles. He was standing by the caravans. I had been trained—if and when this thing happened—to let someone know at any cost. In the second before the door slammed against my head, I saw Charles swing round and wave and start running towards the car. Then I was kicked in the kidneys by heavy feet, and something metal hit my temple.

#### Prisoner of the Russians

THAT was about 7 p.m. on November 2, 1962.

When I came to, I was wedged in the bottom of the moving car, my hands handcuffed behind me, the men's feet on my back, and blood all over my face. We stopped and I was dragged out, half-conscious, and hauled through the gates of a prison. Dazed, I saw that they had ripped off the lapels of my jacket (lapels are where agents hide poison). In a dirty room, a civilian sprawled at a dirty desk, picking his nose.

"So you are Mr. Veen?"

"Yes."

"Why do you spy on us?"

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Ha!"

He was filthy, unshaven, and looked as if he had not been to bed for a week. For a full minute he stared at me. Then he gave an order in Russian, and I was stripped naked. With a torch and a metal probe they examined every orifice in my body. They were not gentle.

That was the beginning of their long attempt to degrade me. It was also the moment when I started to despise them. I despised them for daring to think they could degrade me and also because they themselves were so slovenly and dirty.

More than my training, more than love of my country, it was this fury of contempt which in the end saved me. Day and night for the next 18 months I was to generate such loathing for these caricatures of humanity that, although I was their prisoner, their power over me was totally destroyed.

I was told to dress, then taken to a cell, without food. I must have slept, for the night passed quickly, but it seemed to me that I lay horribly awake. The blood on my head and face had dried, but I had nothing to wipe it off with except my spittle and handkerchief. My head throbbed. I kept thinking that at any moment the door would open and I would be rescued by the British Minister. Charles must have told someone.

I know a man who worked on a band-saw. One day he was careless, and the next moment his severed hand was lying in the sawdust at his feet. He said that for at least a minute he simply stared at it. He could see his hand, his own hand, lying there motionless, and it seemed to

him utterly impossible that this could really have happened.

This was how I felt that night about being a prisoner of the Russians.

Next morning I was taken by Soviet military aircraft to Moscow. I told myself that the British ambassador would be waiting at the airport. He was not. Instead, I saw a line of armed soldiers, several fierce Alsatian dogs and a black prison van. The image of the British ambassador faded from my mind like a child's drawing wiped from the slate. I knew only too well what happened to agents caught by the Russians. My training had been thorough and explicit.

When I was taken through the gates of a prison built on a hillside, I knew where I was. Lubyanka! The most famous prison in the U.S.S.R. Many times, strolling with Penkovsky through the streets of Moscow, I had seen the outside of those grim walls. Now I saw the inside.

My cell had a metal bed—too heavy to move—a tiny high window and a tepid radiator. I was left for an hour, then taken to an interrogation room. A general, a lieutenant-colonel and an interpreter were my questioners. We were perfectly polite to each other. The general said he knew all about me and it was just a question of my signing a confession. I said I did not know what he was talking about. We repeated this simple exchange several times. I was then taken to another

room and my Budapest baggage was emptied on to a table, and there were many questions about my toilet accessories (unlike those in Russia). A corporal made a grave inventory and they were taken away.

Back in my cell I was given my first food for 24 hours: a mug of weak tea without milk, a bowl of thin soup and some black bread. I made it last as long as I could, paying deliberate and slow attention to every moment of mastication, every act of swallowing. I knew that ahead of me stretched endless empty hours. They would have to be filled, and only my own resources could fill them.

When the last crumb and drop were gone, I sat on my bed, listening. The guard passed regularly, but I could not hear his footsteps because there was a rug in the corridor and he wore soft slippers. All I could hear was the clicking of the spy hole in my door—like the ticking of a monstrous great-grandfather clock whose pendulum swung only every two minutes. Instead of seconds and minutes, the snail-like mechanism of this clock recorded the months, the years. London had warned me to be prepared for five years in prison. It was impossible to comprehend such a length of time.

I began saying the alphabet very slowly. It was important to keep my mind occupied so it would not fly to dangerous subjects, to things so terrible that to dwell on them would bring despair and madness. Then I

started recalling the plots of films. But, behind whatever I thought, there hovered the spectre of the bravest man I had ever met—Oleg Penkovsky, colonel in the Red Army, a senior member of the Communist Party, high in the Soviet Military Intelligence Service, yet perhaps the most valuable agent who ever aided the West.

### The Solitary Russian

OLEG PENKOVSKY was a great patriot, but because he loved the Russian people and hated their rulers, he assembled a vast file of topmost Soviet secrets, military, economic and political, which would, he hoped, enable the Western powers to contain and even to overthrow the tyrannical regime that controlled his country. (Without this information President Kennedy could not have handled Khrushchev as he did during the Cuban crisis.)

I was the agent, chosen and trained by British Intelligence, who first made contact with Penkovsky, who arranged for him to bring his secrets to London, who for 18 months was his close accomplice in Moscow, England and Paris, who became—and I claim this with pride—his friend.

Oleg, or "Alex" as he liked me to call him, was a great companion, fond of good living, always well dressed (a rarity in the Soviet Union), and physically very strong. His eyes, clear and deep-set, were magic to women. He had a straight

back and a quick walk, and always kept himself in first-class condition. "No, Greville, taxis are bad for you. Let us walk."

Often I have been asked, "But Penkovsky was born a Russian. Therefore, was he not a traitor?"

My answer is this:

"We live in a free society; our governments, which we have the power to eject, come and go. To give away our secrets would betray the freedom we take for granted. But suppose our government were shanghaied by a gang of criminals who, once in power, could never constitutionally be thrown out? Suppose that to raise your voice against the government meant life imprisonment or death? Suppose we had secret police and no free elections? Would you still say that to work against the government was an act of treason?"

Penkovsky thought not, and I agree with him.

For years he worked alone, unable to share his plans with a living soul. And from the moment he was first noticed by British Intelligence, it was more than five years before I was able to make contact with him. It is a story of patience and foresight in high degree. This is how it happened.

IN THE summer of 1955, Colonel Oleg Penkovsky was the assistant Soviet military attaché in Ankara, Turkey. He was, besides, senior assistant in the Chief Intelligence



NEW SHORROCK (SHORROCK), Ahmedabad. NEW SHORROCK, Nadiad. STANDARD, Sombay. STANDARD (NEW CHINA), Sombay. STANDARD, Deway, SASSOON Bombay. SASSOON (NEW UNION), Sombay. SURAT COTTON, Surat. MAFATLAL FINE, Naviari. MIHIR TEXTILES, Ahmedabad.

Directorate of the Red Army, the GRU.

In Ankara Penkovsky's social life was ready-made. He had an attractive wife and was welcome in the narrow circle of Soviet functions. His official work was not arduous, and the evenings were filled with parties and receptions. It was a gay, somewhat exhausting life, to which Colonel Penkovsky reacted in a manner strictly against Soviet rules. He formed a habit of slipping away alone for a stroll round the city or a glass of wine at one of the pavement catés. If a junior officer had done this he would have been in trouble, but Penkovsky was high enough up to break the rules.

A British Intelligence agent saw the Soviet colonel sitting alone, saw the glass pause between table and lips, noted, not once but on many evenings, the faraway expression—and told London. And London, sensitive to the smallest oddities of behaviour, paused to reflect.

It might mean nothing. A man was certainly free to have a drink alone, though a Soviet officer was less free. But why so often? Why no companion? And why the faraway expression? Could it not suggest a restlessness? A dissatisfaction? An intention, perhaps?

There was little to go on, but it was enough. From this seed of observation arose the greatest act of prevision in the history of espionage. For London decided that if and when—no matter how long it took or where it occurred—Penkovsky wanted to give information, whatever it might be, then he would find at his elbow someone to whom he would naturally, without suspicion, turn for help and co-operation.

Great delicacy was needed, for a frontal approach was impossible. Colonel Penkovsky was transferred back to Moscow, where he joined the Fourth Directorate of Military Intelligence. Reports from our agents showed that his behaviour pattern was still the same; now the problem was to insert the right man at the right time into Moscow itself.

No regular British agent in the Soviet Union was in a position to do the job. Someone new was needed. Someone who could travel without suspicion, and whose work in Russia was bona fide; who could be steered towards Penkovsky at the right time; who would not know until the last moment what his real mission was, for perfectly natural behaviour can be achieved better by ignorance than by acting.

The obvious choice was a businessman, preferably one who had already travelled extensively, so that an entry into Russia would seem natural. There were many such men, but they were not trained for Intelligence, and no crash programme could give a man what he would most need in a crisis—experience.

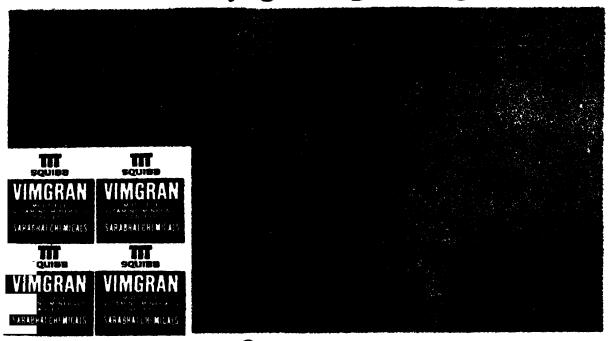
So London wanted someone who had already worked for them, who had proved himself as an agent, and

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who now, ten years after the war, was established in some acceptable field of international commerce.

The man they chose was me.

It is important that you know my background. I served in Intelligence during the Second World War, after which I became a trader in electrical equipment, travelling to the Far East, to India, and throughout Europe. I married Sheila, had a son, Andrew, and bought a home in Chelsea.

Then, late in 1955, after ten years as a civilian, when I did not expect to hear from my former friends in Intelligence—men whose Christian names were false and whose surnames I never knew—the phone rang and a voice said, "James here—remember?" and he added an address where I did my training.

We met for lunch, and though James asked me what I had been doing, I was sure he knew, because when I mentioned the Far East, he said, "India, too, I believe." And after coffee he said, "Why not branch out a bit?"

"Where would you suggest?"

"Well, business is fairly brisk in Eastern Europe," James said; beckoning to a waiter.

There was no other briefing. I knew I was being offered an assignment, but when and where it would take place I had no idea. If I had wished to refuse I could have said that Eastern Europe did not interest me. By saying nothing I accepted.

I began with Poland, Commercial

visits take time to arrange, and it was not until early the following year that I first went to Warsaw. Back in London James said, "Fine, Greville. Keep it up. And don't be afraid of branching out."

So I went to other Balkan capials: Budapest, Bucharest, Sofia and Belgrade, and always strictly on business. Several times in these cities I was approached by men who would enquire, most discreetly, if I was interested in doing some "special" work for them, but I always declined. I knew that whatever London had in store, my only present duty was to build up a genuine and trusted connexion in business.

"That's the way, Greville. Keep it up."

### I Work in the Dark

In 1957, at the British Trade Fair in Helsinki, I decided to apply for a visa to the Soviet Union. This I obtained without difficulty, and I went to Moscow to survey business prospects.

I quickly found that the Soviets were decades behind the West in procedures. I planned business to introduce such British products as mining equipment, electronic components, tanning machinery and machine tools. It seemed impossible to break through the impenetrable scrub ot secretaries and minor officials with whom I was presented. I complained to the Soviet Foreign Trade Minise try, Nothing happened. The Soviets, are eager for technical information, but highly suspicious of those who offer it.

They are also astoundingly backward in the amenities of living. Their ancient lifts, their sordid restaurants, their meagre supply of all consumer goods, their infrequent petrol stations (sometimes 200 miles apart), their antiquated taxis and dull clothes—all indicate that the Soviet economy is geared for two main objects, scientific progress and military power, just as the political framework is geared for a single object, the continuance of the communist regime. There is little time or money for amenities.

When I began my business enquiries, I was met with a mixture of Oriental suspicion and primitive ignorance. All through 1958 and 1959 I was dodging to and fro between Moscow, the capitals of Eastern Europe and London, trying fruitlessly to establish a market for British products in the Soviet Union. "Well, James," I reported, "I seem to be getting nowhere fast."

"Greville, you're doing fine. Just carry on the way you're going."

Early in November 1960, James made his first really concrete suggestion.

"There's an organization in Moscow called the Scientific-Technical Committee. It would help if you could develop relations with them."

I returned to Moscow and arranged for an interview, saying I

now had in mind a more fruitful plan to further Anglo-Soviet trade. I called at No. 11 Gorki Street, an imposing building near Red Square. I was received by Bodenikov, one of the principals of the Committee, in a long, dull room with a long, greenbaze table.

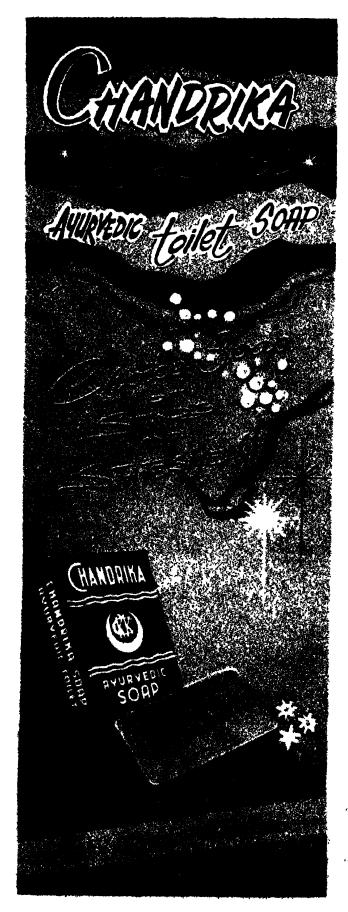
Bodenikov introduced me to six other men, whose names I memorized. I registered my complaints about lack of progress and proposed that, instead of trying to do business through brochures and catalogues, I should be allowed to bring to Moscow a delegation of technical specialists from the eight main companies I represented.

Moscow, in turn, would provide Soviet personnel of a similar calibre. Direct discussion would then be possible without going through the normal administrative channels.

Bodenikov looked pleased. He left the room and returned with a hearty female bearing coffee and vodka. Now there was informality, at the green-baize table, and I could study the cast. Bodenikov was short and gross. His suit appeared to have been slept in, he had rumpled hair, dirty fingernails, and he needed a shave.

Most of the other men were of the same ilk, but one was different. He had a very straight back and did not wriggle or slouch. He sat quite still, his pale hands resting on the cloth, his nails manicured. His suit was immaculate. Sunlight filtering through the uncleaned windows showed up





his glossy reddish hair and deep-set eyes. His nose was broad-based and his mouth full-lipped and strong. A powerful, imaginative face. His name was Colonel Oleg Penkovsky.

When the meeting broke up, Bodenikov said he would report to the committee. Two days later I was back in the same room to meet two senior committee-men. They were all smiles. My delegation had been approved.

Back in London I was closely cross-examined about the committee. Who was present? Their names? Their appearance? A pile of photographs was laid on the table. Some I recognized, some not: Who was this? And this? And this?

"That is Colonel Penkovsky."

"Who did you say?"
"Oleg Penkovsky."

A finger was thrust towards the photograph. "That is your man, Greville."

### First Contact

Now I understood the extraordinary prevision which had kept me in readiness through the waiting years. In haste I arranged with the British firms for their delegations to go to Moscow. I arrived there five days ahead of them—to find that the man chosen to supervise their welcome was Penkovsky.

My briefing had been simple. I must make no overtures, give no hint that I expected anything from Penkovsky. And indeed there might be nothing to expect. But from the 218

first moments together, I had a feeling that London was right. I noticed that when others were present at our discussions, Penkovsky was withdrawn and correct, but when we were alone, he seemed to relax. He questioned me about my life in England, my home, my background—gentle, friendly questions. His eyes sometimes looked very straight into mine. He seemed—or was I wrong?—to be making some slow and careful estimation.

Instinctively we liked each other, but this itself was to him a barrier. As a senior Intelligence officer with the GRU, he was trained to be suspicious of sympathy. He told me later that he had many times been on the brink of speaking, but dared not. On my last night in Moscow he took me to the ballet, then to a café, where he decided it was time I called him "Alex."

"Cheers, Alex," I said. "I hope we meet again."

"So do Ì, very much."

"In London, perhaps. Have you been there?" And I suggested that he bring a delegation of Soviet experts to England.

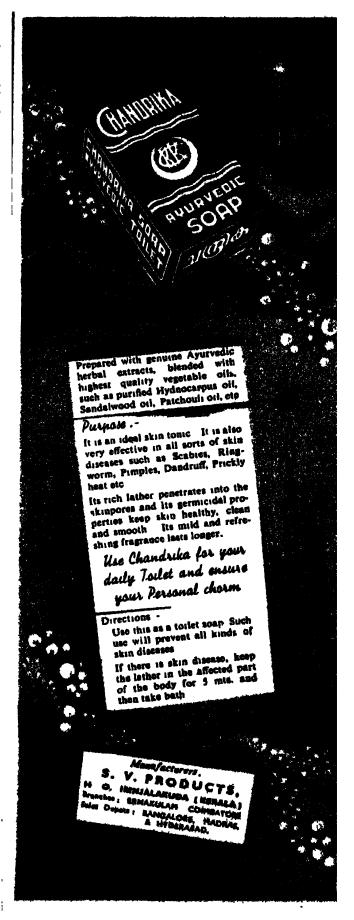
"Yes, I might do that. It's a won-

derful idea."

"Then mention it to your people."
He hesitated. "No, Greville, it yould be better if the suggestion

would be better if the suggestion came from you. Will you do that?"

I agreed, noticing that though we had been speaking in low voices, he kept his hand or his glass in front of his mouth when he had something



important to say. It is part of an agent's training to give no opportunity, especially in a bar or restaurant, for a private conversation to be lip-read. An expert lip-reader can tell what is being said from several

tables away.

"I've heard of London," he said. There was a catch in his voice. He licked his lower lip and raised his cyes to mine. Then his expression suddenly changed. There had been a party of four at the next table. Now only one man was left. He had his eyes shut and was sitting very still, with folded arms. There was no proof, but the threat was enough. Our conversation ended.

It was not until April 1961 that I finally broke through to him. I was back in Moscow to arrange for the Soviet delegation's trip to London. Alex was as friendly as before, and still as hesitant. When he presented me with a list of the delegates chosen, I objected.

"They are not experts. They are minor officials." We were walking across Red Square, and the snow blew in our faces.

"But I shall be coming as head of

the delegation, Greville.'

I said it was not enough and threatened to complain to the committee. "No, no, Greville, you mustn't do that. It would mean that the delegation would be cancelled." I saw my chance. "I'm sorry, Alex, but I have to insist. I would like to show you London, but not if it means wrecking the whole purpose

of the visit. My companies want experts."

He clapped his hands together and cried, "But it is not the delegation that matters. It is I who must come to London, and it is not for pleasure. I have things to tell you, so many things. I have got to come, I have got to!"

In the swirling snow, where even the Soviets could not hang a microphone, he told me, quickly and gaspingly, all I needed to hear. That night at my hotel he gave me a long, bulky envelope. Inside were a complete dossier on himself and a film of Soviet military documents which I saw would convince London ten times over.

It was freezing at the airport next morning. There were only three other passengers for my plane and, with the long envelope under my coat, I showed my boarding ticket and was waved through to find a seat. Quickly I went as far aft as I dared, hid the envelope under some rugs on the luggage rack, and sat down a few places farther forward.

Through the window I could see Alex on the tarmac. We were all set to take off, but we did not move. A jeep arrived, and officers got out. Three of them appeared at the doorway of the aircraft. There were whisperings with the crew and comings and goings on the tarmac. Twenty minutes, half and hour. I dared not appear too observant, I stared at my paper and waited-and thought about the envelope, and



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waited. At last, 35 minutes late, we took off.

As we taxied away, I saw the straight figure of Alex wrapped in his greatcoat. He waved both hands, as if to erase the chilling moments we had shared.

### The Interrogations Begin

During my first night in prison, I had to prepare myself for the most dangerous game of wits I had ever played. Next morning my captors begin questioning me in earnest. Beside the general at the big desk sits a lieutenant-colonel. At my side sits an interpreter. We are at a small table with a microphone and I know all my remarks are being taped.

"How much were you paid for your espionage activities?" shouts the general, and the interpreter

translates.

"I am not a spy. I am a businessman."

"You are in our power. You will not escape. We can shoot you if we wish."

"I quite understand that."

"So it will save much time if you tell us the truth. We know every-

thing about you."

"In that case, with great respect, what is the point of my telling you what you already know?" I ask, but I think: You scrofulous nit. Stop scratching. Your fingernail is filthy. It does not help wiping your nail on your trousers because they are also filthy.

This is my head talking and not

my stomach. My stomach—where fear operates—is afraid. I am trapped like a child among gorillas. If I let my stomach dictate, I shall lose. To win, I must build a pattern of behaviour. When alone in my cell, I will clean it, and when with the gorillas, I will answer back.

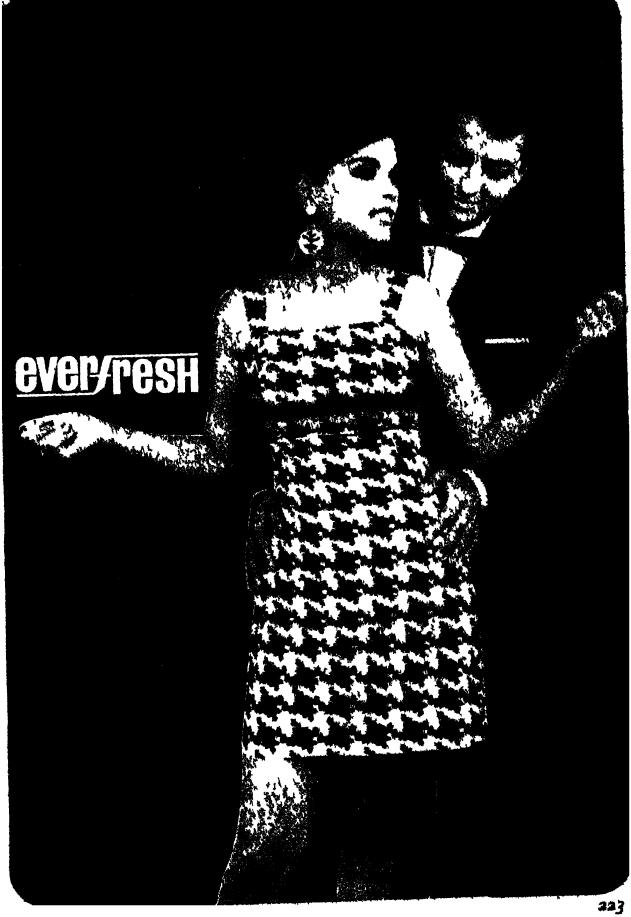
London had warned me many times about the first 48 hours. In the end I shall have to admit certain things, but it is important that I should choose what shall be ad-

mitted and when.

The general must believe that he is extracting slowly from me all I have to tell. Some things he must never find out, but he must believe he knows everything. To produce this effect will take much delicate contrivance. So for the moment, while shocked by my capture and liable to make a mistake, I must avoid any positive statement about anything.

I give only an outline of the interrogation, because the general repeated himself, and in each case I gave him the same reply. Sometimes he shouted, at times he breathed deeply as if to calm himself, sometimes he had long confabulations with the lieutenant-colonel. The general shouts, "You took material from the traitor Penkovsky. We know that. It is recorded in our films."

I offer to view the films in order to explain anything that may appear on them, and the general grits through his teeth, "Don't tell me





what to do! Insolence from you will

only bring punishment."

The interrogation ends with a warning: "Well, Mr. Veen, we have not made a very good beginning. But never mind. We have plenty of time. We can take away your food, which will make you weak, so that you will not feel so cocky. We can take away your sleep. And many other things. You will be in solitary confinement until you make a full written confession. And just to start with, you will have no cigarettes for one week."

My stomach is flooded with fear, but I reply, "All this is preposterous. I demand to see the British am-

bassador.''

Silence is my answer, eloquent

and complete.

I am taken back to my cell, and I start cleaning it. I have brought torn pieces of *Pravda* from the lavatory, and I wipe my floor and "furniture" with fanatical devotion. The problem of cold is more difficult. My prison uniform is simply underwear and dirty dungarees, and canvas boots without laces or socks. The radiator is tepid, and it is November in the coldest winter Europe has known for years. I shiver constantly.

Each day after my one hour of exercise in a small pen on the roof (for this I am allowed an old greatcoat), I go back to my cell. I would like to learn some Russian, but that is not allowed.

I have an English pocket dictionary and a pencil, and on the blank

page at the end I start a calendar, with crosses to mark the days. Sometimes I have an insane wish to put in several crosses at once as if to make time pass more quickly, but this I resist.

The worst part of loneliness is the beginning. Strange thoughts appear, and my sense of values begins to wobble. I worry about the colour of the walls—their grimy Nile green annoys me. After days of work I remove every speck of dirt. My rubbing gives the Nile green a mottled effect, but it is clean, which gives me a sense of victory.

In the impassive Slav faces of my guards I see no hint of human contact, but one day the door opens and a fat gir brings me a cup of tea, and two days later, some extra meat. One of the men catches on and he, too, gives me food and cigarettes on the sly.

"Not evil but misled." How many times have I heard Penkovsky say that about the Soviet people?

### Surprise Visit

I AM interrogated every morning and some afternoons. The lieutenant-colonel takes over. He drones on for hours about how much he knows of my activities and why I should be sensible and co-operate. I keep repeating that I don't know what it is all about. After a week of this, I am taken to another floor and up to the door of a cell. The lieutenant-colonel gives an order, and the guard puts his hand over my mouth

and draws back the spy-hole shutter, and the lieutenant-colonel says, "Look, Mr. Veen, and tell us if you recognize this man."

I put my eye to the slit and there, sitting on the metal bed, is Penkovsky. No, not Penkovsky, the wreck of Penkovsky. His face is thin and hidden with straggly stubble. He sits motionless with his head down, like a bull after the first wound from the picador has weakened him, when the red strength of his blood is pouring down his shoulders. They have drained Penkovsky of strength by starvation and lack of sleep. I feel sick and wish he would move, but he does not.

I am taken back to the interrogation room, and the lieutenantcolonel says through the interpreter, "Well, Mr. Veen, now you have seen the traitor Penkovsky and you must understand that he has told us everything. So what is the point of being so obstinate yourself?"

"I am sure he has told the truth which is, as he knows very well, that I have only visited the Soviet Union as a businessman and in no other capacity."

"And what of the packages and letters?" He smiles, like a snake. "We have films of you receiving packages. Do not be foolish enough to deny it."

Now I have to think fast. The policy, hammered in during my training, is never to deny what is definitely known by interrogators; such denials destroy the illusion

that they are extracting the truth bit by bit. The arrangement was that, if Alex and I were caught, we would tell what we knew was known, but would stick firmly to the line that I was a businessman and nothing else.

I am certain that whatever they have done to him he will have stuck to this, so I answer, "It is true that I took some things to deliver in London and Paris. I was told they were merely business letters or presents which might reach their destination more quickly if I took them. I have no idea what they may have contained."

The licutenant-colonel insists I tell him some of the names and addresses on the letters. I say I do not remember, and after an hour of his insisting that a trained spy would remember, I am taken back to my cell.

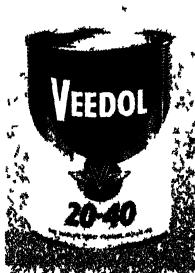
One day I am allowed to use my electric razor and am given a comparatively improved diet. I wonder why. I have now been in Lubyanka for six weeks and, apart from admitting a few facts which would not prove me a spy even in a Soviet courtroom, I am still denying everything.

A few mornings later I am asked to choose my best suit. It is given to me newly pressed. My shoes are cleaned and I am given a tie. Is this in honour of a visitor from our embassy? Outside a room in the administrative block I am warned that if I speak badly about the Soviet



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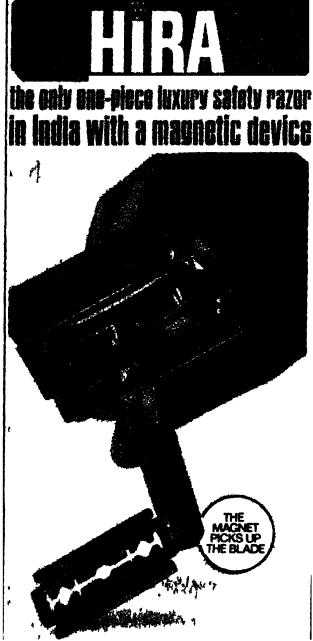


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Union, the meeting will be over. I go in. For a second I do not believe it. It is my wife.

A strange shudder sweeps my body and into my head. I wonder if I have gone mad. Then we embrace without speaking, and I feel her shoulders through the cloth, and her warmth against me, and her cheek on mine. When we stand away, she smiles and says, "Hallo, Grev," and I can't say anything. I am shaking all over and I can only cry, not big tears, just small tears that hurt my eyes. Sheila is a good girl; she does not cry though I can see she is very near it.

Sheila has brought a suitcase and the lieutenant-colonel, now wearing civilian clothes, approves of its contents—things like fur-lined boots and gloves, and thick socks—all except the whisky. He says we can have one hour together and motions to us to sit down. Sheila puts her hand in mine and we link our fingers in our own special way. The feel of her hand and the sound of her voice are among the things I have not let myself think of in Lubyanka.

She tells me about Andrew and the house and all our Chelsea friends, and in her eyes I can see our home. She asks about food and I say it is not bad, "but not quite like home, perhaps." I do not wish her to share Lubyanka. Her watch tells me half an hour is gone, and when she sees me looking at it, she twists it to the other side of her wrist, gives

me a smile and goes on talking.

I feel the minutes going. I know there are many things I shall wish I had asked, and I keep looking at her grey eyes and her snub nose, trying to fix them in my memory, and then, just when we are discussing Andrew's Christmas present, the lieutenant-colonel makes a sign and the interpreter says, "You may say good-bye to your wife."

My mind goes blank. Sheila puts her arms round my neck, kisses my lips quickly and pushes me gently towards the door. I walk out without

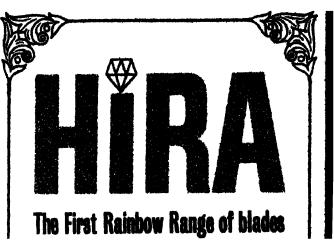
looking back.

I am back in my cell—alone. It was impossible that she came, and now it is impossible that she is gone. I sit on the bed and I can still feel her lips. The emptiness is too big to describe. I am empty even of tears.

### What Has Alex Confessed?

FOR FIVE days after Sheila's visit I am left alone, without interrogation. These are the worst days so far. To have that intense, warm hour and then to have nothing but myself, no images but my own, no words from the lieutenant-colonel to break my thoughts. The Russians have done this deliberately and I hate them for it.

On the sixth day I am in a mean mood and I decide to foul things up. The lieutenant-colonel is mean, too, this morning and he gets his foul in first. As soon as I enter the interrogation room and take out a packet of cigarettes, he snatches



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them and yells, "No smoking! This isn't a party any more!"

But my answers are still the same and the lieutenant-colonel says, "You will go back to your cell and you will be given paper, and you will write down for us a full and accurate confession, and you will not come out of your cell until you have done this."

No more exercise, and the food is disimproved. I stay in my cell and use the paper they have brought me to start designing a splendid kitchen for my Chelsea home, complete with the latest appliances and a full wiring diagram. I see from the calendar in the dictionary that it is Christmas Eve. I make myself some Christmas cards and place them about the cell, pretending they are from Sheila, Andrew and friends. On Christmas Day a guard notices them and takes them away. It is a short Merry Christmas.

For three weeks they wait for me to start my confession. By then I have finished the kitchen and a couple of dozen models of expensive

Soviet patience breaks, my drawings are swept together, and I am taken to a larger interrogation room which is crawling with generals and civilians who are probably from the KGB (Committee for Government Security). They are seated round the walls, and huddled on a chair at the far end of the room is the bowed figure of Penkovsky. He has his back to me, but when he

hears the scuffle of my entrance, he turns and jumps up and cries, "Greville! Oh, I am sor; y!"

From his shocked cry and the look on his face I guess that he had not been told of my capture. He is a terrible sight, almost an apparition. I see his sunken, staring eyes for only a moment, because the guards grab him and slap him down again, facing away from me. It is unfortunate because I am waiting for a signal from Alex. It had been devised by London in case we were caught and confronted with each other. It would be essential for me to know whether Alex had been able to keep to the prepared story of me as an innocent, or largely innocent, businessman. So the signal, if Alex was seated, was to rub the back of his neck with both hands in a natural gesture of stiffness. But the bulky guard is standing behind Alex, and there is no chance for a signal.

The questions begin: "How much money did you give the traitor Penkovsky?" "I gave him no money." "How much did he give you?" "None." "The prisoner Penkovsky has stated that friends of his in London gave him 4,000 roubles to send back luxuries from the Soviet Union, and that he gave some of this money to you to buy a present

for your wife."

That is not true. Alex may have some reason for saying this, but I cannot guess it. At such moments my instructions are to keep to the



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truth. To be caught in small lies will make it harder for me to get away with the big lies. So I say, "I took presents from time to time, but they were not bought with money from Penkovsky, because he never gave me money."

I admit I took packages and presents to London for Penkovsky, but I deny knowing what was in them. Now the questions are getting dangerous. For Alex more than for me. If I am asked details of these parcels, and I give answers different from Alex's . . .

Alex tries a diversion and asks the interrogator a question. "The prisoner Penkovsky asks whether you recall the candelabras." I say I do. "But how did you know they were candelabras? You say that you never knew what was in the parcels."

"I was speaking in general terms. Candelabras are not easy to pack, and Soviet wrapping paper is not of the highest quality, so the ends were poking through."

On and on go the questions. When? Where? How big? What time of the year? How many? How often? And still I am not sure how much they have got out of Alex. Perhaps he has cracked.

Suddenly the general gives an order and two guards go to Alex's side; the guard standing between us opens the door. Alex rises from the chair. He cannot turn round, but he puts his hands behind his neck, bends his head as if it is stiff and rubs his neck with his fingers. Then

he is marched out, and I feel ashamed for thinking he might have cracked. He has told nothing.

### Alex Comes to London

How different Alex's condition had been less than two years earlier. He had been bursting with exuberant vitality. When he arrived at London airport in April 1961, he could only greet me formally, since he had six colleagues to introduce. But at the hotel he seized me in a bear hug, and then held me at arm's length and cried, "I can't believe it, Greville, I just can't believe it!"

The Soviet delegates were put two to a room, except Alex who had a single. This was important, for each night, when his official work was done, he had to be whisked away to a near-by house where British Intelligence had a conference room, and an operations centre with typewriters, tape recorders, coding machines, radio equipment, a projector for slides and films, and a private line to Washington. There were stenographers, typists and interpreters, and a doctor with stethoscope, syringe and pep pills to keep Alex alert; during his whole stay in London he never had more than three hours' sleep a night. And relays of British and American Intelligence officers to question, question, question him.

The material I had brought in advance had astounded London, who to their credit saw that this was no time for parochialism. The Americans were given full access to the priceless information.

That first night there were no interrogations. Intelligence Chiefs, Service Chiefs, and even one man whose name is among the most famous in England, were present. The only object was to make Alex feel safe and welcome. But I could see in the faces of these powerful men, the true guardians of our national security, a burning interest in this bright-eyed, immaculate red headed harbinger from the country which above all might threaten that security.

### A Taste for Freedom

For two days the members of the Soviet delegation saw the sights of London, and what sights they were for the Russians, who had never before left the Soviet Union. The restaurants and shops were a fairyland and, although the allowances were meagre and the six smiling Soviets hunted chiefly in the Oxford Street Woolworth's, they windowshopped extravagantly in Bond Street and, above all, in Harrods. Here Alex—who alone had plenty of money, having been lavishly commissioned by generals and their wives in Moscow—bought cameras, electric razors, perfumes, toilet water, tale and nylon stockings by the dozen. Here, with his arms full of parcels, he first gave the cry I was to hear so often: "Oh, my people! My poor people!"

But now it was time for serious

business. Visits had been arranged to factories in Wolverhampton, West Hartlepool, County Durham, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Slough and London. All arrangements had been checked by Intelligence, and in some of the factories, special equipment of a tempting but valueless nature had been deliberately left in full view for the camera which, it was known, had been given by Pavlov at the Soviet embassy to a member of the delegation.

It amused me to see this man making excuses to dodge back, his camera concealed in his hand, when I knew that the equipment which caught his eye had been put there specially for him.

The visits all went smoothly, the Russians snooping away, and Alex impatient to get back to the operations room where he could freely unload his brimming memory.

On our return to London, the days were full of official business, visits to factories and showrooms and exhibitions, and the nights, after bedtime, with the interrogations and training in the operations room.

While the comrades slept, Alex would be spirited away to explain and amplify, through the long small hours, not only the documents he had sent ahead by me, but also many others he had now brought himself. His memory was vast, accurate and highly disciplined, and he had a thousand secrets to tell of military

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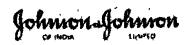
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dispositions and the organization of the Soviet security services, military and civilian.

He was already trained in Intelligence, but there was still much for him to learn. Radio techniques, so that he could operate the long-range equipment that would enable him to keep contact with London. Coding procedures and the use of our latest micro-cameras. I was not often present at these sessions, but our experts told me that they had never had an apter pupil. Driven on by an obsession for the freedom of his beloved country, his energy was demonic, and it was usually the doctor who had to order him to bcd.

This love of freedom was the core of his personality. On the rare occasions when we could be alone together, an hour or two in the afternoon or the odd evening out, he could not get over his wonder at the way people lived their lives as they pleased.

In the Brompton Oratory he stood for an hour watching those who came with their private prayers. "Religion may not give all the answers, Greville. But at least it is free, it is not ordered by the State, and it gives a principle, something to guide our lives. We have nothing, only what the State commands."

I took him to my house, where he met my wife and son and several of our friends. This was another astonishment for Alex, since in the Soviet Union it is dangerous to invite a foreigner to your house and by revelling in these innocent gatherings (I introduced Alex simply as a visitor from Belgrade), he made them a huge success.

A few bottles of wine, a game of Newmarket, a turn on the tiny dance floor in my lounge, and the evening was alight. He treated every girl he met as if she were irresistible, holding her hand and paying her outrageous compliments, but with such charm and openness that the husbands and the boyfriends never objected.

Yet his gaiety could be turned off in a moment when there was work to do. At two o'clock one morning, when eight of us came out of the Astor Club after a crazy party, I put him into a taxi and said, "Sleep tight, Alex."

But he answered with a smile, "Not yet, my boy." And off he went for three hours in the interrogation room, while I went thankfully home to bed.

A few days later the Soviet delegation went home, and Alex had to buy extra luggage to hold all the highly contraband loot for the waiting generals.

"What about the Moscow customs?" I asked.

"Don't worry, I shall go through like a dose of salts. General Serov will see to that. His wife is mad about perfume."

I hoped this was true, for also concealed in the luggage were a powerful radio set, a coding machine,



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### Always on the Look-out

THE NEXT five months were frantic. I went to Moscow in May to give Alex 30 rolls of new film. In return, he gave me 20, which he had exposed in the vaults of the GRU, showing the names and activities of hundreds of Soviet agents. When I mentioned the danger of someone catching him, he said, "Not likely. I'm taken down by two guards. They lock me in." It was said lightly, but I knew that if he had been searched, the Minox camera would have been his death warrant.

Even with his rank, Alex considered it imprudent to invite me to his house, but I met his wife several times for meals or at the ballet. She was a dark, handsome woman with a thoughtful sadness in her face. Alex was forbidden to tell her that he was in the GRU, nor for her own sake could she know of his work for the West. He told me that the strain of being one person to her, when he was two others to himself, had clouded their married life.

Before I left Moscow we had two pieces of good news. First, that in July Alex would be coming again to London for the Soviet Trade Exhibition at Earls Court. And second, that in September there was to be a Soviet Trade Fair in Paris to which I was invited, and which Alex would probably attend. It looked

like a great year for us, and every-

thing seemed possible.

During June, when I was back in London waiting for Alex to arrive, my training went on. I had courses to attend in coding, tape-recording and communications, and a continuous insistence on the basic principles which I had first learnt during the war, such as:

To observe physical characteristics

of people I met.

To remember all their names and occupations.

When passing messages, never to do so at arm's length, but always close to the other person.

For a rendezvous, always to inspect the area beforehand, and never to arrive early or late. If the contact is missing, never to hang about, but to go away and return at prearranged intervals. To have an alternative place of rendezvous.

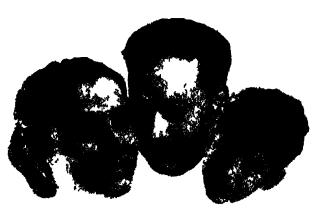
To choose the sites for dead-letter boxes in places where the picker-up could be seen without suspicion, such as cemeteries, public gardens or the entrance halls of buildings, and to vary the sites frequently.

When on an assignment, never to mix with the friends of everyday life, and if such a meeting unexpectedly occurs, to break it up as quickly as possible.

To study and memorize photographs and descriptions of known Soviet agents, and always to be on the look-out for them, especially at places of rendezvous.

Such were some of the principles,

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Manufactured by Registered User DEY'S MEDICAL STORES (MFG.) PRIVATE LTD, Calcutta-19 and I absorbed them in theory and practice till they became second nature.

### "I Don't Have to Go Back"

IN JULY, when Alex made his second trip to London, the Intelligence boys called him "the sleepless wonder." His energy seemed limitless.

I did not see much of him during this visit, but one episode is worth recall. One day our people suggested that, to impress the Soviet embassy, he might inspect the tomb of Karl Marx in Highgate Cemetery. We found the tombstone mildewed and the grave overgrown with weeds. Alex, as a good member of the Communist Party, made a report to Moscow, who in turn sent a severe letter to Pavlov at the Soviet embassy, and a note of congratulations to Comrade Penkovsky.

I was told to be in Paris by September 6 for the Soviet Trade Fair and to make sure that I met Alex at the airport. The date of his arrival was not known, so I simply met every Soviet flight from Moscow until at last, on September 20, Alex came striding through customs, smiling happily. It was his first visit to the city of gaiety and love.

As we drove to his hotel near the Soviet embassy, his eyes were shining. When our car halted momentarily in the traffic, his gaze lingered on a passing beauty. "Look at that blonde!" he exclaimed.

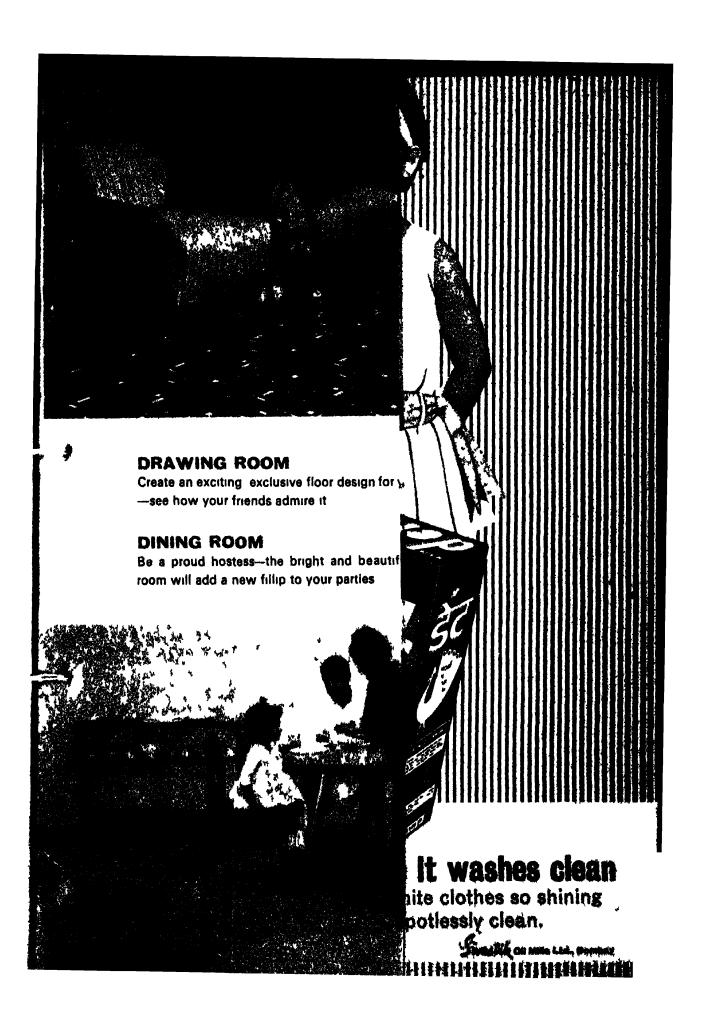
At the hotel he handed over 15

rolls of film and a mass of photographed documents, and declared, "Now we are all set for business."

There is something about Paris especially suitable for intrigue, and that autumn dozens of agents had converged on the city. The Russians were watching their own nationals at the Trade Fair, the British and Americans were watching the Russians, and the French were watching everybody. No offe knew exactly what he was looking for. As far as I was concerned, everything depended on getting Alex to our interrogation room without being observed. A single slip would end his career as an agent.

The routes were complicated and varied each day. Every morning I was rehearsed on the route for that night. Each day I used a different car, whose identity was known to my colleagues.

We had four separate rendezvous for the difficult start of the journey — at Alex's hotel, at the Exhibition, at a café near the hotel, and at a café near the Exhibition. Even these four we varied, not keeping strict rotation. At various vantage points on our circuitous drive to The Room, someone would be waiting to let us know if there was a car behind us. Our spotter might be a man or a girl. At the place de l'Etoile, perhaps, we would drive round twice, and on the second circuit the man would raise his hat or the girl would draw a scarf over her head if we appeared to have no follower. Alex



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was in Paris for four weeks, and on only two occasions were we even delayed in reaching the house. We never failed to get there.

Alex performed his dual duties with skill and determination. The Soviets were pleased with the material and information he obtained at the factories and the contacts he made in industry, and Allied Intelligence was more than pleased with his performances in The Room. But the strain was beginning to tell. The old lightheartedness had gone. He did his work with grim efficiency, but the thought of leaving Paris saddened him.

"I don't have to go back," he remarked one evening when we were dining in the Champs Elysées, near the Arc de Triomphe. "Your people say I can stay in the West. They would like more from me, but they don't demand it. They are quite prepared to set me up in London or New York. It's entirely up to me. What's your opinion?"

I shook my head. "I don't know, Alex. You must decide for yourself." I had been told by London that if Alex ever talked about this problem

I was not to influence him.

"There's the question of the work," he went on quietly, as if talking to himself. "And there's the question of my wife and daughter."

I took Alex to the airport when he left. The weather was bad, and the flight was delayed for four hours. When the departure was finally announced, we walked to the customs. but at the door Alex stopped, and for a moment I thought he was going to turn round and come back to Paris and safety. He dropped his suitcases and stood there without speaking, and I waited and hoped.

Suddenly he seized my hand, then picked up the suitcases, and said, "No, Greville, I have work to do,"

and was gone.

I watched the take-off through the window. There was still some fog about, and the plane was hardly airborne before it disappeared.

I had no legitimate reason for going to Moscow for a while, so a substitute contact was arranged. Alex was to work with the British wise of someone who lived in Moscow. He had been informed of this in Paris, and did not like the idea. When you have worked with one person for a long time, especially in danger, you get superstitious.

Nevertheless, late in December 1961, Alex started to operate with the British wife in Moscow. For a couple of weeks all went well. But in early January, after passing some film in a narrow street, Alex noticed a small car which moved from its parked position, turned round, and drove away towards the open square. Two weeks later, the same car was waiting in the same area, and Alex immediately told London that he proposed, at least for the time being, to stop using the woman as a contact.

Sometimes Alex could accept social invitations from the British

and Americans, and then the precious films and packages would change hands. Otherwise, he was forced to use dead-drop boxes. No agent likes them. When you put the envelope in the box, there is always the terrible suspense until you hear it has been collected, and even if you have not been observed, you can never be sure that someone has not seen the collector. It was not until the end of March that Alex again met the British wife at a party and was able to hand over some film and receive the latest instructions from British Intelligence.

Every day I thought about Alex. I could feel the strain and tension that must be building up inside him. London was also worried, and plans were discussed for bringing him to the West. Eventually the desperate idea was agreed upon of trying to smuggle him out in a caravan designed ostensibly for trade exhibitions. Two such caravans were ordered, but they had to be custombuilt, and there were interminable delays in getting them completed.

### "You Are Being Followed!"

In July 1962 I flew to Moscow. Alex looked tense and pale, and there was a shocking weariness in his eyes. On the third and last day of my stay I was to meet Alex at the Peking restaurant. I was early, so I walked up and down the opposite pavement until I saw Alex approaching. I crossed the road but, instead of greeting me, he went

straight into the foyer. I knewsomething must be wrong.

He glanced inside the restaurant, then turned and, as he passed me, whispered, "Follow behind." He walked quickly down the street and dodged into an alleyway. I turned in after him and he grabbed my arm and said, "You must get out, quickly! You are being followed. Be at the airport tomorrow by 6 a.m. I'll be there."

Later, I found my room had been thoroughly searched, but the film Alex had given me on the first morning was still in my pocket.

Next morning at the airport, Alex used his security card and his still strong authority to hasten my departure on the first plane to Copenhagen. By coming he took a terrible risk, but without him I would never have made it. He was chain-smoking and looked grim, very worried. When the flight was called, he gave me a long bulky envelope.

"This is the best," he said. "Tell my friends that I must come out soon, very soon. I will try to carry on, but it's very dangerous."

He came with me to the aircraft. There were no delays, and at the take-off I saw Alex wave from the tarmac. It was not a big wave, just his hand raised above his head—once.

### The Trial

THE TRIAL of O. V. Penkovsky and G. M. Wynne began in the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. at

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ro a.m., May 7, 1963, in a great hall crammed with 500 spectators. More than a hundred are hired hecklers who always sit in the front rows. They are an ugly bunch. Their faces, greedy with anticipation and hostility, remind me of a crowd at a bullfight, and their duty is to applaud when the prosecutor makes a point. The scene is brutal, spectacular, but it is only an anti-climax. Our fate has already been decided.

We have been rehearsed for three days in the roles we must play. I have been given a 100-page manuscript to follow in court, a complete word-for-word rendering of the important questions that will be asked me, and my answers. I know there will also be cross-examination and I will be free to give my own reply providing that I do not make trouble or say things against the Soviet Union. Otherwise, I have been promised that the trial will be thrown into closed sessions and Alex summarily condemned to death. It is important that I co-operate and that the trial be held in public. For Alex not only must have every chance to save his life, but the British observers can then learn just how much the Soviets have found

The session is declared open, and the bill of indictment is read. Alex and I plead guilty as charged, and just as the prosecutor begins to question Penkovsky, I see my wife in the tightly packed crowd. Our eyes meet and she raises a hand, but when I start to wave back, my hand is slapped down by a guard. It is almost worse to see her than to see no one.

Sticking to the script, Alex conceals all he can, above all my position as a knowing agent. But he must reveal other details: the drop boxes, the passwords, the meetings, the letters, the packages, the interrogations in London and Paris. Then the prosecutor asks Alex whether he recognizes the seriousness of his crime. Alex says he does. He is asked: "What personal qualities in you promoted this?"

Alex answers: "The meanest qualities: moral decay, caused by constant daily use of alcoholic beverages, and dissatisfaction with my position on the committee... vanity, vainglory, and love of an easy life. But it does not excuse or justify my crime in any way. I deceived my comrades and said that everything was well with me, but in fact everything was criminal, in my soul, in my head and in my actions."

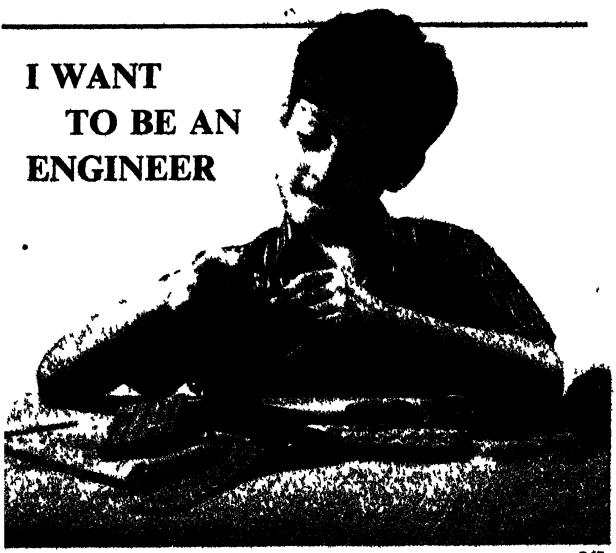
Alex's voice sounds like an old gramophone record played through the lips of a corpse. When he finishes there is complete silence. Even the mob makes no sound.

The next day belongs to me. Because Alex and I were questioned separately, we had given contradictory answers. These are seized on by the prosecution to show that I disagreed with Alex and, by implication, resented his denials of what I said was true. The idea is to prove

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that even I, a worthless foreigner, could not stand the degenerate Penkovsky. It also suits the Soviets to make British Intelligence appear all-powerful and me a puppet. This suits me, too. It protects me, satisfies London, and pleases Moscow.

It all comes out as rehearsed. Because I am forced to sit with my head down (the cord to my headset has been cut short for this purpose), I cannot show the correspondents of the Western Press that I am reading from notes. I also see the interpreter turning down the volume of my microphone, even when I am faithfully following the script. The foreign pressmen at the far end of the hall shift restlessly because they cannot hear; my temper flares at this censorship and I begin to give indiscreet answers. The prosecutor is startled and very angry. When finally I am supposed to say that I am sorry and bitterly repent, I say only, "I had no intention of coming to the Soviet . Union and abusing the goodwill shown to me by the Ministry of Foreign Trade."

This is no more than the truth, but it leaves out the carefully rehearsed eulogy about Soviet life in general. The prosecutor is furious. He gives me further cues for the lines, but I cannot utter such lies. The prosecutor sits down with a grim face and the judges sit like cold rocks. The session ends and I wonder how much I have damaged my case, but I no longer care.

The third day of the trial is almost

a complete blank. The morning session is held in private, and the defence speeches fall on stony ears. Alex and I make our final pleas. He begs for his life, but I, who feel more like pleading for Alex than for myself, ask for mitigation, that is all.

After a recess we reassemble, and the courtroom is packed once more. The verdicts are read: Penkovsky, "to be shot to death and all his personal property to be confiscated"; Wynne, "to be deprived of his liberty for eight years, the first three to be served in prison, those subsequent to be served in a harsh-regime correctional labour colony."

Alex is taken out of court, and I never see him again. I am taken to an ante-room, my wife is brought in, and we are told we may have an hour. We embrace, and for a few moments it seems wonderful to be together. But when we sit down there is a silence and we do not know what to say. I look at the clock on the wall, but it has stopped. I point, but the guard shrugs. It is not uncommon for Moscow clocks to stop, but this stoppage seems symbolic.

Our life has stopped and will start again only in some unimaginably distant future. Sheila just strokes my hand and smiles and, when the time comes to go, I dare not kiss her.

#### "You Will Learn to Respect Us"

My New prison is to be Vladimir. It is 150 miles from Moscow and it is especially bad. It holds 2,000 prisoners, and none has escaped. Most

of them die there, and I wonder if I can survive Vladimir's horrors. In the early days I had a reserve of strength, but now I am like a camel who has almost finished his hump.

"You are going to be punished," was the last thing the general had said to me in Lubyanka. "Now you will learn to respect us." I admit the first part, but deny the second. Punishment yes; respect no.

My new cell is several degrees filthier than the one in Lubyanka. The main lavatory is worse. It is a cubicle with a hole in the concrete floor, and the edges of the hole are spattered with bloodstained phlegm. In the washhouse beyond, there is more cough-blood in the basins and all over the sludge-covered floor. Tuberculosis flourishes in Soviet prisons and I worry about catching it.

At least I have a cell mate, a tall, frail-looking boy of about 23—Kelly is not his real name but that's what I call him. He is on a sick dict, which includes some white bread and a little milk, and as soon as the first meal is brought in, Kelly cuts his bread in two and pours half his milk into my mug. I protest, but Kelly refuses to touch his food unless I share it with him.

Kelly has a strong belief in God, but he is shy, so when he kneels to say his prayers I turn my back. He has been alone a long time and has built up a privacy for himself. It is important that this be preserved. There are two basic ways of coping

with imprisonment: the inward way, which is Kelly's, of building a world of your own thoughts; and the outward way, which is mine, of filling your days with cleanings and polishings, and schemes for confusing the Soviets.

Kelly is afraid of the guards. At 6 a.m., when the national anthem blares out of the loudspeaker on the wall, he stands up while I sit on the bed. The guard bursts in and yells, and Kelly (who understands Russian) translates that we are required to stand.

I shout back, "I am not standing up, not till the day I join the Red Army!" Kelly passes this on, and the guard rushes at me and hauls me to my feet. The moment he lets go, I sit down. Up, down, up, down. By this time the anthem is over, and the guard yells that my behaviour will be reported.

Next morning I wait to see what Kelly will do. When the anthem starts, and we can see the eye of the guard through the spy hole, I watch Kelly clenching his hands as he sits on the bed. It is like watching someone on the high board who has never taken a dive before. The guard comes in and heaves Kelly up, but when he comes to me, Kelly sits down, and when he goes to Kelly, I sit down. This time, yells the guard, we shall both be reported.

Kelly had never smiled, but after our bobbing act, when the guard goes out, Kelly smiles. This pleases me. It is not easy to find things to

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smile about in Vladimir, and we never stand for the anthem again.

Five weeks later, the deputy warden tells Kelly to pack his meagre belongings because he is leaving. When the door slams and I hear Kelly's footsteps dying away down the corridor, I feel very lonely and slightly sick. My food is cut down, and I am moved to a cell that is even filthier. The stench is strange and sickening.

Faintly, through the closed window, comes the dirge played by the brass-band in the town cemetery, and I have a fancy, unprovable yet overwhelming, that I am inhaling the last dank impregnation from the corpse they have chucked into the muddy grave outside. I empty my slop jar on the floor and scream "Soviet culture!"—the most biting insult I can use—and am given another cell.

My home-made calendar creeps into September. I have no mirror so I cannot see my face, which is perhaps a blessing, but I can see the thin tendons in my thighs and my scraggy hands, once so powerful and now inept and feeble. All around me, I feel death and suffering. I hear screaming in the night.

After five months in Vladimir, I am taken back to Lubyanka. In the interrogation room are the old general, a different colonel, a new interpreter, and several sour civilians who are clearly the KGB and their equivalent. On a large table is a pile of tins and cartons, all the things

Sheila brought so long ago—spam, chocolate, vitamin pills, fruit salad and cigarettes. Also some photographs of home, and a pile of letters. My stomach yearns for the food and my heart for the photographs and the letters. The general holds out a pile of typewritten sheets clipped together. It is a confession, and I can have all the luxuries if I will sign. I refuse.

I am ordered to sign. There is silence. Cold eyes stare at me from hard faces. For a moment I hesitate. Then I run to the table and, with a sweep of my arm, send the tins, the photographs and the longed-for letters flying to the floor. The general shouts an order. Two guards grab me and pin my arms, and the colonel swipes me across the face with all his force. Once, twice. The third time with closed fist. I fall down, and there is a piercing pain in my jaw and my mouth is full of blood.

I am not sorry for myself. I am not afraid. I am filled with a wondrous glow of hatred and contempt. They have made a huge mistake, they have given me a new strength. That single, maniacal blow has severed for ever the sad connexion between my mind and my body. My mind floats like a spectator. With my body they can do what they please. They will never force the truth from me now.

On and on, day follows night, until time is confused and I hardly know whether I am asleep or awake. Suddenly, as if by magic, I am in a





jolting, truck again, and back in Vladimir. My cell is the same, but I am different. Something strange is happening to me, a growing quietness, a slowing down, an infinitesimal approach to some inevitable conclusion, though what this is I do not know.

For eight weeks I am left alone. The food ceases altogether, only a mug of weak tea each morning. I have no power to move, no thoughts. I lie still and helpless. There is a drumming in my head like a gentle swarm of bees . . . When I open my eyes a woman doctor is putting the oxygen mask back on a trolley. She bends over me, and my arm feels the sharp jab of a needle.

They would not let me die! That is my first thought, and it gives me new courage. I am kept in the hospital, and each day I have an injection and my food improves, an occasional cube of meat floats in the fish soup. I have milk, some white bread, and magazines from England (with the advertisements cut out, lest the guards should see the degrading luxuries of Western civilization).

#### The Exchange

ONCE MORE I return to Lubyanka. After three days of waiting for more interrogation, I am taken instead to the airport, and before I know what is happening, we are airborne. No one tells me anything, but as time goes on I realize we are flying in a westerly direction. I dare not entertain the hope that is aroused, but

when at last we touch down, the first thing I see is a sign in German, and we have landed in East Germany.

A car takes me to the Red Army barracks, where I meet the Soviet consul. He speaks good English. He tells me that £30 which my wife sent me in prison is now to be returned to me—but not in cash. I

Home at last, Greville Wynne is escorted across Northolt airport



firm. He insists on knowing what I would like instead of my money, and I say, "Caviare." (I got three dozen tins; when I opened them later, they were mouldy.)

That night I sleep under heavy guard, and at dawn, after a good breakfast, I am sitting between two hefty guards in a car which takes me out into the country. We stop by a shed; that is all I can see. For over an hour we sit in silence. Then the consul comes to the window of the car and says, "You are going round there. If you speak or misbehave you will be shot."

The car moves round the shed and I see we are at a frontier. I get out. The guards hold my arms tightly. There are soldiers everywhere with dogs and rifles and binoculars. A telescope is mounted on a tripod. Through the gates is a small piece of no-man's-land. At the far side another car draws up and stops. One man from that side and one from this march solemnly towards each other, stop, converse, and march on to make their identification. The man approaching me wears a white mackintosh. As he comes near, I recognize him! Alex would have recognized him!

At last, after endless hand signals, I am marched to the middle of noman's-land, where I meet the prisoner from the West. The exchange is made, and now I pass on to the West and he to the East. I know who this man is. He is a Soviet spy,

who operated under the name of Gordon Lonsdale. He looks sleek, well fed and needs a hair-cut—but then he has not been in the Soviet Union for a long time. He is welcome to it.

I, too, have a welcome. First by the R.A.F. station commander and his wife and then by five of my old colleagues, among them James, himself, who greets me with truly British enthusiasm: "Greville! You look bloody 'orrible!"

It is hard to believe I am safe, even in the aircraft heading for England. I know it is true, but a heaviness weighs on me when I think that here I am, at the end of it all, flying to safety, while Alex is still there, alive or dead. I do not know which, but I know he will never escape.

At last, the aircraft comes in to land. There is a sea of friendly faces, but still the most important welcome is ahead, and, at last, on the evening of this miraculous day, it comes—the welcome of all welcomes. I am home.

#### Author's note:

It is only now that I can write about my work with Penkovsky. I did not do so before, because I wanted to make sure that Alex was not alive and that my book would not harm him. He was sentenced to death, but the sentence was not carried out. It was two years after the trial that I learned that Alex, facing further interrogation, had taken his own life.



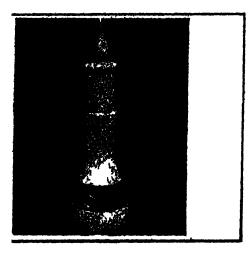
RHAZES AND ARABIC MEDICINE—one of a series of oil paintings © 1958 60—Parke, Davis & Company

# Great Moments in Medicine

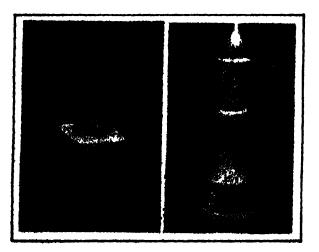
The Western World is indebted to the Arabic World for preserving medical knowledge during Europe's strife torn Middle Ages Rhazes, born in Persia in 865 AD, was a leader in Arabic medicine. He was the first to describe measles and smallpox, to observe the reaction of the eye's pupil to light, and to publish a text on children's diseases.

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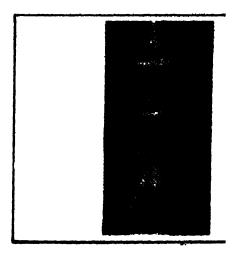


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OVATION'S Moon Kist lotion for eye & throat. Made from richly blended herb-oils and non-perfumed—this super concentrated—moisture-holding-conditioner works like Moon Magic As the area around the eyes and throat contains less oil glands than any other skin areas—therefore these areas tend to show earlier signs of wrinkles and dryness "crows feet" Using this lotion will help to erase dry-wrinkled lines and creapy textures. This oil will penetrate into the underlying tissues—thus preventing wrinkles.



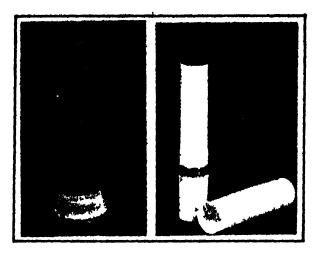
How to apply Use two to three drops on the throat on warm moistened cotton wool and few drops over and around the eves—pat and massage lightly



OVATION'S Mist of Fire Cream Rouge. This translucent Rouge comes in only one, shade—it blends perfectly with all shades of OVATION Foundations, and not only will it give your cheeks colour, but also it will emphasize and enhance your eyes and cheek-bones Exquisite for shading and the blush-on-look, that is so sought after by beautiful women

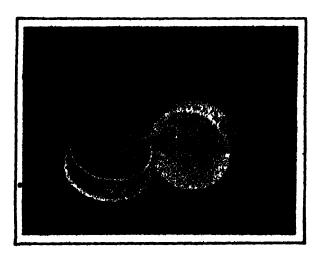
OVATION'S Moon Glow Face Powder Made from mildly scented Moon Dust Its translucence blends with all shades of OVATION'S Foundation and does not give you that powdery, ageing and outmoded look, comes in a nonspill container How to apply Sprinkle moderately on cotton wool and press it into the face. (This way the powder stays longer on

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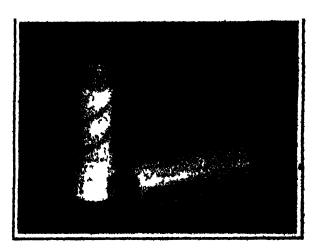


OVATION'S Evening Rapture Eye Shadow Ovation Eye Shadow comes in four exotic shades. Sunset Gold, White Cloud, Maharani Green and Oceana Blue. These lovely shades give your eyes the dreamy languishing look of the oriental princesses. Sunset Gold for an evening touch of splendour—White Cloud used for blender—Maharani Green for those lovely brown/black eyes of ladies of the Nile and Oceana Blue for the soft cool look of Aphrodite.

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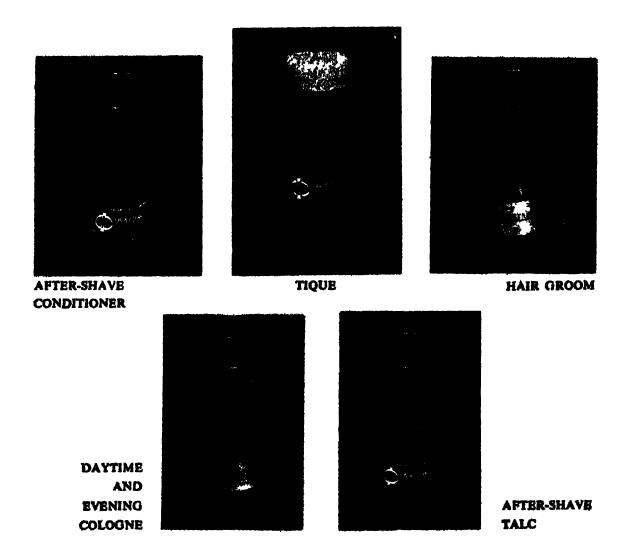


OVATION'S Evening Rapture Frosted Lipstick: a kaleidoscope of fashion colours that texture lips to tempting perfection, never to peel or chap or dry. Ovation Special emollient oils make lipsticks creamy in consistency and longer-lasting.

How to apply: a beautiful mouth always wears a pleasant, natural expression. To reshape the mouth a lip brush is indispensable. And the upper lip should be slightly longer than the lower. As for shades of colour—liptone should complement complexion shade. Your lip "wardrobe" should have at least 3 shades, including your basic shade—true red, pink or light-toned blue-red, yellow or coral red.

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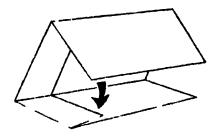


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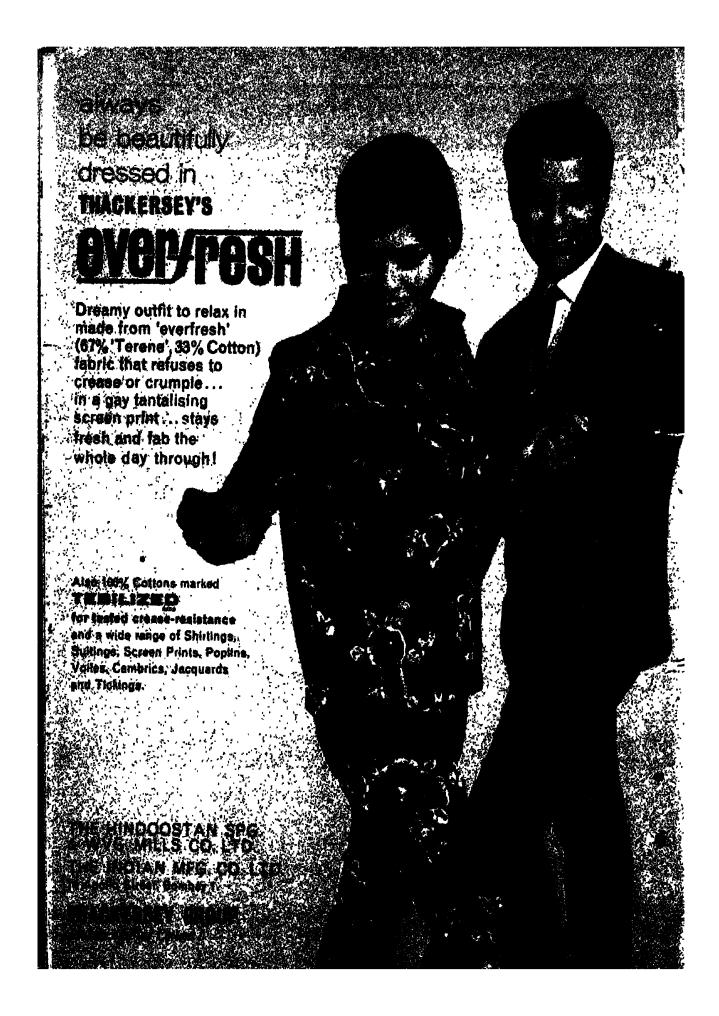
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# It Pays to Increase Your WORD POWER

#### PETER FUNK

Adjectives act as the stimulants of our language by giving it grace, intensity and colour. In the list of adjectives below, tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) voluble—A. lively. B: pompous. C: fluent. D: loud.
- (2) oblivious—A: heedless. B: shady. C: vigilant. D: devious.
- (3) **pernicious**—A: unsuspecting. B: destructive. C: secret. D: faithless.
- (4) rigorous (rig' er us)—A: complicated. B: unyielding. C: daring. D: headstrong.
- (5) extraneous (eks tray' në us)—A: antagonistic. B: unusual. C: outside. D: extreme.
- (6) gritty—A: mealy. B: uncomfortable. C: savage-looking. D: plucky.
- (7) insular (in' sue ler)—A: personal. B: hardened. C: cautious. D: narrow.
- (8) felicitous—A: elegant. B: appropriate. C: concise. D: benevolent.
- (9) rapturous—A: mushy. B: flowing. C: ecstatic, D: amorous.
- (10) equivalent—A: related. B: relative. C: questionable. D: equal.

- (11) abject A: degraded. B: rebellious. C: uncomplimentary. D: useless.
- (12) rollicking—A: jolly. B: dancing. C: profane. D: showing off.
- (13) alluring—A: exotic. B: insinuating. C: capricious. D: enticing.
- (14) forbearing—A: patient. B: moral. C: forbidding. D: far-sighted.
- (15) graphic—A: extraordinary. B: meaningful. C: obvious. D: vivid.
- (16) roguish (rō' gish)—A: goodhumoured. B: rough. C: mischievous. D: traitorous.
- (17) hyperbolic (hī per bŏl' ĭk)—A: similar. B: exaggerated. C: circular. D: parallel.
- (18) astringent—A: absorbent. B: clongated. C: causing to shrink. D: cleansing.
- (19) optional—A: discriminating. B: elective. C: different. D: required.
- (20) rueful—A: mournful. B: angry. C: amusing. D: caustic.

  (Now term to the meet page)

### **Answers to**

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

- (1) voluble—C: Fluent in speech; glib; using words easily and rapidly; as, a voluble speaker. Latin volubilis, "rolling, turning rapidly."
- (2) oblivious—A: Heedless; inattentive; unaware; as, oblivious to noise. Latin obliviosus, "forgetful."
- (3) pernicious—B: Destructive; harmful; as, a pernicious drug. Latin perniciosus.
- (4) rigorous B: Unyielding; harsh; exacting; as, rigorous football training. Latin rigorosus, from rigor, "stiffness."
- (5) extraneous—C: Outside; external; foreign; alien; not germane or pertinent; as, extraneous influences. Latin extraneus, "foreign."
- (6) gritty—D: Plucky; bravely persistent; resolute; as, gritty determination. Old English great, "sand, gravel."
- (7) insular—D: Narrow; isolated; limited in outlook; as, insular opinions. Latin insula, "island."
- (8) felicitous—B: Appropriate; apt; well-expressed; as, a felicitous phrase. Latin felix, "happy."
- (9) rapturous—C: Ecstatic; joyful; transported by feeling or emotion; as, a rapturous smile. Latin raptus, from rapere, "to seize."
- (10) equivalent—D: Equal in meaning, kind, value, quantity; corresponding; as, an equivalent amount. Latin aequivalens, "having equal power."

- (11) abject—A: Degraded; cast down; servile; contemptible; wretched; as, abject poverty. Latin abjectus, "thrown aside."
- (12) rollicking—A: Jolly; boisterously jovial; carefree; as, a rollicking party.
- (13) alluring—D: Enticing; attractive; fascinating; captivating; as, an alluring girl. Old French alurer, "to attract with bait."
- (14) forbearing- A: Patient; tolerant; holding back under provocation; as, a forbearing attitude. Old English forberan, "to refrain from."
- (15) graphic—D: Vivid; sharply outlined; lifelike; described with pictorial effect; as, a graphic account of the battle. Greek graphikos, from graphein, "to write."
- (16) roguish—C: Mischievous; as, a roguish smile.
- (17) hyperbolic—B: Exaggerated; overstated for effect, not to be taken literally; as, a hyperbolic prose style. Greek huperbole, "exceed."
- (18) astringent—C: Causing to shrink, contract or bind; styptic; as, an astringent lotion; also, stern; austere; as, astringent comments. Latin astringens, from astringere, "to bind tight."
- (19) optional—B: Elective; subject to or involving choice; not compulsory; alternative; as, optional equipment. Latin optio, "choice."
- (20) rueful—A: Mournful; remorseful; pitiable; exciting sympathy; as, a rueful confession. Old English briowan, "to regret."

#### Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	excellent
	tgood
15-13 correc	tfair



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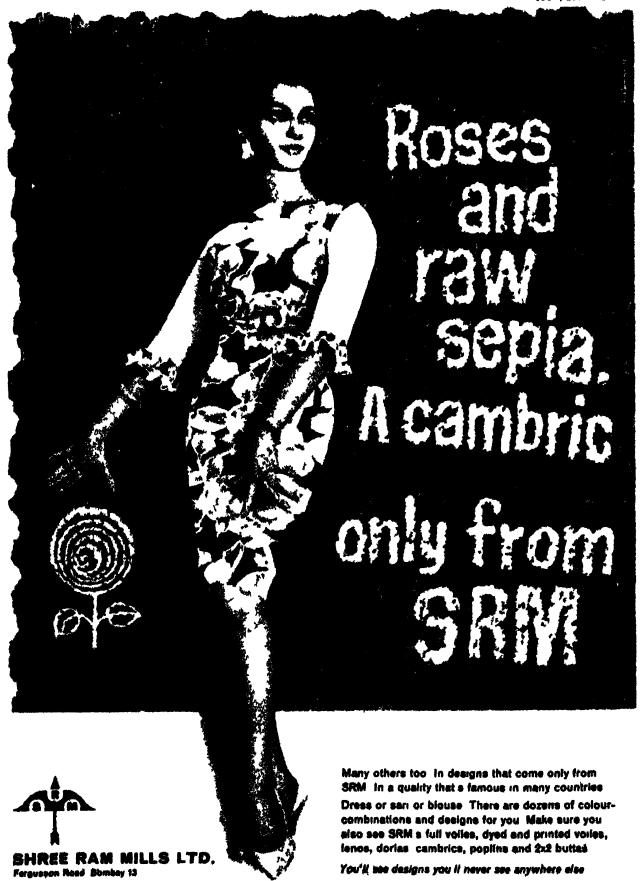
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## POINTS TO PONDER

A CHINESE philosopher, Lao-tze, listed gentleness as the first quality of greatness. In an age of push, use the magnetic pull of gentleness.

-Wilfred A. Peterson, More About the Art of Living

It would be well for all of us to remember that suspicion is far more apt to be wrong than right, and unfair and unjust than fair. It is a first cousin to prejudice and persecution and an unhealthy weed that grows with them.

-Dr. Francis Braceland and Michael Stock, O.P., Modern Psychiatry

ONE of the biggest stumbling blocks to individual achievement is the all-too-human capacity for getting in debt to yesterday, that inevitable result of postponing a job.

To avoid this costly procrastination, use reverse strategy: start tomorrow's task today. In the morning, you will get a psychological lift from finding the task already begun, and be better prepared to plunge in and finish it.

In reality, you will be taking advantage of a well-known psychological fact: our memory for uncompleted tasks, sparked off by the unresolved tensions they create, is ten times greater than our memory for completed ones. When you leave a job unfinished, your subconscious—that silent ally always on duty—goes to work on it. Later, when you return to the job, you are often amazed to discover that you have a whole new arsenal of ideas, insights and solutions from which to draw.

—T. P.

If studies had been taken in A.D. 65 on religious preferences, they would have shown 51 per cent for Jupiter, 30 for Zeus, about nine for Mithra and about one per cent for Jesus.

So St. Paul, who was urging support for Jesus, might have just given up and gone home.

But St. Paul stayed—and that made the difference.

—Harry Golden

THERE are 640 million earth-type planets in our own galaxy; planets so much like ours that you could step out of a space vehicle, take a deep breath of oxygenated air and look up at a blue sky. Many astronomers and other scientists interested in the whole question believe that the universe is crawling with life.

Is it not possible that much of it, since the numbers are so staggering, is equal to us in intelligence, or superior, simply because human intelligence has existed for so relatively short a period?

-Stanley Kubrick

Never be afraid to say what is in your heart and release the spark, for sometimes it becomes a flame at which someone you love, or someone you hardly know, can warm his hands for months to come.

—Faith Baldwin



Nothing usually. But this particular pair helped Tenzing Norgay reach the top of the world. In the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute at Darjeeling they thought of preserving it as a treasure and a morale booster for all mountaineers.

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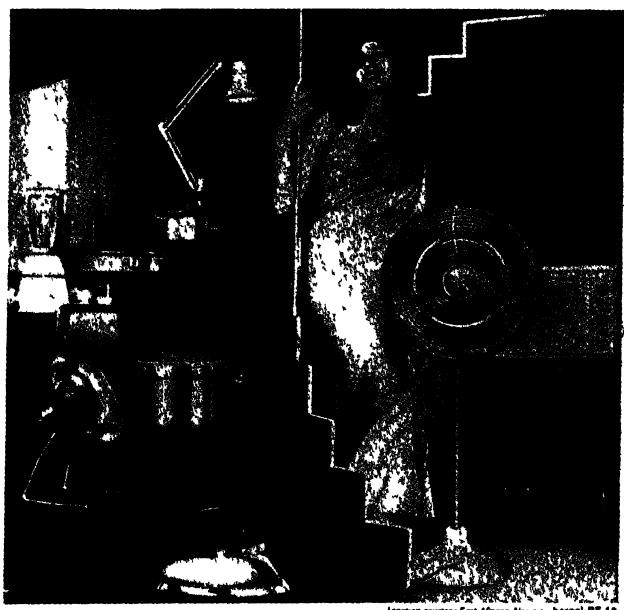
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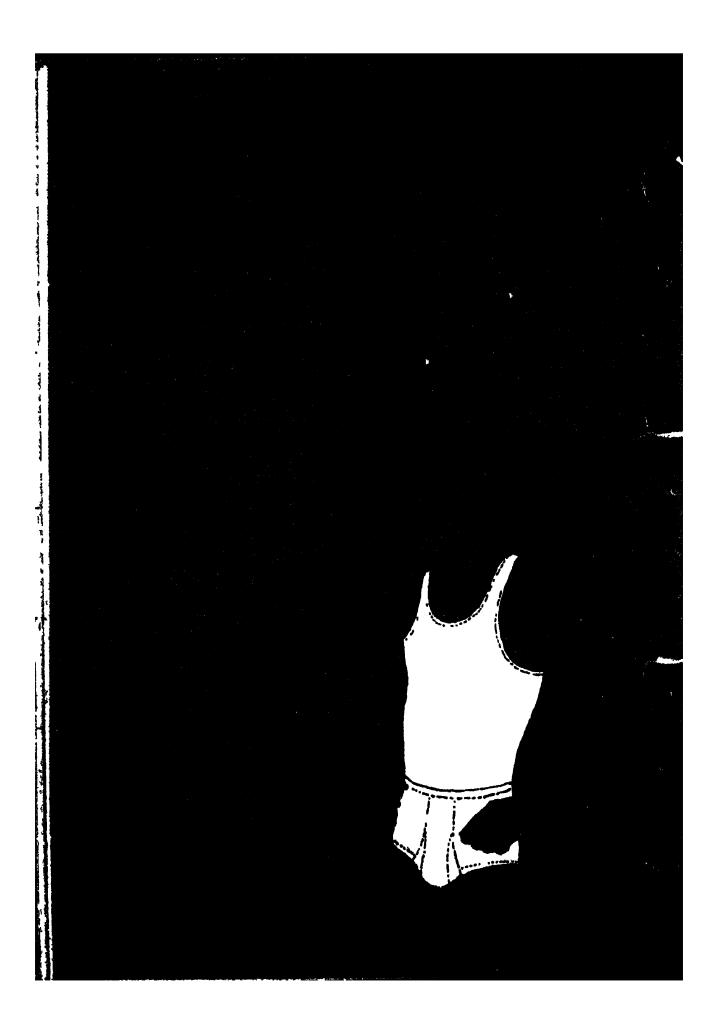
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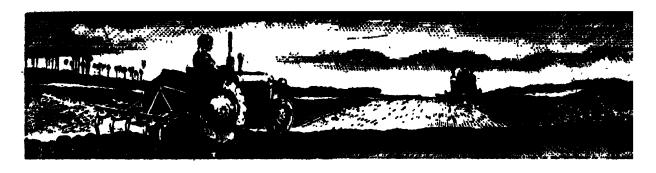
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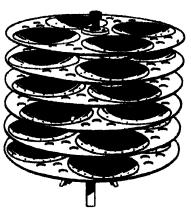
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Verse or Worse. I think that I shall never see the beauty in a bony knee (A.L.J.H.) . . . Seniority, seniority, a virtual requirement. And when at last you get it, what? You're ready for retirement (Richard Armour) . . . Girls take jobs in an office with a certain, definite plan. They aim to meet expenses, or to meet a man who can (N.V.G.S.) . . . Air conditioning may be fine, but on whose conditions—yours or mine? (E. Elizabeth Whitney)

Course Comments. Golf is a game that separates the men from the poise (Frederick Fell) . . . A teetotaller is one who disputes your golf-score (Earl Wilson) . . . Whenever I'm hitting them straight off the tee you can bet that it's not by the book. The reason, indeed, is more likely to be that I'm putting a slice in my hook! (Golf Digest) . . . Many a golfer yells, "Fore," takes six and puts down five (Harold Coffin)

Signs of the Times. In window of maternity shop: "Expansion sale" (Earl Wilson)... On tabulating machine: "You never add it so good" (P. S.)... At lingerie counter: "Sheer nonsense" (Roberta Shelton)... At poultry farm: "Better laid than ever" (Joseph Morris)... At women's shoe shop: "Ten per cent

discount on shoes purchased within ten minutes" (H. G.)... Loan-company window: "Month-to-month resuscitation" (Franklin Jones) ... In antique shop: "Should auld and quaint things be forgot?" (P. S.)

Overheard. On the bus: "I don't mind my wife having the last word—in fact, I'm delighted when she gets to it" (The Irish Digest)... Discussing a local wolf: "Too bad he wants to have his Kate and Edith, too" (Walter Winchell)... Aside: "She arrived at her wit's end after an incredibly brief journey" (R. C.)... One weatherman greeting another: "Good morning—over 60 per cent of this area. How are you probably feeling?" (Chris Hobson)

Deft Definitions. Gossip: Ear pollution (Mike Johnson)... Plumber: Drain surgeon (Michael Flanders)... Aggressive feline: Pushycat (S. F.)... Mini skirt: Freudian slip (O.C.C.)... Archaeologist: Rubble Rouser (Michael Burnam)... Sore throat: Hoarse and buggy (Jack Kraus)... Rubber trees: Stretch plants (Richard Uecker)... Airline stewardess: Plane Jane (Lee Lemons)... Five o'clock shadow: Bristle sprouts (Tina Feldmana)... Disinherit: Heir brush (At Bernstein)

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the grass is green for him too. the sky a bright blue

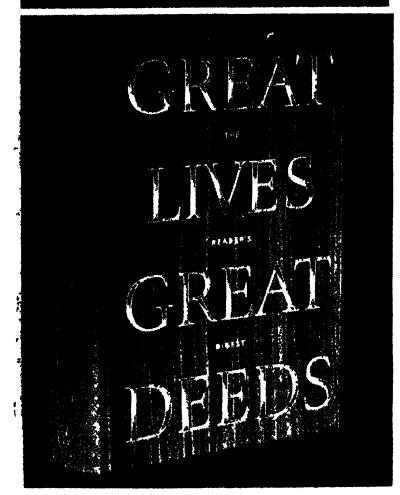
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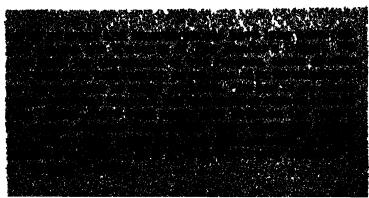
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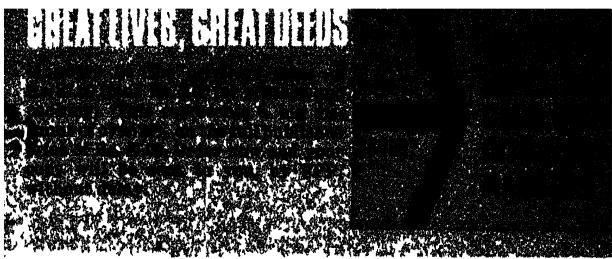
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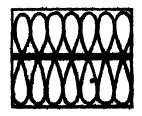
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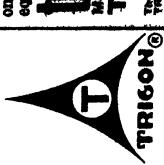
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## Reader's Digest

NOVEMBER 1967

## Yugoslavia Keeps Moving Right

Under the anxious eyes of his Iron Curtain neighbours, Tito has repudiated one Marxist dogma after another. How many Eastern European nations will follow his bold moves?

will shake my little finger, and there will be no more Tito!" Yet today Stalin is little more than a bad dream—while the man he castigated so contemptuously has become, at 75, the most dynamic politician in Eastern Europe.

Since breaking with Stalin in 1948, Tito has slowly but surely led Yugoslavia out of the bogs of Marxism and poverty into the uplands of free enterprise and prosperity. His efforts were crowned last October by what must be the most sweeping reform in the history of communism.

The Communist Party under

Lenin and Stalin was the sole repository of political power. With one bold stroke, Tito officially demoted the party to the status of an evangelical society, able to guide but not to rule. And if this unprecedented move continues to produce fruitful results, it is likely that his neighbours from Prague to Warsaw will eventually follow—as they have, however reluctantly, for the past 20 years. Should this happen, the possibilities of reconciliation between the communist world and the Free World would vastly increase.

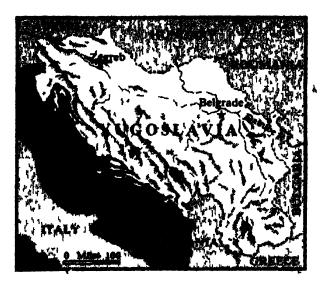
I first knew Tito in 1944, when he was leading an army of partisans against 14 German divisions. A loyal

Stalinist in those days, he was determined to impose Stalin's system on his own country.

The obstacles he faced were formidable. Belgrade itself was a shambles of bombed-out rubble, while the countryside beyond lay ravaged by war and deeply divided by historical antagonisms: Catholic against Orthodox, prosperous north against backward south, centralist Serbia against autonomy-minded Croatia. (Yugoslavia has been called a composite of six republics, five nationalities, four languages, three religions, two alphabets and one party.) But the land was rich in natural resources, including 15 million fiercely individualistic inhabitants.

Tito, like Stalin, believed Marx's dogma of nationalizing all means of production—including land. Like 'Stalin, he tried to organize the peasants into collective farms, but Yugoslav farmers refused to till soil they did not own. Reluctantly, Tito backtracked in 1953, offering them 25 acres to cultivate as their own if they wanted to leave the "socialist farms." Five out of every six accepted.

Nevertheless, Tito kept favouring the socialist farms with subsidies, machinery and fertilizers, while penalizing private farmers with low prices. But in 1964 a disastrous crop failure forced him to raise agricultural prices, lower taxes and even offer private farmers credit. The result was a bumper crop in 1965, and another in 1966. Marx's



nationalization of the land became a distant dream.

A second principle of the Marxist dogma proclaimed that only centralized planning could avoid the "capitalist cycles" of boom and depression. Hence, as Lenin and Stalin had done, Tito established a huge bureaucracy to plan every aspect of production from nuts and bolts to the allocation of capital funds for new plants. As a result, economists estimate that three-quarters of all capital funds invested since the war have been wasted.

Furthermore, if an enterprise was unable to sell its shoddy goods for a profit, it was bailed out by a government subsidy—and soon subsidies became a way of life for many factories. A Western-trained economist, employed as chief accountant of a large factory, told me how he had struggled to show a profit in his first annual report. But when he submitted the report, his boss was incensed.

"Don't you know that we lose our

subsidy when we show a profit?" he roared—and promptly fired the accountant.

Industrial workers, Tito soon discovered, were just as loath to work in nationalized factories as the peasants were to work on collective farms. Rigidly supervised by a distant bureaucracy in Belgrade, and with minimum wages, managers and workers had little incentive.

Stalin's vengeful commercial boycott of 1949 further endangered Yugoslavia's economy, and Tito turned to the West for trade. As early as 1950, professional economists persuaded him to start dismantling the huge planning machine in Belgrade and compete in the open market. And so Tito retreated. Factories, he decreed, should be self-managed by freely elected Workers' Councils.

But the party continued to set

production quotas and allot raw materials, and up to 70 per cent of factory earnings were taken by the government. Tito's half-measures improved productivity, but not nearly enough to make Yugoslav factories competitive with those across the border in Italy or Austria. So Tito was forced to grant them increasing autonomy. In 1961, factory managers were authorized to arrange their own production schedules, prices and labour forces.

During the years of trial and error, Yugoslavia's production grew rapidly, but it was an unhealthy growth. Party bureaucrats clung tenaciously to their subsidies and authority over investments. Factories operated at a loss, while inflation, unsold wares and unfavourable trade balances with the West mounted.

At last, in 1965, the reformers





prevailed. Subsidies were abolished. Retaining 71 per cent of their carnings and electing their own managers, factories were given less than two years to show a profit—or go bankrupt. Investments were taken out of politics and put in the hands of the banks.

Successful enterprises were jubilant. The rest were stunned. Hundreds of plants sought safety in mergers; many others have failed. But if the reforms succeed, Yugoslav industry will at last attain Tito's goal: competitive status with the advanced countries of the West.

One of Tito's important moves after his break with Stalin was to encourage foreign tourists. As hundreds of thousands of visitors flocked to the beautiful Dalmatian coast, Tito built hotels and restaurants, snack bars, service stations and roads. Citizens were even encouraged to open their own small hotels and restaurants, and these were an immediate success. Tito also invited foreign manufacturers to establish car-assembly plants inside the country. Today, Belgrade's streets teem with privately-owned, Yugoslavmade Fiats and many other foreign cars.

In other ways too, the capital compares favourably with cities of the West. Shop windows display shoes, luggage, women's bags and fleece-lined leather coats that could almost hold their own in any European capital. Where 15 years ago scarcely a printed sheet could pass

the vigilant scrutiny of censors, today the London Observer, Newsweek and Paris-Match lie side by side with Tito's Borba and Russia's Pravda on the news-stands. Even more amazing, you can buy Scotch whisky, American cigarettes, Italian wines, French champagne, German face lotion.

During 1966, 15 million tourists brought well over Rs. 90 crores to the state treasury and to private enterprisers. Tito has now announced that any tourist, communist or capitalist, may enter Yugoslavia without a visa. And last January Yugoslavia became the only communist country to abolish exit visas for its own citizens—a striking evidence of the liberalized police system.

Economic Boom. As a result of the 1905 reforms, Yugoslavia's economy displayed encouraging progress. Inflation decreased, and real wages rose some 2.5 per cent. Today, Yugoslav factories sell shoes and clothing to Britain, electric motors, raincoats and television sets to the United States, ships to Russia, and tungsten, mercury and other raw materials to Western Europe.

Nevertheless, progress was not as marked as the reformers had predicted—and many of them felt they knew why. "Sabotage," they told Tito. But Tito, as he now admits, was reluctant to take action. Then, in the spring of 1966, he discovered a microphone hidden in his office telephone. The wires led straight to the near-by suite of Vice-President

Alexander Rankovic. Searching his home, Tito found more microphones—and this time the wires led to Rankovic's villa.

Quietly, Tito ordered loyal subordinates to investigate complaints of other abuses by Rankovic and his police. A plenary session of the Central Committee, Yugoslavia's highest party apparatus, had been arranged for July 1966 in Belgrade. Tito secretly switched the meeting to his island hide-out at Brioni; the 155 committee members were flown to the island overnight, and for two days they listened to the evidence that Tito's men kad collected.

What Rankovic's prompted treachery? Almost certainly sprang from a deep conviction that Tito's reforms were fatally undermining the power of the Communist Party on which he, as Tito's successor, would have to depend when eventually he inherited leadership. Unable to overthrow Tito, Rankovic doubtless decided to do his best to thwart the reforms. By concealed obstruction, sabotage and intimidation, he and his party hacks hoped to check the erosion of their authority.

With Rankovic's removal, the progressive reformers thought that their battle was won. But Tito knew better. In almost every town and village there were little Rankovics

using the party to cling to their privileges.

To bring these little Rankovics to heel, Tito enacted his now-famous party retorms. First, he broke the power of the top echelon—the Politburo—and distributed its authority among several new committees. Second, he virtually forbade party officials to hold government positions. Third, he told party members that they could no longer give orders; their sole function would be to persuade others to follow the communist line.

Tito and his entourage are vague about what is to replace the party in formulating and executing policy. They talk much about democracy, but democracy in Yugoslavia today is little more than the right to complain—though not too loudly. Tito has permitted rival candidates to compete in elections, but he firmly rejects rival parties.

Associates of Tito have suggested that the Workers' Council system be expanded to provide a simple town-meeting form of government. Whether this or some other form of one-party, participatory democracy will emerge remains in question.

But for all their uncertainty, Yugoslav progressives today are in an optimistic mood. "We may not know exactly where we're going," one said jokingly to me, "but we're on our way."

Why does a woman work ten years to change a man's habits and then complain that he's not the man she married?

—Barbra Streisand

flare shot up from the foundering ship, every man aboard our Coast Guard cutter, Rockaway, knew that time had run out. We had been circling the disabled freighter Smith Voyager for seven hours that stormy day, waiting for the 35-foot waves to abate; but now the crew still on board had to be rescued.

And quickly. The ship, listing 35 degrees from a shifted cargo of wheat, was being hopelessly pummelled by the sea. With each wallow she took in more water and settled deeper.

Her last life raft had broken away and disappeared. Darkness would fall in half an hour.

When the SOS from Voyager had reached us the afternoon before, on December 20, 1964, we had been on patrol some 1,000 miles east of Bermuda. We started at once ploughing towards her position 300 miles to the north. Another vessel had already picked up 34 survivors and 4 bodies, but Voyager's captain and three of the crew had stayed aboard, hoping the storm would subside and that they could save the ship.

For that part of the Atlantic, the weather couldn't have been worse. Winds were roaring as high as 45 knots. In such heavy seas, the only way to save the 4 men on Voyager was to put out a boat and pick them up.

It was my duty to command the

A Reader's Digest
"First Person" Award

## DECISION. AT SEA

By Lieutenant-Commander John Cadigan (U.S. Coast Guard)



rescue effort. Both the 26-foot pulling boat, manned by 11 oarsmen, and the equally long powerboat were ready. I went to our skipper, Captain McGarity, for my final orders, expecting that he, as one of the finest seamen in the U.S. Coast Guard, would decide which boat to use. He didn't. "Which boat do you want to take?" he asked.

I had thought hard about which



would be preferable, and, for better or worse, had made up my mind.

With a pulling boat, the lives of 12 men, instead of the 4 needed for a powerboat, would be at stake. But if we used the powerboat, an engine failure could be disastrous as we manoeuvred round a drifting ship pouring tons of water from her decks with each roll. The lines and flotsam round the wreck could easily

tangle in our propeller, too. And if a man went overboard just a few yards away, he might never be heard above the engine.

"The pulling boat, sir," I said.

Captain McGarity looked at me thoughtfully, trying in a few seconds, it seemed, to fathom my reasoning. Then he said, "O.K. Go ahead."

As the crew lined up before me, they looked far from formidable. Some were only slightly built. Others looked too young to be in service. Worse still, because of the bad weather on this patrol, the crew had never worked together in a boat.

We said little as the cutter rolled and plunged ready to drop us about 500 yards from Voyager. Every one of us was afraid, but we tried not to show it.

It took ten minutes to reach the wreck. Ten men manned the two banks of oars. Usually, one man can manage the sweep oar that acts as a rudder. But in these wild seas both the "extra" man and I had to grip it to prevent the boat from swinging broadside into an oncoming wave and being swamped.

Cautiously, every man bending to his task, we worked our way up to Voyager. We had to get as close as possible to the survivors. But we all knew that if we moved too close, we could be sucked over the deck as Voyager rolled down, and then be smashed to splinters as she tolled her gunwale up again. Also, we could

get caught under the 20-foot waterfalls that cascaded off the decks with each roll, or be destroyed by the steel davits that plunged up and down like gigantic axes.

As the wreck drifted inexorably closer, we saw the captain and the three crewmen clinging to the rails. When only 25 feet separated us from the wreck, I threw out a floatable line. The survivors jumped into the water and grabbed hold. There was no time to pull them aboard. The wreck kept looming larger, and the last two men on the line looked perilously close to being washed back on to the decks.

"Let's get out of here!" I shouted. Now the crucial moments were upon us. The ten men bent to the oars while I held the sweep oar with one hand and, since I'd had no time to secure it, the rescue line with the other. At the same time I tried to pull up the slack to help keep the last two survivors on the line from going under. The men rowed hard, but nothing happened. The weight of the survivors and the pull of the seas had seemingly nailed us to one spot.

Why, why, I thought, didn't Captain McGarity tell me to take the powerboat?

"Harder!" I yelled. As the men increased the stroke rate, I could see drops of blood oozing between the fingers of the two oarsmen nearest me. But their exertion, terrible in its silence, wasn't enough. The wreck was drifting down on us. If that's

all you've got, I thought, we're through—those in the water and us, too.

We were pitching so violently that I couldn't see when it began to happen. But, suddenly, miraculously, the wreck was no closer—and then we began inching away.

"Keep it up—keep it up. We're not out of trouble yet!"

Then, incredibly, we were. We were free of that monstrous hulk.

At the same time, the pull of the rescue line on my hand became agonizing. It cut into my fingers, and I could see the white of the bone. My arm felt unhinged at the socket. I was losing the struggle to keep hold of the line. I yelled, "They're pulling me out of the boat!"

The "extra" man leaped towards me. He jammed the line down hard on the gunwale while I unwound it from my hand and tied it round a seat. The ten oarsmen never missed a stroke.

Mine had been the only words spoken. Now, suddenly from the first man on the rescue line, came a song—"Cruising Down the River on a Sunday Afternoon." The words came joyously and defiantly through the howling wind. Each bar of the song was punctuated by a simultaneous "Oog!" from the throats of ten straining oarsmen as they completed each stroke. A strange scene: 12 men in the boat, 4 men hanging on to the line amid gargantuan waves, the pelting rain. And the sounds—the wind,

the rhythmic rattle of the rowlocks, the squeak of the oars as they turned through the water, the heavily exhaled "Oog!" And then that song.

In 15 minutes of brutal, heart-wrenching rowing we had travelled only 125 feet from the wreck. But now, at last, we could haul in the line. We pulled the survivors into the boat like sacks of potatoes, and then rowed on before the wreck got dangerously close again. Between gasps, the freighter's captain told us he could not have held on two minutes longer.

By this time darkness covered us. But we continued rowing until we saw Rockaway creeping cautiously towards us, her searchlights driving holes in the rain and dusk.

We rowed for the lights, and ten minutes later were hauled aboard, bruised, drenched and totally exhausted. I was dry and warm under sweaters and blankets when Captain McGarity came in. "Congratulations on a fine job," he said quietly. "And especially for being clever enough to have picked the pulling boat."

When he had gone I reflected on his words. For the first time I began to understand what had really brought us back alive. I had chosen the pulling boat for perfectly satisfactory but superficial reasons. What I realized now—and what the experienced Captain McGarity had known all along—was that a machine has only a certain amount of power and endurance. It can perform merely to specified and predictable limits.

But I had staked our lives on a power that can never be built into an engine—the extra strength that men can always find within themselves when they know they must.

### Men at Work

WHILE my husband was away on business, I told our four-year-old son that he would have to be the "man of the house." He immediately sat down in his father's big reclining chair and solemnly announced, "O.K., I'm listening."

—C. E. S.

When a mother of two young children returned home after a week away, she found a large pile of dirty clothes next to the new washing machine. "Well," her husband explained, "we didn't want you to feel you had been replaced by a machine."

—E. W. W.

A young neighbour solved the problem of getting her husband to water the potplants while she was away. She placed her plants on a tray next to his cocktail cabinet with this sign: "We like to drink, too!"—M. G. P. His name is almost unrecognized. But untold millions owe their very life to this genius of medical research



# THE MAN WHO TYPED' HUMAN BLOOD

By Dr AI EXANDER WIENER, AS TOLD TO J D RATCLIFF

down the long second-floor corridor of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York that day in 1929 I was a very frightened young medical student. A telephone call had summoned me to the laboratory of one of the great research men of our time—Dr Karl Landsteiner

At the time there were two main theories on how the various types of blood were inherited. I had written a mathematical analysis of the theories, and for good measure had thrown in the statement that the Chinese had discovered the blood groups in the thirteenth century

Now I stood before Landsteiner, a six footer with dark piercing eyes, bushy eyebrows and drooping moustache. The laboratory window was made of frosted glass: Landsteiner wanted no distracting views.

Where, he asked, had I learnt that the Chinese had discovered the blood groups? I cited my source, a mention in a paper I had read. A flicker of a smile passed over the no-nonsense countenance. "I think you will find it better, young man," he said, "always to consult original sources." I would find a book in the library—he gave me the exact reference—that I might read. The interview was over.

The Chinese, of course, hadn't discovered the blood groups: Landsteiner had.

After my initial chastisement we became good friends, and eight years later, working together, we discovered the Rh factor—the basis of the blood incompatibility which bad mysteriously caused the death of thousands of infants in the womb or within hours of birth.

Medical Genius. The panorama of accomplishment of this giant of research has few equals in the annals of medicine. He laid the groundwork for research on today's polio-protective vaccines. He delineated the mechanism of skin allergies. His research on Rickettsia microbes opened the way for vaccines to prevent typhus and Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Almost single-handedly he founded and developed the science of immunochemistry. He made blood typing possible, and so opened the way for the tens of millions of lifesaving transfusions to come. Any one of these things would have ranked Landsteiner with the immortals. Yet this is only a partial list of his accomplishments.

Born in Baden, Austria, in 1868,

the son of a journalist, young Landsteiner graduated from medical school and spent four additional years studying chemistry. Then he joined the University of Vienna and began work on his lifelong interest, the mystery of blood.

Since the 1600's, venturesome doctors had been trying transfusions—with results so disastrous that France, Italy and England had eventually passed laws prohibiting such experiments. Viennese medical bigwigs had a pat explanation for the difficulty. All blood, they claimed, was alike; transfusion disaster resulted when the donor's blood was diseased. Landsteiner had the audacity to question these oracles.

He collected blood samples, allowed them to clot, then separated clot from straw-coloured serum. Then the mixing began—red cells from one individual, serum from another. Landsteiner peered through his microscope to watch the results and saw a startling drama unfold. Normally, red cells look like evenly distributed grains of sand, but on many of the slides red cells were clumping together—agglutinating—like bunches of grapes!

In precise handwriting Landsteiner recorded his findings, drew up charts, and from them drew momentous conclusions. Bloods were not alike. Some red cells contained a mysterious A substance, some a B stuff, some contained neither and were labelled o—nought. Later, people would misread this nought, and

it became the letter O for a third great group of bloods. (Landsteiner missed the fourth class—AB—because none of the volunteers from whom he wheedled blood specimens were in this rare group, but a year later two of his workers, one of them a student, tracked this one down.) The obvious conclusion was: If you transfused A blood into an A person, or B into a B, there should be no difficulty. But never put A into a B.

Successful transfusion was now possible, but medicine wasn't ready to put the revolutionary discovery to work. The world paid not the slightest attention.

Ignored, Landsteiner could go along being what God had made him, a restless malcontent making enormous, contributions to human knowledge through an unending stream of research projects. He led a busy life. In ten years, besides lecturing and teaching, he performed 3,639 post-mortems.

Then in 1908, Landsteiner left the university to accept the post of chief pathologist at Wilhelminen Hospital. He had a new project right at hand. Vienna was in the midst of a

frightening polio epidemic.

No one knew what caused the disease. Previous attempts to transmit it to animals for study had failed, but now Landsteiner undertook the job. He pulverized the spinal cord of a recently dead victim of this terrible illness, made a suspension of the cells, and injected it into monkeys.

Then he waited, apparently in vain. Just when he was ready to abandon the whole business, one monkey developed paralysis of the back legs. It was polio.

After further animal work, getting the disease firmly established so that it could be studied in the laboratory, Landsteiner, passed more ground-up cord suspension through a filter fine enough to strain off ordinary bacteria. Would the stuff that went through still produce the disease? Soon, the monkeys that got the filtrate were paralysed. It was the next big step forward: it proved that polio had to be a virus disease.

At this point Landsteiner lost interest. He had done the pioneering, the sort of thing he liked to do. Let others do the detail work that would eventually lead to vaccine.

Poverty. In 1919, chaos fell on Vienna as the aftermath of defeat in the First World War. The communists threatened to take over. There was shooting in the streets, and wild inflation. Landsteiner brought his meagre salary home in a suitcase -but it was hardly enough to buy a loaf of bread. He had to walk two miles for a small pail of goat's milk for his two-year-old son. One night the fence round his tiny cottage disappeared—fuel for someone's stove. Worse, there were no laboratory supplies, no research animals. Work came to a virtual standstill.

From a hospital in Holland came an offer of an unimportant job, performing routine laboratory work such as urinalysis and blood tests. It was almost like asking Einstein to teach multiplication tables, but Landsteiner grabbed it.

At this point he was deep in the work which he would consider his greatest contribution: investigating the antigen-antibody reaction. This isn't as complicated as it sounds. Antigens are, usually, proteins. When these "foreign" proteins get into the body, the body responds by producing specific antibodies to combat them. Thus, if you press a little smallpox vaccine (antigen) into the skin of the arm, the body responds by building smallpox antibodies which will protect against the disease for years to come. Or, if a person who is sensitive to ragweed pollen (antigen) sniffs a bit of it, the result is a runny nose and bleary eyes—for an allergy, too, is simply an antigen-antibody manifestation.

The point that impressed Landsteiner most was that all this was so extraordinarily specific. There seemed to be a separate antibody for every antigen. His work would eventually lead to an explanation for the whole mysterious business of immunity and allergy, and a book, The Specificity of Serological Reactions, that became the bible of the new science of immunochemistry.

Invited to head his own research laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute, Landsteiner sailed for New York in 1922. For him, the Institute was a dream come true: laboratory facilities such as he had never seen: animals; as many assistants as he needed; stimulating minds to confer with. He had all he needed to get back to his original love, blood.

He was sure it contained other things besides his A and B stuff. Indeed, he felt pretty sure that in time blood would turn out to be almost as individual as fingerprints. With a talented young assistant, Dr. Philip Levine, he began looking for new factors. In rapid succession they found three new ones—M, N, P. These weren't all-important in transfusion, as A and B were. They rarely cause reactions. Yet they were important in legal medicine as in identifying blood stains or establishing non-paternity.

Key Factor. In the late 1930's, in my laboratory at the Chief Medical Examiner's office, I had been doing some work with blood from monkeys—spider monkeys, woolly monkeys, rhesus monkeys, green monkeys, any kind I could find. I asked for Landsteiner's help and we began working together.

In 1937 we began shooting rhesus monkey blood into rabbits, then later drawing off rabbit blood and seeing how the serum reacted with human red cells. Eighty-five per cent of the time the serum clumped human red cells! Rhesus monkeys shared a new blood factor with man. We christened it the Rh factor, for rhesus.

Mightn't Rh be just as important in transfusion as factors A and B? Dr. Raymond Peters had written

me from Baltimore about severe transfusion reactions he had experienced although bloods matched according to the four original groups. Rh incompatibility? The answer, I discovered, was yes.

Shortly afterwards Levine and Dr. Lyman Burnham encountered an unusual case in Newark, New Jersey. A woman had delivered a baby dead of a mysterious disease, erythroblastosis. Ill herself, she had then been transfused with her husband's blood—and had nearly died as a result, although the bloods ap-

parently matched.

Was it possible, Levine wondered, that the baby had inherited some blood factor from the father which caused its blood and its mother's blood to war on each other—resulting in the infant's death? Her violent reaction to her husband's blood suggested this. And it turned out to be true. The thing involved here was the Rh factor Landsteiner and I had found in our rhesus monkeys. The way was now open for conquest of this formerly deadly blood incompatibility. Millions of patients and blood donors are now Rh-tested each year.

Everyone recognized Landsteiner as a genius. But his gruff exterior hid a shy man underneath, a man dedicated to his work. In 1930, the Institute switchboard was flooded with calls from newspapers, after reports that Landsteiner had just

won the Nobel Prize for Medicine for his work in blood-typing. He refused to talk and just went on working. When he got home that evening he didn't even mention it to his family. Eventually a cable arrived from Stockholm. "I have just won the Nobel Prize," he said to his wife Helene. Then he went back to his scientific journals.

Nearly always, after a full nineto-five day in the laboratory, there would be four hours of work after dinner. For ten years I spent Wednesday evenings with him. He would sit at the dining room table munching apples while we discussed research under way, worked on papers to be published.

At 75, Landsteiner was still keeping to his rigorous schedule. He was at his laboratory bench on the morning of June 24, 1943, when he was struck down by a massive heart attack. For two days he lingered in pain, fretting about his book, driving assistants forward with current experiments. Then life passed from him.

Buried as he wished in a little cemetery on Nantucket Island, he lies in an unnoticed grave swept by the sea wind and covered with a thatch of beach grass. It is a quiet resting spot indeed for the most authentic medical research giant of our century—a man whose work has touched and benefited nearly every human being now alive.

What Rodin Taught Me

How a young writer met the great sculptor and learned a lesson for life. A tribute from the past to mark the 50th anniversary of Rodin's death



By STEFAN ZWEIG

was about 25 at the time, studying and writing in Paris. Many people had already praised my published literary pieces; some of them I liked myself. But deep down within me I felt that I could do better, though I could not determine where lay the fault.

Then a great man taught me a

STEFAN ZWEIG, born in Vienna in 1881, became one of the most distinguished men of letters of his day. His numerous works included essays, short stories, poems, novels, plays, and art and literary criticism. Probably his best-known biography was Maria Stuart, in which he gave an unusual interpretation of Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth I. Forced out of Austria by the Nazis, he fled to England and became a British subject; he died in 1942.

great lesson. It was one of those seemingly trifling incidents which prove to be a turning point in life.

One evening at the home of Verhaeren, famous Belgian writer, an elderly painter was deploring the decline in the plastic arts. I, young and pugnacious, vehemently opposed this view. Was there not living, and in this very town, I said, a sculptor who ranked with Michelangelo? Would not Rodin's Penseur, his Balzac, endure as long as the marble out of which he had fashioned them?

When my outburst ended, Verhaeren clapped me good-humouredly on the back. "I am going to see Rodin tomorrow," he said. "Come with me. Anyone who admires a man as much as you do has a right to meet him."

I was filled with delight, but when Verhaeren presented me to the sculptor, next day, I could not utter a word. While the old friends chatted, I felt as though I were an unwanted intruder.

But the greatest men are the kindest. As we took our leave, Rodin turned to me. "I imagine you'd like to see one or two of my sculptures," he said. "I'm afraid I have hardly anything here. But come and dine with me on Sunday at Meudon."

In Rodin's unpretentious country house, we sat down at a small table to a simple meal. Soon the encouraging gaze of his soft eyes, the simplicity of the man himself, cured my embarrassment.

In his studio, a primitive structure with great windows, were finished statues, and hundreds of little plastic studies—an arm, a hand, sometimes only a finger or a knuckle; statues he had started and then abandoned; tables piled with sketches. The place spoke of a lifetime of restless seeking and labour.

Rodin put on a linen smock and thereby seemed transformed into a workman. He paused before a pedestal.

"This is my latest work," he said, removing wet cloths and revealing a female torso, brilliantly modelled in clay. "It's quite finished, I think."

He took a step backwards, this heavily-built, broad-shouldered old man with the faded grey beard, to take a good look. "Yes, I think it's finished."

But after a moment of scrutiny, he murmured, "Just there on the shoulder, the line is still too hard. Excusez..."

He picked up his scalpel. The wood passed lightly over the soft clay and gave the flesh a more delicate sheen. His strong hands awakened to life; his eyes kindled. "And there..."

Concentration. Again he changed something. He stepped back. Then he turned the pedestal, muttering strange throaty noises. Now his eyes lit up with pleasure; now his brows knit in vexation. He kneaded bits of clay, added them to the figure, scraped some away.

This went on for half an hour, an hour... He never once addressed a word to me. He was oblivious to everything but the vision of the sublimer form he wished to create. He was alone with his work, like God on the first day of the creation.

At last, with a sigh of relief, he threw down his scalpel and wrapped the wet cloths round the torso with the tender solicitude of a man placing a shawl round the shoulders of his beloved. Then he turned to go, once more the heavily-built old man.

Just before he reached the door, he caught sight of me. He stared. Only then did he remember, and

he was visibly shocked at his discourtesy. "Pardon, Monsieur, I had quite forgotten you. But you know..." I took his hand and pressed it gratefully. Perhaps he had an inkling of what I felt, for he smiled and put his arm round my shoulders as we walked out of the room.

I learned more that afternoon at Meudon than in all my years at school. For ever since then I have known how all human work must be done if it is to be good and worthwhile.

Nothing has so moved me as this realization that a man could utterly

forget time and place and the world. In that hour I grasped the secret of all art and of all earthly achievement—concentration; the rallying of all one's forces for the accomplishment of one's task, large or small; the capacity to direct one's will, so often dissipated or scattered, upon the *one* thing.

I realized then what it was I had hitherto lacked in my own work—that fervour which enables a man to forget all else but the will to perfection. A man must be capable of losing himself utterly in his task. There is—I knew it now—no other magic formula.



### Courting Safety

ARTHUR GOLDBERG, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, finds diplomacy there very cautious: "It's like the young man who says to his girl, 'If I ask you to marry me, will you say yes?' And the answer is: 'If I say yes, will you ask me to marry you?'"

—J. A.

### Quick to the Point

I know a 40-year-old man who recently shaved off his beard. When I asked him why, he replied, "I thought it made me look too young."

-S. J. H.

When a guest at a party was asked her opinion of another guest's minidress, she said, "It shows everything but good taste."

—I.D.D.

A BAGPIPES player, asked why pipers always walk while they play, explained, "It's harder to hit a moving target."

—B. F.

My NEIGHBOUR keeps his list of house and garden chores pasted on the ceiling of his workshop. Asked why, he explained simply, "Because I hardly ever look there,"

—D. A. K.

## Three Girls Who Were Born Again

By Earl and Anne Selby

From the squalid slums of a large city, they escaped to a life where clean clothes and good food are no longer rarities, where ambition has meaning, where there is hope and a real chance of happiness

and Stephanie and Dora. Clarise is 20 years old, and Stephanie and Dora are two years younger.

All three are Negroes, and all three are now attending top-class U.S. colleges on scholarships. All are getting good marks; all are fiercely determined to do something useful in this new world that has been opened to them.

Four years ago the three girls, like millions of other American Negro youngsters, lived on welfare payments. They seemed doomed to a life on public assistance—surrounded by delinquency, illegitimacy, adult crime, drug addiction and alcoholism.

Clarise and Stephanie are sisters. Their father was a drug addict, their mother an alcoholic. Both parents had served terms in prison. The family had been on public assistance since Clarise was three.

When Clarise was four, her paternal grandmother brought a court action against the child's mother on a neglect charge. The case was dismissed, but not long afterwards the grandmother took matters into her own hands and brought the children to live with her.

If the grandmother had approached her job with kindness and

understanding, life could have been better for the two waifs. But the old lady was living meagrely on a monthly Social Security allowance, and perhaps she found she had undertaken too much. At any rate, she soon developed feelings of hostility towards the children. Frequently she would eat a hot meal in the living-room, while the little girls had cold tinned meat in the kitchen. Neither of them had enough clothes; they had to share everything, even underwear. Clarise never owned a coat of her own until she went to college.

Their grandmother lectured the children constantly on sin, and implied that they would come to a bad end. Both girls were confused by this talk, and Stephanie was so crushed that she became withdrawn. Clarise fought back and became her sister's protector. When they started school, no one helped them find the way. They walked alone, hand in hand, through the city streets.

When Clarise was 12, her teacher asked each child to write his autobiography. Clarise's was one of the most startling bits of childhood composition the teacher had ever seen. She told in matter-of-fact detail how, as a tiny girl, she had to fight the family dog for milk, about the fleas that raise great welts when they bite small arms and legs. Her teacher gave her top marks.

By the time she was 16, Clarise was in open rebellion against her grandmother. She started sneaking

out to go to the cinema with a boyfriend. When the grandmother discovered her absence, she locked her out, no matter how cold the night. Somehow, timid little Stephanie always managed to hear Clarise's soft tap, tiptoe to the door and let her in.

Eventually Clarise threatened to run away, and take Stephanie with her. That did it. The grandmother hauled them into a family court. "They're just plain sinful and bad," she told the court counsellor. "I want them put in an institution." She signed a petition asking that they be declared delinquent and sent to a correctional institution.

Helping Hand. The counsellor, a sociologist, talked to the grand-mother, then to the two girls. She visited the girls' schools and found that, despite poor nutrition and painfully shabby clothes, their attendance records and their marks were excellent. She spoke to a woman judge, who said, "What these children need is help—not prison." They were returned temporarily to their grandmother's flat under protection of the court.

The counsellor says, "Even when I first saw the girls, it was obvious that Clarise had great qualities of leadership. Stephanie, on the other hand, was so withdrawn that she spoke only in answer to my questions—and then only in monosyllables. At 14, life was already almost too much for her."

If they were to be saved, the girls

needed a new environment immediately. But finding a foster home for teenagers, particularly older teenagers, is terribly difficult.

Meanwhile, the counsellor worked with the girls and also with the grandmother. She got in touch with the absentce parents, but there was no hope there. Frequently, when her day's work was done, the counsellor would take Clarise and Stephanie out for a treat, and talk to them. Now and then, on a Saturday, she and the judge invited the sisters to lunch in a restaurant, followed by a window-shopping tour. Little by little the girls learned about table manners and conversation. But Clarise and Stephanie needed far more than this show of interest and friendship. For them, time was running out.

Crisis. About three months after they were first brought under court protection, the counsellor was called to the flat where the girls' great-aunt lived. She found Clarise sitting in a police car with two officers. Inside the incredibly dirty flat, Stephanie was sitting on a couch in a state of shock and the old aunt was lying on a mattress on the floor, dying. The grandmother pointed her finger and said, "Clarise has committed a crime. Now you'll have to put her in jail."

The counsellor, piecing the story together, found that the grandmother had sent Stephanie to care for the senile aunt, but had forbidden Clarise to accompany her. Knowing how terrified Stephanie was of being alone with the dying woman, Clarise evaded her grandmother and followed her sister. But Stephanie panicked and refused to open the door to her. So Clarise broke a window and climbed in. Seeing that the old aunt was beyond help, she called the police. The grandmother then appeared, and told the police to arrest Clarise for housebreaking.

Once the counsellor had sorted out the facts, she took the two girls away with her—but not to prison. That very day the judge had succeeded in finding foster homes for them.

And so the sisters at last began a new life. At first it wasn't easy. The girls were separated, and they missed each other. Moreover, they knew nothing about housework—how to make a bed or peel a potato or do the simplest cooking. How could they? They had eaten mostly out of tins. But with the help of their foster parents they learned. Both worked during their summer holidays, and Clarise also had a Saturday job. They began to buy the clothes all girls love.

About this time the two girls were joined by a third. The judge and the counsellor were asked if they would help another girl, Dora, whose mother had been on and off public assistance for years, and was numbed by poverty.

Dora was a bright girl about Stephanie's age. She desperately wanted to go to college, but her mother dismissed this as impossible.

The judge and the counsellor stretched their time and resources a bit more. Dora joined the Saturday-lunch and window-shopping party. Her clothes were drab and dark; she seemed to shun the gay colours of youth as if she had no right to them. One day the judge and the counsellor gave her a bright red sweater. She loved it, and it seemed to give her new confidence.

Soon it was time to think of college. The judge and the counsellor urged all three girls to apply for scholarships to the best universities in the country. "Reach for the top," they said.

The happy ending to this chapter—actually, it is only the beginning of the story—is that the girls tried, and won! All received scholarships, to three different colleges with the highest academic standards. Clarise is now beginning her third year; the two younger girls are entering their second year.

Today it is a joy to visit them.

They dress neatly; their manners are exemplary. Their voices are soft; their talk is a gay blend of teenage slang and college sophistication. More important, pride and determination run like a bright thread through their conversation. "We all knew what we wanted out of life," Clarise says, "but we didn't know how to go about getting it. Our counsellor and our judge showed us. They made us see we could be whatever we wanted to be."

Dora is concentrating on languages and wants to work for the United Nations. Clarise and Stephanie want to teach. "We've been given so much by other people," Clarise said. "We want to give something back to children who have the same kind of problems we had."

It didn't take a great deal of money to guide these three young girls on to the path of honourable, self-reliant adulthood. What it did take was understanding and determination on the part of a few people of good heart.

### Footing the Bill

The wife of a prosperous farmer likes to walk round the house barefoot. One day she answered a knock at the door and found a man standing there, hat in hand. "I called to tell your husband that it will be a few more weeks before I can pay back the £10 I owe him," he explained.

Embarrassed at being caught barefoot, she attempted to make light of the situation by replying, "Oh, that's all right. I've gone barefoot so long now that I'm used to it."

Next day the man was back with the money.



By J. D. RATCLIFF

The longest wire fence in the world, it helps to protect all-important sheep flocks from the voracious dingo

M pens, but none like this— 6,000 miles of fence enclosing nearly a third of a continent! Its job: to protect Australia's 160 million sheep from one of the world's most costly pests—the dingo.

Not long ago, in a low-flying bush plane, I flew along hundreds of miles of this fence. It traverses some of the bleakest country this side of the moon—a sere brown land creased with dry stream-beds where temperatures often reach 125 degrees. There you see only scrub and an occasional tuft of grass.

The fence itself looks so unprepossessing that it's difficult to realize Australia's economic well-being depends on it. Wool is the nation's major export; Australia supplies about 45 per cent of the world's needs. And trying to rear sheep north of this barrier is virtually impossible: in a few nights the dingo would simply exterminate any unprotected flock.

Slaughter. "He is sly, cautious and intelligent—a legendary killer," says Alan Fletcher, Queensland's minister for lands. "A single dedicated dog has destroyed as many as

100 sheep in a night."

"He is a killer by instinct," says David Fleay, who runs a small sanctuary for native fauna in Queensland. Although the wild dog is not supposed to attack man, it happens. Once Fleay was in the cage of a dingo he had reared from a puppy. He recounts: "Without a sound and with no warning whatever he went for my throat. I tried to fend him off with my hands and arms and got them ripped to shreds—it took 17 stitches to close one wound. As I tried to get out of the cage, he went for my legs."

For years, sheepmen waged a losing battle with the dingo. In an 11-year period in one Queensland district, dingoes killed 600,000 sheep—worth something like Rs. 4 crores. In four months, one grazier lost 900 sheep out of a flock of 5,000. Instead of letting animals range freely, owners sent out herdsmen with them by day and put them in guarded pens at night.

Some sheepmen tried to fence the

dingo out, but this, too, was prohibitively expensive. To survive at all in this dry, empty country, sheep must have enormous ranges: a single sheep station can encompass 1,500 square miles. Many graziers went bankrupt or changed to cattle. Australia's great wool industry faced a deadly threat.

If individual farmers couldn't handle so vast a job, why not coordinated effort sponsored by the government? One of the most important pieces of legislation towards this end was Queensland's Barrier Fences Act of 1954. With state governments supplying free fencing and graziers putting it up, the great defence line began to take shape.

Mostly supported by steel posts brush fires would burn out wooden ones—the fence is six feet high. Its sturdy wire netting extends six or more inches into the ground to discourage burrowing. There is a gate every thirty miles—and a heavy fine for leaving one open. The barrier starts about 150 miles west of Brisbane and the sea. After barricading an area nearly twice the size of Rajasthan in Queensland's southcentral sheep districts, it skirts the New South Wales border, finally dips through South Australia and westward to touch the sea near Eucla. North of the fence is cattle country; there the dingo does minimal damage.

Maintaining this vast extent of fence in such hostile country is a staggering job. Everything seems to conspire to destroy it. Whipped by winds, dry buckbush rolls across the flat land and lodges against the wire. There it traps drifting sand; in a few hours a 50-foot dune can form, burying the fence and giving the dingo free access to sheep country.

Migrating 80-pound emus hurl themselves senselessly against the fence until dead. Dingoes climb over their bodies to get into the sheep feastland. Wild pigs crash through the fence, and kangaroos tear it apart with their powerful hind legs.

The rabbit, itself a notorious nuisance on Australia's pastures, does its share of fence-breaching, too. Periodically, millions of them migrate in search of food, and move along the wire seeking soft, sandy patches to burrow through. Dingoes follow by enlarging the rabbit holes. Wind often undercuts the fence and leaves it hanging in the air. Chemicals in the sand corrode the wire netting. Flash floods sometimes wash away miles of it.

Thus, some dingoes still slip through into the barricaded grazing lands. And in spite of the sheepmen's unending efforts to exterminate them, the wild dogs destroy two to three per cent of the flocks a year—more than three million sheep.

Has anyone ever tamed a dingo? "They are tameable in the sense that any wild animal is tameable," says Alan Reid, who runs a zoo on the outskirts of Brisbane. "But it is against the law for anyone except a

zoo-keeper to own dingoes. In fact, it is required to kill them on sight. In the past, a few have been domesticated, but no matter how friendly they appeared to be, they had to be chained up at night—that is when they hunt."

Not long ago, at Reid's zoo, a dingo chewed his way through the heavy steel netting of his run and by dawn had killed seven big kangaroos.

"Hunger had no part in the escapade," says Reid. "That dingo had all the red meat he could possibly eat."

No animals inhabiting Australia's plains are safe from these killer dogs. Mated for life, the male and female hunt together as a beautifully skilled team. They will take turns to chase a kangaroo, turning it and bringing it back to where the other sits waiting, until the animal is ready to drop from exhaustion. Then one dingo goes for the tail, as a distraction, and the other goes for the throat.

A sheep is easy prey—one dive at the throat is enough. In cattle country, a pair of dingoes will trail a cow with calf for days—respecting the cow's horns and hoofs. Eventually, the cow will relax her vigilance, and the calf will stray into the dingoes' clutches.

Fast Getaway. Few animals anywhere can outrun the dogs or match their stamina. Not long ago a rare white dingo was shot and wounded at dusk. Next morning the animal was found in a trap 57 miles away!
Sheepmen who have used trucks to chase dingoes swear they have clocked them at 40 m.p.h.

With fence breaks a constant threat, day-in, day-out vigilance is essential. Every foot of the 6,000 miles is inspected daily by boundary riders. Living in corrugated-iron shacks spaced 30 miles apart, these men patrol the wire by truck, rifles at the ready in case they encounter a dingo. A dingo scalp brings a bounty of as much as Rs. 21 and in an average year Queensland pays bounty money on 35,000 scalps.

The battle must be constantly carried to the enemy—outside the fence to reduce pressures on the fence itself; inside, to destroy the killers that have somehow got through. In dry periods, when rivers in the area disappear completely and

prey of any kind is scarce for the dingo, cans of poisoned water and slabs of poisoned beef brisket are placed outside the fence. As many as 100 dead dingoes have been found within a half-mile radius of poisoned water.

One Queensland sheep station used aircraft to drop 20,000 strychnine baits in three years along the property's creeks and watercourses. At another station, poison baits and "doggers"—men hired to trap or shoot dingoes—have destroyed some 6,000 in the past seven years.

Thus, the relentless war continues: dingo against sheep, man against dingo. However costly his depredations, the dog deserves some admiration. Despite all the stratagems and weapons employed against him, the fight is still a draw.

### Secret Ingredient

Every now and then you meet radiantly attractive people and you're delighted to find they adore you, till you realize that they adore just about everybody—and that's what's made them radiantly attractive.

---Mignon McLaughlin

### Remember, Remember . . .

In Brussels, where the British community likes to celebrate the Fifth of November, the wife of one businessman insisted that he must leave his office at 5.45 to take their children to the embassy fireworks party. He made a large note in his diary and asked his secretary to remind him.

At 5.45 she interrupted an important conference with an American executive. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "you have an appointment with a guy called Fawkes."

—Daily Telegraph, London

Don't always stay on the safe side of life; adventure and achievement lie just round the corner

## Rewards of Risking It

By John Kord Lagemann

( YEVERAL winters ago, on a ski-ing holiday, I stepped off the lift which had carried me to the top of a snow-clad mountain and sized up the situation. Leading down to the postcard-size valley below were three slopes—a gentle one for beginners, a steeper intermediate slope, and finally an advanced slope that seemed to plunge 3,000 feet straight down.

I had skied many times near home, and my first inclination that morning was to set off down the intermediate slope, the kind I was used to. But through a knot of fear that tightened my throat, a small voice whispered, "You're experienced enough. What's stopping you from trying the most difficult slope?"

Without thinking twice, I pushed

off and I'm glad now that I did. Tackling the advanced slope opened up a new realm of ski-ing pleasure. But the real lesson I learned that day was the value of taking calculated risks, not only in sports but throughout life in general.

Risk-taking is the essential first step in making decisions, crossing new frontiers of knowledge, accepting responsibility for discovering who we are and what we can do. In times of emergency, a background of risk-taking is our surest safeguard

against danger.

Intelligent risk-taking has nothing to do with bravado and foolhardiness, or with impulse and blind luck. The constructive risk is always based on fact and preparation, and guided by reason. This does not diminish the courage required to take

risks. Sir Edmund Hillary made the most painstaking preparations before his historic conquest of Mount Everest, but it still took dauntless courage to brave the icy steeps of the world's highest mountain.

During the Second World War, Dr. Paul Torrence, a psychologist, studied U.S. ace pilots flying in the Pacific. "Their most salient characteristic," Dr. Torrence told me, "was their risk-taking ability." The life histories of these men showed that they were highly resistant to accidents, and in combat they suffered fewer casualties than pilots who were inclined to play it safe. "Living itself is a risky business," says Dr. Torrence. "If we spent half as much time learning how to take risks as we spend avoiding them, we wouldn't have so much to fear in life."

You don't have to wait for emergencies or momentous occasions to learn the art of risk-taking. You can practise it daily by standing up for what you believe, by making firm decisions instead of procrastinating, by doing something you always wanted to do and never dared. The rewards of such practice in risk-taking are greater self-confidence and insight, more rewarding relationships with others, and a more vivid and effective personality.

The commonest and most difficult form of risk-taking occurs when you have to make a decision. There is always the chance that you may make the wrong one. Unable to accept that risk, some people keep hesitating to make up their minds, and simply drift. An engineering friend of mine, for example, had an idea early in his career for a revolutionary new printing process. To develop it, however, meant leaving his job and spending his life savings on a few years of experimentation. Year after year he put off the decision. Eventually, someone else came out with the same process.

Under stress, the person who has not learnt to take risks is panicstricken, because he has never discovered how far he can try his luck without being foolhardy. Sometimes, though, we must take risks to avoid catastrophe.

Several years ago, my wife and I were invited by friends in the Caribbean to take a holiday in their cabin cruiser. On the second day out, we ran into heavy seas and learned that a tropical storm had developed just ahead of us. We made for our home port at full speed and were only a mile outside the harbour when the storm descended. "Thank heavens, we're almost there," I thought. Then, to my astonishment, the skipper turned the boat round and headed into the centre of the storm.

"Of course it's risky," he yelled in answer to my startled protest. "But it's better than breaking up on those rocks."

Hours later, when the storm eased up, we scurried into port, and I saw what he meant. The water was littered with wreckage, and the crowded harbotir was a shambles of boats which had parted from their moorings and piled up against the quayside. Our skipper had learnt through years of seamanship that in order to win safety, he had to take a real risk.

How can we be sure in advance that the decision we make is the best? We can't. But a second-best decision quickly made and vigorously carried out is better than the best decision made too late and half-heartedly carried out. The decision is ours, whether to wait for circumstances to make up our mind for us—or to act, and in acting, to live.

How do you make an intelligent assessment of the risks involved, and decide whether or not to go ahead?

First, define your goal. There is no virtue in taking a risk to attain something that may be of doubtful value. Why, for example, risk your life crossing against a red light? The goal—to save a few seconds—is not worth the danger.

Having determined that your goal

is a significant one, estimate the odds against achieving it and ask, "Are they reducible?" To reduce them, get all the facts; be as realistic as possible in sizing up the situation. For example, if your goal is to win a competitive examination or a scholarship, the obvious way to improve your chances is by long, concentrated study. But there is no point in trying to accomplish something for which you are unqualified. Realistic self-assessment is the basis of intelligent risk-taking.

After making every possible preparation, you will find that the odds are still not 100 per cent in your favour. That's where the risk comes in. No matter how carefully you prepare, you will always find that there is a gap between your present situation and a desired goal. Eventually, you have to decide whether to leap that gap or to stay on your side of it.

"To venture is to risk anxiety, but not to venture is to lose yourself," says the Danish philosopher Kierkegaard. Like happiness, security is elusive. To find it, you have to risk it.

### Price Wise

At the foot of the menu of a French restaurant in London: "You are helping to pay for the following—Company Tax, Corporation Tax, Customs and Excise Tax, Income Tax, P.A.Y.E., Graduated Pension Contributions, Licence Duty, Import Duty, National Health Contributions, Purchase Tax, Profits Tax, Rates, Reduction in Investment Allowances, Selective Employment Tax, Surtax Surcharge, Temporary Import Charge, Water Rates, Wine and Spirits Tax. From the remainder we pay our suppliers, and somehow manage to make a living."

—The Times, London

In this strange, deceptive country of startling contrasts and hidden dangers, only the boldest of travellers will dare to linger

## The Desert, Land of Surprises

By EDWARD ABBEY

hardly shave in the mornings. The water and lather dry upon my face as I reach for the razor: aridity. The inch of snow that falls during a stormy night in the middle of May has all disappeared an hour after sunrise, except in shaded places, and an hour after the snow melts the surface of the desert is again bone-dry.

It seldom rains here in Utah. The geography books credit this portion of the United States with nine to ten inches of precipitation per year, but this is merely an average. Actual rainfall and snowfall vary widely from year to year. There are a few perennial springs hidden in secret places, known only to the deer and the coyotes, to myself and a few

friends, but the water does not flow far before vanishing into the air and under the ground. Even the rain, when it comes, does not always fall to the ground but can often be seen evaporating halfway down—curtains of blue rain dangling out of reach, torture by tantalizing.

If he lives long enough in the desert, a man, like other animals, can learn to smell water. Learn, at least, the smell of things associated with water—the odour of the cottonwood tree, for example, which out here might well be called the tree of life. In this wilderness of naked rock, there is no vision more pleasing than the acid-green leaves of this venerable tree, signifying not only water but shade.

The cottonwood means water, but

it may be too far underground to be of any use. If you have what is called a survival problem and try to dig for this water during the heat of the day, the effort may cost you more in sweat than you will find to drink, for it is difficult to satisfy your thirst with moist sand. I have tried it. Better to wait for nightfall, when the cottonwood trees and other plants along the bed of a dried-up river seem to release some of the water they have taken in during the day and a trickle may rise to the surface of the sand.

If it does not, you are then welcome to march onward until sooner or later you find a spring or at least a seep on the canyon wall. On the other hand, you might not. The desert is a land of surprises, some of which are terrible. Terrible as derived from terror. When out for a walk, bring your own water—not less than a gallon a day.

Hidden Snare. In places you will find clear, flowing streams where the water looks beautifully drinkable but is too saline to swallow. You might think, dying of thirst, that any water, however salty, would be better than none at all, but this is not true. Small doses will not keep you alive, and a deep drink will force your body to expend water in getting rid of the excess salt, resulting in a net loss of body moisture and a hastening of dehydration. Dehydration first enervates, then prostrates, then kills.

A great thirst is a great joy when

assuaged in time. On my first walk down into Havasu Canyon, which is a small hidden branch of the Grand Canyon, I took with me only a quart of water, thinking that would be enough for a 14-mile downhill hike on a warm summer day.

On the rim of the canyon the temperature was a tolerable 96 degrees, but it rose about one degree for each mile down and forwards.

Like a fool I rationed my water, drank sparingly, and could have died of sunstroke. When late in the afternoon I eventually stumbled—sun-dazed, blear-eyed, parched as an old cheese rind—upon that blue stream which flows like a mirage across the canyon floor, I was too exhausted to pause and drink soberly from the bank. Dreamily, deliriously, I waded into the waist-deep water and fell on my face.

I soaked up moisture through every pore like a sponge, letting the current bear me along beneath a canopy of willow trees. I had no fear of drowning in the water—I intended to drink it all.

There are other surprises. Northeast of Moab, Utah, in a region of gargoyles and hobgoblins, a land-scape left over from the late Jurassic period, is a peculiar little waterhole named Onion Spring. A few wild onions grow in the vicinity but more striking, in season, is the golden princess plume, an indicator of selenium, a mild poison often found in association with usanium, a

poison not so mild. In addition to the selenium, the water of Onion

Spring contains arsenic.

What else is odd about this little spring, where no one ever comes except the odd few who want to see what a sick spring looks like? Well, the water is too clear. There's no life in it. No bugs. When in doubt about drinking from an unknown spring, look for life. If the water is scummy with algae, crawling with worms, tadpoles and insects, be reassured, drink deeply, you'll get nothing worse than dysentery. But if it appears innocent and pure, beware.

In midsummer, here on the high desert, come the thunderstorms. The mornings begin clear and dazzling bright, unflawed by a trace of cloud from the Book Cliffs on the north to the Blue Mountains 80 miles to the south, from the Sierra La Sal on the east to the notched reef of the San Rafael 100 miles west. By noon, though, clouds are beginning to form over the mountains, coming, it seems, out of nowhere, out of nothing.

They merge and multiply, cumuli nimbuses piling up like whipped cream, like mashed potatoes, building upon one another into a second mountain range greater than the terrestrial range below. The massive forms jostle and grate, ions collide, and the sound of thunder is heard on the sun-drenched land.

At my observation point on a sandstone monolith, the sun blazes

down as intensely as ever, the air crackles with dry heat. But the storm clouds are taking over the sky and, as they approach, the battle out. Lightning streaks among the clouds like gunfire; volleys of thunder shake the air. So long as the clouds exchange their bolts with one another no rain falls, but now they begin bombarding the ridgetops below. Forks of lightning, like illuminated nerves, link heaven and earth. The wind is rising and, for anyone with sense enough to get out of the rain, now is the time to seek shelter.

Sudden Deluge. The clouds roll in, smoking billows in malignant violet, dense as wool. Most of the sky is overcast, but the sun remains clear, halfway down the west, shining beneath the storm. Over my head the clouds thicken, then crack and split with a roar like that of cannonballs tumbling down a marble staircase; their bellies open—too late to run now!—and suddenly the rain comes down.

Comes down: not softly, not gently, with no quality of mercy, but like heavy water in buckets, raindrops like lead pellets smashing and splattering on the flat rock, knocking the berries off the juniper, plastering my shirt to my back, drumming on my hat like hailstones, running like a waterfall off the brim. The pinnacles and arches of sandstone, glazed with water but still exposed to the sun, gleam like old grey silver in the holy—no, unholy—light that slants in under the black ceiling of the storm.

For five minutes the deluge continues, then trails off quickly, diminishes to a shower, to nothing, while the clouds, moving off, rumble in the distance. A fresh golden light breaks through and now, in the east, a double rainbow appears. The desert storm is over and through the sweet, pellucid air the cliff swallows and the nighthawks plunge and swerve, with cries of hunger and warning and perhaps of exultation as well.

After the storm has passed and the streambeds are as dry as they were before, water still remains in natural cisterns and potholes carved by wind and weather into the rock. Some of these holes may contain water for days or weeks after rain, depending upon their depth and exposure to the sun. Often far from any spring or stream, these temporary pools attract doves, ravens and other birds for as long as they last, provide the deer and the coyotes with a short-lived water supply; you too, if you know where to look, may slake your thirst there, and fill your water-flasks.

The rainpools, set in monolithic rock, are usually devoid of plant life but not always of animal life. They may contain certain amphibians such as the spadefoot toad, which lives in the sediment in the bottom

of the pothole. When rain comes, he emerges from the mud, singing madly, mates with the nearest female, and fills the pool with a swarm of tadpoles, most of them doomed to an ephemeral existence.

With luck a few may survive to become mature toads, and as the pool dries up they, like their parents, make themselves a burrow in the mud, which they seal with mucus to preserve the moisture necessary to life. They wait down there, week after week, patiently, hopefully, indefinitely, for the next rain. If it comes soon, the cycle can be repeated; if not, the colony is reduced to dust, a burden on the wind.

Water, water—there really is no shortage of water in the desert. There is, in fact, exactly the right amount, a perfect ratio of water to rock, ensuring a decent, habitable spacing among plants and animals, and human inhabitants also.

Yet only the boldest traveller, seeking visions, will stay for long in this strange, rocky country, where the spadefoot toads bellow madly on the edge of a rainpool, where the arsenic spring awaits the thirst-crazed traveller, where the thunder-storms blast the pinnacles and cliffs and the quiet deer walk at evening up glens of sandstone through tamarisk and sage towards hidden springs of sweet, cool, still, clear, unfailing water.

THE GOOD executive sees minutiae with one eye, visions with the other. He is both galley slave and dreamer.

—Lawrence Powell, A Passing for Books

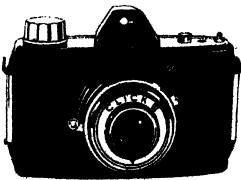


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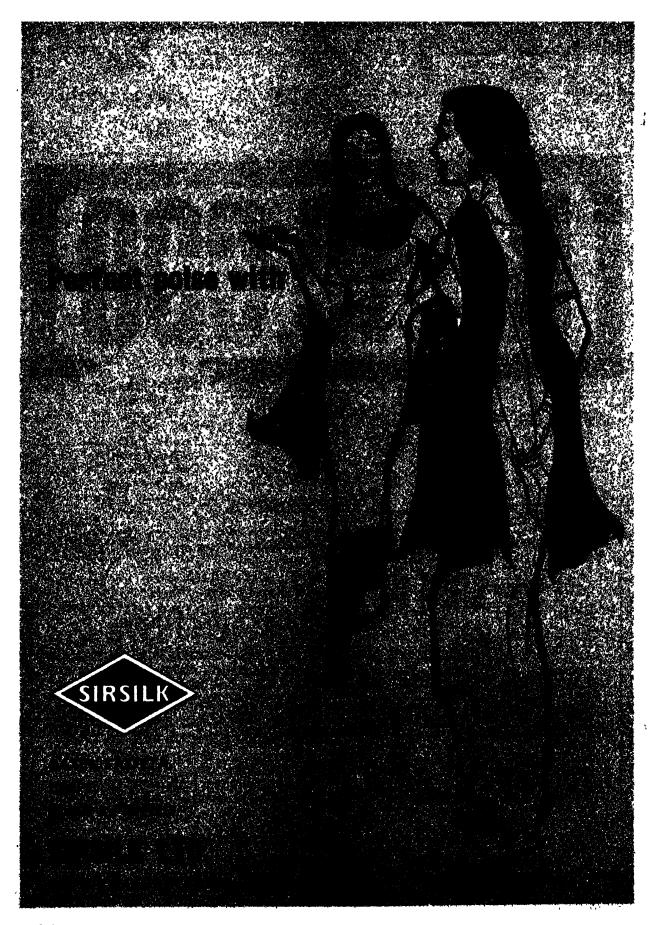


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Under the pioneering leadership of President Belaunde,
Peru and her neighbours are building a jungle highway to
tap the riches of a formerly inaccessible hinterland

# Peru Drives a Road to Progress

By Dorothy Gow Stroetzel

where," sceptics sneered when President Fernando Belaunde Terry of Peru first suggested the 3,500-mile road. The highway was to benefit the four Andean republics on its route, running along the forested eastern foothills of the Andes, from Colombia's border with Venezuela through Ecuador and Peru to Santa Cruz in Bolivia. It would cost Rs. 370 crores. "Belaunde's folly," they chortled.

Today this pioneering visionary's Marginal Forest Highway—La Carretera Marginal de la Selva—promises to be one of the boldest blueprints for conquering stubborn nature since the Panama Canal. By opening up rich interior lands of western South America to settlement and trade, the highway has given South America new hope in its struggle to raise itself from chronic underdevelopment.

Belaunde (bay-lah-oon-day) first



proposed La Marginal in 1957. He was then a leading architect in Lima, Peru's capital, and had long been troubled by the fact that too many of South America's people were huddled on the coasts, often in poverty; fewer than five per cent were living in the jungle interior that makes up half the landmass. Though the continent possesses perhaps a quarter of the world's arable land, only a small fraction was being worked.

When he pushed his idea after becoming Peru's president in 1963, there was little enthusiasm. But a feasibility study, completed two years later, showed that the road would draw 1.5 million settlers to virgin land along its route, and would pay for itself with new agricultural production. The foodstuffs —bananas, beef, rice, tea and coffee —would move to market through links with Venezuela's highway system to the north and with Bolivia's railways southern to Brazil, and through extensions of 24 existing or planned roads from the Andes to the jungle fringes.

Progress. Belaunde has amazed the sceptics by the speed with which he has made his scheme work. Stretches of the road are already opening for colonization. Peru, flying bulldozers to jungle airstrips and sending huge road-graders up the Amazon, has built or contracted for half its 1,500-mile leg. Bolivia, committing Rs. 24-7 crores, has begun construction. The Colombian

and Ecuadorian segments are expected to be ready by 1981, four years ahead of the target date for completing the entire length, gravel-surfaced and 19½ feet wide.

The Andean Indians, confounding those who predicted that they would not venture into unfamiliar jungle, are already swarming down from the mountains with their chicken, pigs and bedrolls, and grabbing up homesteading plots.

Last spring, on one just-opened 30-mile leg, I counted no fewer than 15 tiny sawmills buzzing out crude boards for the colonists' thatchedroof huts. And such determined pioneers! "The colono works out where the road is to go," a bulldozer operator told me. "When I push down the forest, there is his hut, waiting along the route. With his matchet he already has his land half cleared."

Belaunde, whose personal determination touched off the entire project, exemplifies a new breed of intellectual seen increasingly among Latin American presidents. An aristocrat whose ancestors came to Peru with Pizarro's Spanish conquistadores, Belaunde is muy hombre (loosely: a lot of man) in the tough leadership tradition of his continent: he once fought a sabre duel with a political rival, another time swam 200 yards under rifle fire in a vain attempt to escape from an island political prison. But beneath the fiery surface is a gentle idealist who neither smokes nor drinks and

### **Brooke Bond**

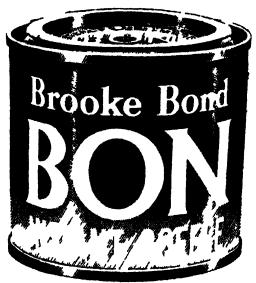


### THE INSTANT COFFEE

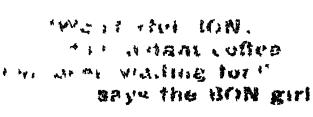
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drives himself 14 hours a day to build a new Peru.

Nowhere is the task of linking people productively to land more difficult—or more essential. Peru's population is increasing at the rate of three per cent a year, among the fastest increases in the world. The country has a booming, well-diversified economy (fishing, mining, cotton, sugar, manufacturing), but the prosperity centres almost entirely in Lima and in irrigated sections along the 1,400-mile coast.

A few miles inland, where the Andes rise abruptly to peaks as high as 22,000 feet, two-thirds of Peru's almost 12 million people live in grinding poverty. Some Indians exist off a furrow or two of communal land. Many chew cocaine-laden cocoa leaves to dull their ever-present hunger.

Beyond the 150- to 300-mile girth of the Andes lies more than half of Peru, virtually unused by man: the "high jungle" foothills and the flat "low jungle," broken only by muddy, sluggish rivers that pour into

the Amazon.

For centuries, pioneers have sought to conquer this forested "green hell." But for the most part it has been a land of broken hope, its despair etched in the rotting timbers of dying river hamlets. Except for the plane and riverboat, it has no lifelines beyond occasional trans-Andean roads that stab a few miles into the jungle fringes.

As an architecture student at the

University of Texas, young Fernando Belaúnde began to understand the problems created by his country's dearth of highways. Little by little, the idea of La Marginal began to simmer. It boiled years later when, as dean of architecture at Peru's National Engineering University, he took his students to the Andes to see remnants of the Incas' stonepaved roads—thousands of miles of highway, often built by village volunteers, that opened up an empire from Ecuador to Chile. "The Incas expanded their roads, and thus their cultivated lands, as their population grew," Belaúnde told his students. "This we have forgotten, and this we must relearn."

It was, in fact, his students who persuaded Belaunde to run for president. With an entourage of young architects, he criss-crossed Peru by raft and canoe, on horseback and foot, spreading the word "Adelante!" (Forward!) to isolated villages that had never before seen a politician aspiring to the presidency. Doing what no candidate had done before, he visited each of the country's 141 provinces.

Imprisoned. The government in power, seeing his growing popularity, denounced him as a demagogue and threw him into prison—which only enhanced his appeal. Six years after starting his crusade, he was elected president.

When the feasibility study showed that La Marginal, if properly managed, was within reach of the four

Andean republics, Belaunde initiated a sales campaign the like of which the international lending community had rarely seen. He turned his charm on influential journalists and flew planeloads of bankers over the proposed route. Soon the loan funds began to flow in.

In order to keep costs down, Belaunde is using Peruvian army troops to build some sections. Also, borrowing the Incas' idea, he is using village volunteers to build their own link roads.

Employing more than 25,000 tools donated by Peruvian businessmen, trade unions and others as a birthday present for Belaunde, these

volunteers have given an astolinding 7-5 million working days to community projects—including the building of more than 2,500 miles of road.

While South America's jungle is no fertile plain waiting only for the plough, it has many hospitable patches. These La Marginal seeks out. Most of the best land lies at pleasant-to-live-in altitudes of 1,500 to 5,000 feet. Some of it is specially good for tobacco growing: three cigarette companies are already making crop loans in the Tarapoto area.

There's a good future, too, in cattle, bananas, rice, coffee and maize. Existing roads across the



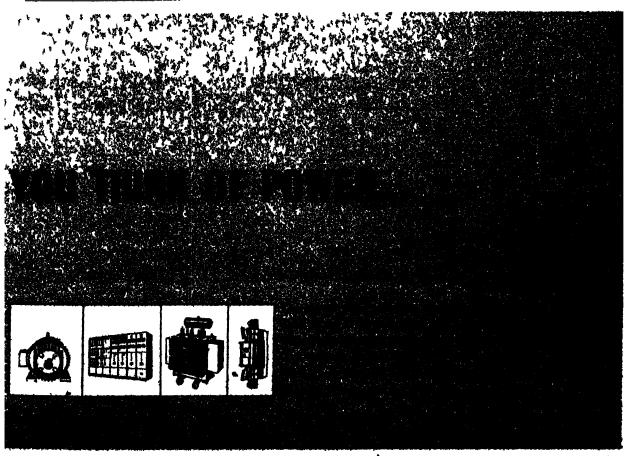
Andes from Lima and other coastal cities, interconnected by La Marginal, will bring to the populous west coast not only food but industrial raw materials such as wood pulp for paper which will hasten the development of industry With all its wealth of jungle timber, Lima now imports most of its paper, and uses chiefly rags for the limited quantity it does produce

Belaunde counts heavily on science to spot off highway areas for colonization. In the past, airborne surveyors have had difficulty telling swampy land from solid; now, with infra-red photographic techniques, they are able not only to detect swamps but also to discover if the

water is brackish—and even to count the fish in it! By similar means, lumbermen can now identify each type of jungle tree from the air and tell whether the tree is diseased.

Airports are being dotted along La Marginal to handle giant cargo jets—planes now on manufacturers' drawing boards—that will carry produce from jungle colonies at per-mile costs matching those of road transport The town of Tarapoto (population 25,000) has constructed the second largest cargo airport in Peru.

"Not only will one of the world's last great land reserves be settled," says Belaunde of La Marginal, "but



#### READER'S DIGEST

future generations of South Americans will develop closer cultural and commercial ties. Goods and services will flow more freely between the Andean republics, and differences forged by centuries of isolation will give way to a new co-operation. It cannot help but stimulate the development of the Latin American Common Market."

Fernando Belaúnde's success in opening the jungles of the Andes has refocused attention on roads, not only in Latin America but in Africa and Asia. Bolivia's 300-mile road from Cochabamba to Santa Cruz, for example, has made that country self-sufficient in rice and sugar by opening new land to colonists—including thousands of

Japanese and Okinawans. Thailand's 100-mile Friendship Highway, completed in 1958, has trebled the farmland in two large provinces by sharply reducing transport time to Bangkok markets.

Uganda, by building a 64-mile road into an area previously lacking good transport, has quadrupled the district's cotton output. New penetration roads in Brazil have lured thousands of settlers to the Amazon basin.

Thus, thanks to Belaunde's driving faith in La Marginal, man is looking once again to the country road—one of the oldest, most basic paths to progress—to help solve the complex growth problems of the developing world.

### Presents of Mind

A young housewife with two children is struggling to obtain a university degree. Since her final examinations are scheduled for mid-December, she must spend a lot of time studying. But she also devotes herself as much as possible to her children and husband. Around November she confided to me, "I asked Jim not to look under the bed until Christmas. He thinks it's presents, but it's only dust."

—S. S.

#### Cold Shoulder

I go to work and sniff and wheeze
And someone's always sure to sneeze
And tell me, in accusing terms,
I'm spreading all my horrid germs.
But if I stay at home in bed,
And coddle my colossal head,
Someone else is sure to scold:
"You stayed at home? With just a cold?"—G. H.

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Helene Curtis

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Twenty million Americans daily play "numbers," a seemingly harmless gambling game in which they try to guess the last three digits of a number which will appear in the next day's newspapers. Unknowingly, they are helping an underworld network of bribery, prostitution, extortion and murder

# The Racket that Finances the Mafia By Thomas Brooks

work, a New York secretary, attractive Helen F., stops at a snack bar for breakfast. Although the waiter knows her order by now, he invariably asks, "What are you taking today?"

This is a question I have heard in delicatessens, grocery shops and laundries in a dozen cities, a question you can hear today almost anywhere in America—if you listen. It is a question that Miss F. understands, for she replies, "739," or some such three-figure number, and leaves 25 cents extra when she goes, wondering if today will be her lucky day. "Everybody plays," she says. "What's the harm?"

The harm is that the illegal numbers game is one of the chief sources

of income for the organized American underworld. Some 20 million Americans play the numbers, and their bets have swollen the yearly income of the racketeers to a fat 5,000 million dollars. And the money goes to finance underworld investments in usury, drugs, prostitution and, sometimes, murder.

The underworld is always hungry for ready cash—to pay off the police, to bribe a judge, to hire killers. Numbers—a cash business, cheap to start, with a mass clientele and quick profits that are almost impossible to trace—provides it.

The numbers player bets on any set of three digits from 000 to 999 in the hope of winning a 600-to-1 pay off. The winning number will be three digits of a particular figure

printed in the next day's newspapers; sometimes it's the U.S. Treasury balance at the end of that day, or the day's total business on the New York Stock Exchange.

**Profits.** While exact profits are unknown, experts estimate that the numbers racket generally pays 25 per cent of the take to collectors (or "runners") who pick up the bets; 10 per cent to the controllers who organize the collectors; 50 per cent towards paying off wins, and 15 per cent to the Syndicate and "bank," out of which come expenses and an eight to ten per cent profit.

In New York alone, 500,000 players pour at least 200 million dollars a year into numbers banks, producing a 20 million dollar profit. Only 15 of America's 100 largest business corporations had such a

high rate of profit last year.

Occasional discoveries give some idea of the huge amounts of cash involved. When Joseph Moriarty the No. 1 numbers man in Newark, New Jersey—was serving a jail sentence in 1962, two men working in an abandoned garage opened the boot of an old car and came upon 2.4 million dollars in notes. Other objects found in the car linked the hoard to Moriarty.

The game's structure makes it almost impossible to trace. Collectors taking the bets are told next to nothing about the operation. Each one delivers both betting slips and money daily—but at different times -to a controller, who may be in

charge of as many as 25 collectors. The controller delivers the slips, but not the money, daily, to the "bank." The "bank" collects the money once a week from the controllers via an intermediary.

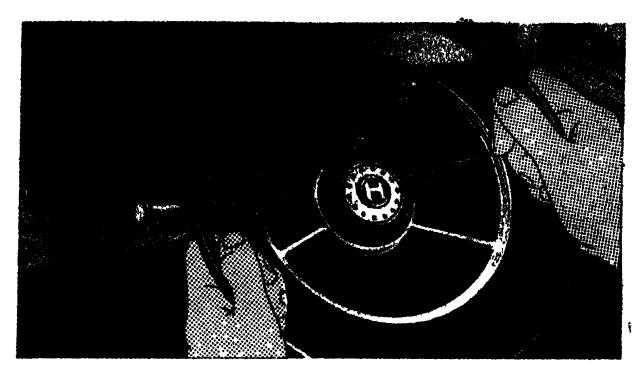
The "bank," the bookkeeping centre of the numbers ring, is always carefully hidden and moved frequently, sometimes twice a week. Here the day's bets are tallied and the payments noted. The records are rarely kept for long. Collectors may mark bets on a new kind of paper which dissolves in warm water or magician's flash paper, treated with a nitro-cellulose compound which turns to ash at the touch of a lighted cigarette.

The gangsters who run the bank are practically impossible to detect too. Usually the man in charge at the bank is only a cover for the real banker. Yet evidence of the links between the numbers game and

organized crime will out.

Take the raid on Detroit's "Numbers Fortress," the 174-room Gotham Hotel. On a November evening in 1962, 112 hand-picked city, state and inland revenue investigators poured into the hotel and forestalled an elaborate alarm system. In a 24-hour search, the raiders found a numbers office on each floor, 160,000 betting slips, 60,000 dollars in cash, and records showing that the "hotel" did a 21million-dollar-a-year numbers business.

During the 1930's a notorious



### WHOSE HANDS ARE BEHIND THIS WHEEL?

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gangster known as Dutch Schultz shot his way to the top of the numbers racket in New York. Ever since, murder and mayhem have been associated with the game. Even the punter is not free of intimidation. Disenchanted players have been threatened with bodily harm to prevent their reporting numbers play to the police. During Congressional Committee hearings on organized crime Joseph Valachi, the chief witness, testified that "Mafia licutenants" kept his runners in line when he was in the numbers business.

Nor do the racketeers take kindly outside interference. union leader Walter Reuther was shot and almost killed in 1948 because gangsters sought to end his war on a multimillion-dollar numbers racket in the car industry.

While gangsters move in at the top, white-collar workers are being pulled in at the bottom as punters, and even as collectors of bets. Many collectors are part-timers, players who wish to make a little money to support their own betting habits, housewives who want "extra pocket money." Generally, they are familiar local figures: caretakers, shopkeepers or office messengers.

News of a win is well publicized by word of mouth to whet the appetites of punters. A 29-year-old

computer technician recently won 300 dollars on a 50-cent bet. Now his fiancée bets regularly, and so do growing numbers of their friends and neighbours. This is how people get caught up in the numbers game, and unwittingly pay to corrupt their own police and to bring vice and crime to their own communities and neighbourhoods.

Attempts to stop the game are costly and time-consuming. The elaborate process of tracing runners to controllers, and controllers to banks, exposes the investigation to a hundred chances for leaks. Now America's top law-enforcement officers have worked out a new line of attack, primarily concerned not with the man in the sweet shop but the men at the top. Their drive has sharply increased the number of bankers, controllers and other toplevel racketeers caught.

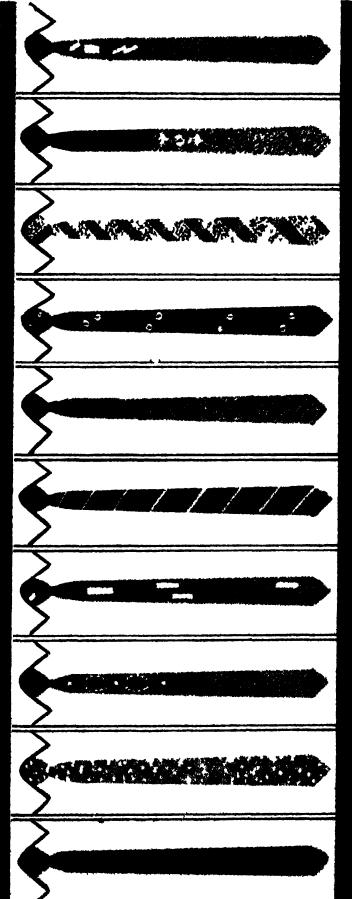
Still, like the mythical manyheaded Hydra, the game proliferates each time the sword of the law falls. No responsible law-enofficer believes that forcement arrests will eliminate the numbers game. Only a change of heart by the cynical millions who daily make a bet can do that. If they realized that the money they put on a number provides cash for every kind of crime from bribery to murder, they might stop playing.

WAITER to complaining customer: "Our chef congratulates you on your perceptiveness—it really was dishwater."

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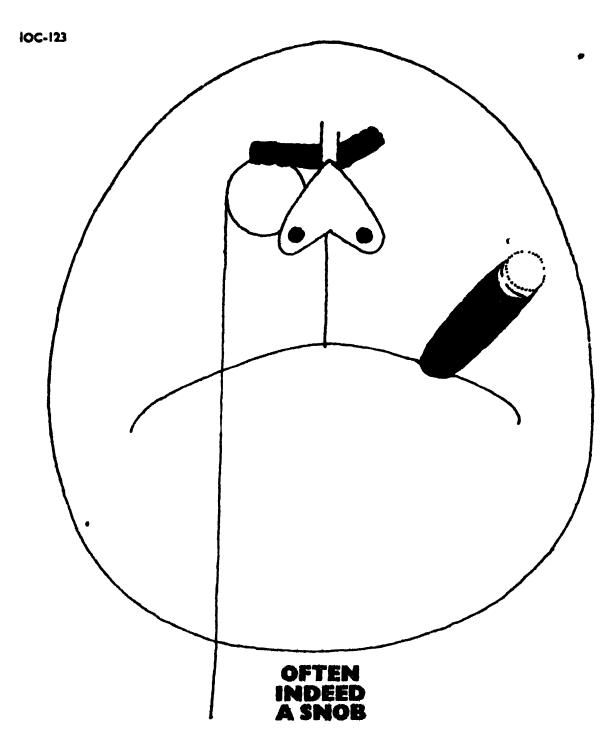
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Or when we must question the ultimate quality of what we make, as we continually do.
Yes, we are snobs, of a sort.....

INDIAN OXYGEN LIMITED TOL

and the eerier the better. But when the story is over and the hair on my head is lying flat again, I invariably laugh and say, "Of course no sensible person believes in ghosts."

Until recently. Now I don't know. I was in London last January and decided to drive up to Oxford to do some research in one of the libraries there. On the evening of Wednesday the 18th, at the close of a bone-chilling, rainy day, I hired a car and set out on the A40. Passing through West Wycombe, a quaint village of brick and half-timbered houses, I stopped at the George and Dragon Inn.

The menu was pure eighteenth century: mutton broth, steak and kidney pie, treacle pudding. When my pudding arrived, I noticed a large hole on one side—as though someone had put a thumb in it. I mentioned this to the waitress. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "The White Lady's walking again. I do wish she'd keep out of the kitchen."

"The White Lady?" I enquired. "Oh, she's our regular ghost," the waitress said.

Later, I asked John Boon, the ruddy-faced proprietor, whether he has a resident ghost.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "And she's a bit troublesome at times, Sorry about the pudding. The fact is we don't quite know how to deal with her. She was a poor serving girl who was killed in one of the

# I SAW A GHOST AT THE "GEORGE AND DRAGON"



A tourist's strange encounter at an English inn

By JHAN ROBBINS

chalk caves down the road. There's an underground tunnel leading from the inn to the caves. She was victimized. Very sad tale." He nodded towards the public bar: "Have a drink in there and you'll get the whole story."

APPARENTLY, it all happened 200 years ago. The White Lady, whom my narrators called Sukie, was 16 years old. She worked long hours at the George and Dragon. With two other girls she shared a bare little room in a chilly and distant wing of the inn.

Sukie was an extraordinarily pretty girl, with golden hair and a delicately turned figure. She was well-mannered; indeed, she gave herself such airs and graces that the other servants mockingly called her "your ladyship."

She was ambitious to better herself in life through a good marriage—and there were three likely prospects among the habitues of the inn. She set her cap at all three. So occupied did she become with the simultaneous flirtations that she took to tripping dreamily over doorsteps, spilling soup on the customers, and confusing or forgetting her instructions.

One rainy night, a handsome young stranger rode up to the inn, left his muddy and exhausted stallion in the hands of the ostler, and sat wearily down at one of the copper-sheathed tables. A tankard of ale revived him, and he winked

cheerily at pretty Sukie as she served his dinner.

Sukie became so confused that her thumb slipped into the treacle pudding, splashing a blob of it on to the young man's knee. She blushed and gasped, but the young man only laughed. The landlord, in a rage, boxed poor Sukie's ears and sent her weeping from the room.

The unknown rider returned the next night, and for a month he came several times a week, always looking for Sukie. He would pinch her pretty cheek and make her giggle with some foolish flattery. He had introduced himself to no one, but from the cut of his rich clothing and the look of his horse he was clearly either a prosperous highwayman or a nobleman. Sukie preferred to think the latter, and went around humming and dreaming—and more useless than ever.

Meanwhile, her 'other admirers scowled jealously from the far end of the dark-raftered room. As Sukie continued to ignore them, they concocted a crude practical joke to "bring her to her senses."

A scullery lad was sent to Sukie with a whispered message, purportedly from her mysterious lover. "'E said to tell you 'e's a noble lord and 'e wants to make you 'is lady," the lad said. "Meet 'im at the chalk caves at ten tomorrow night, and wear a proper wedding gown."

Poor Sukie swallowed the bait. She dashed up to her mistress's bedroom, ripped the linen sheets off the Walt...

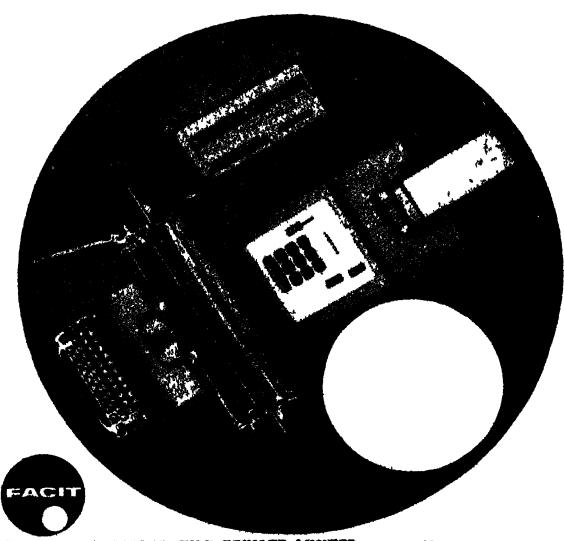


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bed, and within the next 24 hours stitched up a handsome, full-skirted white dress. At the appointed hour she hurried along the damp tunnel to the chalk caves.

There, of course, she found only her three jilted sweethearts—a little drunk and roaring with laughter. "Here comes her ladyship!" they cried. "Welcome, my lady!"

Half mad with fury, she picked up lumps of soft chalk and hurled them at her tormentors. But then, as she whirled to run back, they caught her, pinched her and kissed her and spun her round. She kicked and clawed at them. In the scuffle she fell, striking her head on the wall. Frightened and remorseful, the men carried her, unconscious, back through the tunnel to the inn and to her bed. Then they tiptoed away.

In the morning, the other girls found Sukie dead. Her three suitors told what had happened. But the sheriff and the local curate looked at the body and felt that Sukie had not died of physical injury. Perhaps, they suggested, it was from humiliation and a broken heart.

Neither Sukie's aristocratic-looking lover nor his flashy chestnut steed was ever seen again. But a few days after Sukie's burial the two maids who shared her room moved out. Strange things were going on in that room, they said, and they wanted no part of it.

THE TALE ended, I went into the kitchen and asked the proprietor if

I might spend the night in Sukie's room.

"If you really want to," he said doubtfully. "We've got other rooms. My own dog won't go in there. If the White Lady had her thumb in the pudding tonight, she'll be there, mark you."

"What happens?" I asked.

He shrugged.

"Depends. Some say they see a Lady, all decked out in diamonds with a coronet on her head. Most say they just—well—see and feel something. It's uncomfortable, that's all I know. You haven't got high blood pressure or anything, have you?"

A little while later, I was tucked up in bed in the room where I was told that the poor Sukie had met her end. I read for a while, yawned, then pulled the chain on the room's only electric light—a single bulb fixed to the wall behind my head—and in a few minutes was asleep.

Many stories of ghostly encounters begin with "I don't know what woke me." I was sure I knew what had woken me. Some practical joker had sneaked in and put a damp, cold hand on my forehead. Or an ice-cold slice of liver, more likely. I angrily yanked the light chain. No one was in the room. There was nothing on my forehead.

The phenomenon was repeated several times. Cold hands. Snap on light. Cold hand goes away. Snap off light. Cold hand again. At length, I got the message. Something wanted me awake, but in the

dark. I turned off the light and sat up, eyes open, staring into blackness.

Almost at once, I saw a pinpoint of light glowing about three feet off the ground near the door. A pencil flashlight aimed through the keyhole, I thought scornfully. I watched the shaft of light grow wider and stronger. It had an opaque, pearly quality. The appari-

A few feet from the door, I abruptly entered a zone of intense cold. My breathing became laboured. My arms and legs felt heavy. Was I having a heart attack? Or was it fear?

As I stood there, I was swept by a sudden, anguished depression—Weltschmerz, world sadness. Life seemed futile, beset by tragedy.



tion of the White Lady—if indeed it was she—was now about two feet in diameter and four feet high, still hovering near the doorway.

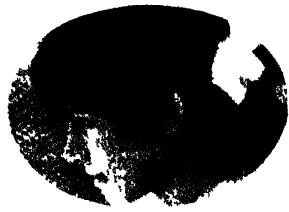
I turned on the light. The room looked as it had before—bare and ordinary. I turned it off again, and the strange apparition reappeared. I flung back the covers and, carrying my heavy book in one hand, walked resolutely towards the door. Any prankster lurking in the hall was going to get a good clout.

"Life must have felt like this to poor Sukie," I thought, "with no one to stand up and protect her dignity."

At this sympathetic feeling, the light ballooned forward and seemed to reach for me. I backed hastily across the room, jumped into bed and yanked the electric light on.

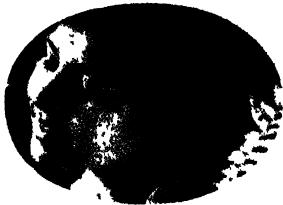
I tried to think. The power of suggestion—was that why I was seeing a ghost? But if the ghost was only an emanation from my own subconscious, why wasn't it as I'd





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been told, a beautiful lady in white who wore diamonds—instead of a formless blob that looked more like a large floating oyster and felt colder than sea water?

I considered the possibility of some kind of clairvoyance. A message from home, perhaps? I looked at my watch—3.15 a.m. My thoughts flashed across the sea to our Connecticut farmhouse, where my wife was alone with our younger son.

In this less than cheerful frame of mind, I waited for daylight. Breakfast, I had been told, was at seven. I was in the dining-room, dressed and packed, five minutes early.

"Well, did you see anything of the White Lady?" the landlord enquired.

I told him what I had experienced. He nodded. "That's her, all right. Some elaim she's looking for her lost lover. Others say she's out to find her murderers. My wife tells me I should have a priest in to lay her ghost to rest. But I dare say she brings in some trade. Will you be stopping here on your return from Oxford?"

"Quite likely," I said bravely, But when I drove through West Wycombe a few days later on my way back, I caught only a fleeting glimpse of the inn as I sped on to London.

This story, like all proper ghost tales, has an epilogue. When I returned home the following week, my wife greeted me excitedly. "You know, I had the strangest experience one night," she said. "I went to bed early, and just as I was drifting off to sleep I heard you calling me. I jumped out of bed and thought I saw the lights of a taxi in the driveway. I was sure you were standing on the terrace, shouting to get in. I ran downstairs and opened the door. There was no one—nothing. But I tell you, I heard your voice! I saw a light! It was weird!"

"You must have heard a lorry changing gear," I said. "And you probably forgot to turn off the front light, as usual. By the way, when was this experience?"

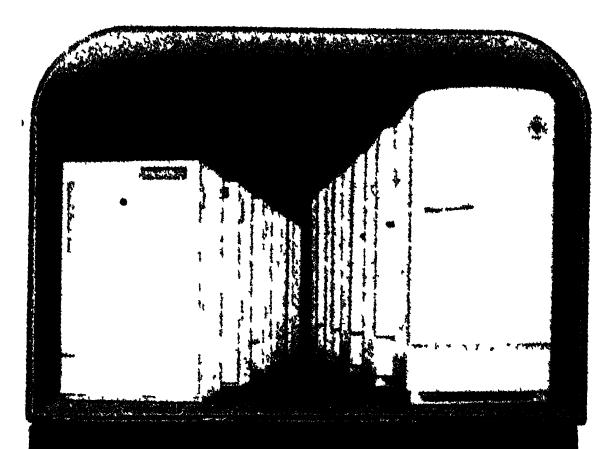
She said promptly, "Last Wednesday at a quarter past ten."

Allowing for the five-hour time difference between Britain and America, this was exactly when I was dealing with the presence of the White Lady. You work it out. I prefer not to try.

### A Good Question

AT THE 1966 London Motor Show, the salesman at a stand exhibiting expensive cars was approached by a visitor who asked the way to the Gentlemen's. "I'll take you there myself," replied the salesman. "That's the only genuine enquiry I've had today."

—Illustrated London News



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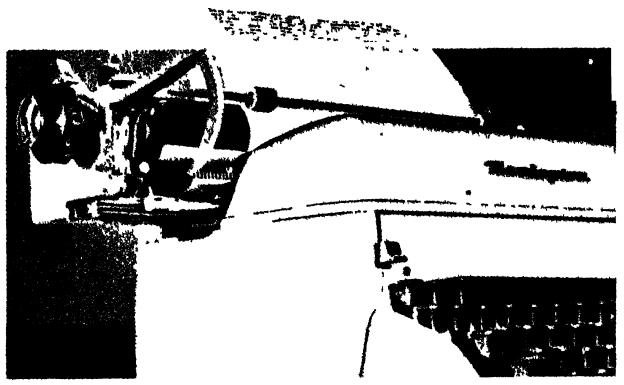
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## LAUGHTER the Best Medicine



My SISTER was horrified to find several deep scratches on the top of her new teak table. She lined up her five sons and began the cross-examination, remarking, "Just wait until your father sees that!"

One of the boys confessed, saying, "I did it, Mummy, and Daddy knows about it."

"He does? Well, what did he say?"
"He said, 'Just wait until your
mother sees that!'" - W. J. M.

A MAN left a lengthy report to his boss in rough form on his secretary's desk with a memo attached reading: "Please prepare for submission."

The young woman later sent back the report and the memo, and on the memo she had written: "When?"

-- Irving Seftel

EARLY in the school year, I told my beginners at French that fluency would be achieved when they began to dream in French. A couple of months later, one of my more enthusiastic pupils burst into the classroom and blurted out, "It happened! Last

night I dreamed in French. Everybody was talking French!"

"That's wonderful," I said. "Can you remember any of the conversation?"

The boy's face fell a trifle as he replied, "Well actually, I couldn't understand a word they said."

—L. B.

A RED INDIAN sought help in filling out his income-tax return. "How much was your income last year?" asked the clerk.

"Ugh," said the Red Indian.

"How many dependants did you have?" the clerk tried again.

"Ugh," replied the man.

The interview continued, with the same answer to every question.

"Look," the clerk snorted. "You'll have to give me these facts. It may work out that the government will owe you a refund."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Red Indian.
"How much?"

• — Motor Age

On one of the glass panels of the main door into a large store, I encountered a small yellow sticker which read: "By the time you have finished reading this, you will have made an idiot of yourself going round and round and round in this revolving door."

And I had, too. —Roger Devlin

To BE EXCUSED from jury duty a newly-wed used this Bible quotation: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken." (Deuteronomy 24:5).

The judge sent him home. - UPI

"School reunions," said an old boy who has one coming up, "are where you get together to see who is falling apart."

—Roger Allen

My Husband's business kept us hopping all over Europe for a hectic two months. It was such an effort for me to switch back and forth from schoolgirl French to guidebook German and to even less Italian that I developed a habit which seemed to solve my problem. Only once did it prove unwise. In a quaint, quiet neighbourhood, I entered a shop and called out loudly, "Does anyone here speak English?"

Instead of the expected rush of gracious assistance from assistants and/or



customers, I received only stares of shocked surprise. I repeated my question more demandingly.

"Madam," an assistant finally answered haughtily, "this is London!"

-Mrs. Marshall Bondy

Two LOCAL magistrates were cycling home together one night, without lights, when they were stopped by a policeman. They were duly charged and, when their cases came up for hearing the next day, they agreed that each should leave the bench in turn

to have his case heard by the other.

The first went into the dock, pleaded guilty and was promptly fined ten shillings. When they had changed places, the second magistrate, after pleading guilty, was shocked to receive a fifteen-shilling fine. "That's a bit unfair," he complained. "I fined you only ten shillings."

"I know," replied his colleague haughtily. "But there's too much of this sort of thing going on. This is the second case we've tried today."

-The English Digest

A New bride, a city-bred career girl, was apprehensive about her first meeting with her mother-in-law who lived on a farm. "We have nothing in common. What shall I talk to her about?" she wailed. Perhaps not modestly, but certainly wisely, her husband suggested, "Me."

—Adele White

TELLING one of his employees why he need not worry about being replaced by automation, a shop owner said, "They haven't invented a machine yet that does absolutely nothing."

-Leo Aıkman

An average day with our four young sons can be chaotic. Coming home from work one evening, eager to be with my family and looking forward to a good dinner, I was met by a squad of commandos, a posse of cowboys and a space patrol, all rolled into one.

When my wife greeted me warmly with, "I'm so glad you're home," I felt myself a tower of strength and a proud patriarch. But then she added with a sigh, "You're the only one who obeys me."

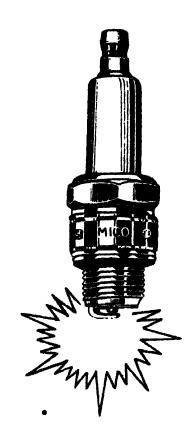


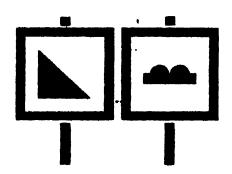
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How John Tucker Hayward, seaman, taught himself to become an admiral



# The Failure Who Made It to the Top

By PAUL GALLICO
Author of "The Snow Goose" and 'The Small Miracle"

Was 13 years old. It was in 1923, at New York's Yankee Stadium, and I was a sports reporter.

Looking down on to the baseball field from the press box one day, I noticed that a new bat boy was scuttling to and fro. I asked the chief scorer who he was. "I dunno," he said. "Some kid."

I meant to enquire about Idunno Somekid, but forgot. A year or so later he had disappeared.

I know who he is now. He is John Tucker Hayward, senior vice-admiral of the U.S. Navy, president of the U.S. Naval War College, and one of America's leading atomic scientists.

John Hayward learned early just how important opportunities can be, for in the two years after I first saw him he wasted every one that came his way.

He was expelled from military school for violation of discipline. He went to secondary school and left after two terms. Fed up with everything that smacked of school, he ran away and, by falsifying his age, wangled himself into the U.S. Navy.

After only three miserable weeks' basic training at Newport, Rhode Island, he was ready to run away again. He asked his father—an aviation engineer and himself a naval veteran of the Spanish-American War—if he would get him out of the navy on the basis that he was under age.

The two met in the training camp's administration building. Charles Hayward regarded the skinny, frightened 15-year-old sternly.

"Son," he said, "I hope you'll like it here, because you're going to stay here. Good luck." And with that he turned on his heel and walked away.

Black Mark. Hayward didn't like it there, and he lost for ever his chance for a Navy Good Conduct Medal. He was hauled up by a spit-and-polish commander for failing to salute. "Sir," he explained, "the regulations say that if a distance of more than 30 paces separates an enlisted man from an officer, he is not required to salute. I'd be glad to measure off the distance for you, sir."

The next thing Hayward knew, he was on bread and water for three days. He was never able to get it off his record.

Seaman Hayward's first sea duty

was aboard U.S.S. Patoka, but life on the ship was even more frustrating than in camp. He sought to escape by becoming a naval aviator, but he lacked the technical background to qualify. He tried to launch a career as an engineer by joining a furnace-stoking gang, but he then weighed only eight stone and didn't have enough muscle to wield the shovel. One thing was certain: in his rebellion he had achieved the very bottom rung of the ladder.

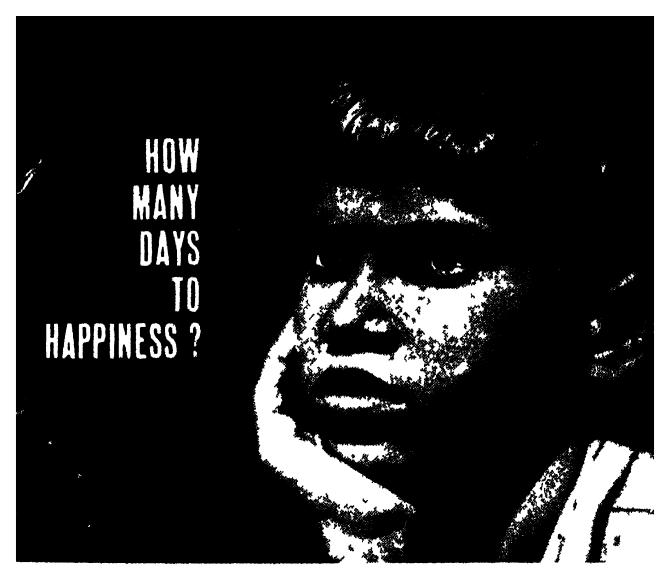
But aboard Patoka, Hayward also made a friendship that helped change his life. He and several sailors were scraping paint one day when somebody swore just as the chaplain, Commander John Brady, happened to be passing.

Father Brady, a burly figure with a voice like a foghorn, swung out with his shillelagh-like fist. It hit young Hayward and knocked him down.

When he staggered to his feet, the youth protested, "But I didn't say anything."

"Then find out who did and pass it on," the chaplain recommended.

The youngster obeyed—and ended up on the deck for the second time. From that moment Brady had his eye on him, and when, some time later, the boy came to the priest with his frustrations and ambition to be a naval officer, the chaplain was ready to help. A bill had just been passed which, for the first time, made it possible for an enlisted man



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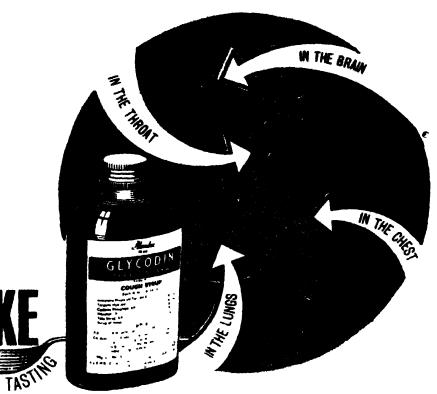
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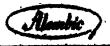
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for entrance to the U.S. Naval Academy.

"Do you know what your chances . #are?" the chaplain asked Hayward.

"No, sir."

"With your school background, just about nil," the chaplain said. "But there's an outside chance. It'll be the hardest work you've ever done. If you have the guts to try, I'll help."

"I'll try, Father," said the boy.

Key Influence. Hayward worked harder than he ever had. Brady taught him not only what to read but how: methods of study, speedreading, concentration. Transferred to the Naval Academy preparatory class for enlisted men, Hayward made a discovery which was to be a dominating influence for the rest of his life. Books, his former enemies, were friends, the infallible keys to opportunity.

Fascinated, he devoured them. Algebra, geometry, history, physics, chemistry—all the answers could be found on those miraculous pages. And at the end of the year, out of the 100 men who took the examination, 19 passed, and Hayward was among them. On July 13, 1926, Seaman Hayward was sworn in as a midshipman at the Naval

Academy.

There is an oft-repeated story about how the skinny junior won sudden and unqualified acceptance from his fellow students. Hayward was ordered by an upperclassman

to take a competitive examination to pick up a fresh, juicy blueberry pie and fling it at a certain senior midshipman in the mess. Faced with a dilemma little short of insoluble—if he refused, he was in trouble; if he hit, he was in worse— Hayward made one of those lightning decisions which would later lead superior officers to entrust him with difficult missions. Throw the pie, Hayward told himself-but miss the target.

Whizz! Plonk!

Catastrophe! For at that moment one of the academy's most unpopular officers chose to enter. He received the full force of the pie in his stern visage.

Hayward refused to implicate any other midshipman, though the authorities threw the book at him on half a dozen assorted charges, including misappropriation of food. and wilful destruction of government property.

"It just came over me all of a sudden, sir," he explained to the offended commander. "I've always wanted to throw a pie. I didn't see you, and I'm sorry you got in

the way."

He took his punishment and stuck to his story. The upperclassmen respected him not only for not bringing them into it, but also because they never quite knew whether Hayward had meant to hit the commander or not. And Hayward never told them,

Hayward graduated in 1930, in 58th position out of 402. He applied for flight training and won his naval aviator's wings at Pensacola, Florida, married a Florida girl, and eventually found himself assistant chief engineer in charge of instruments at the Naval Aircraft Factory in Philadelphia.

From here on the Hayward story might have petered out; in the vast organization of the U.S. Navy he could have comfortably vanished. But books had raised him from a deckhand to an officer. The excitement of them coursed through his veins like quicksilver. Now, close to the University of Pennsylvania and its fine library, Hayward saved part of his meagre lieutenant's pay and bought his way into night courses on Theoretical Physics and the Einstein Postulate.

From then on, wherever he was stationed, whenever he found himself within reach of a university or college, he took to the classroom, or resorted to self-teaching, meanwhile buying, borrowing and emptying volume after volume.

Between 1937 and 1948, Hayward studied scores of scientific subjects ranging from Electronics and Experimental Atomic Physics to Nuclear Processes. Meanwhile, he helped to fight a war. As a Liberator pilot in the Pacific and commander of Squadron VB 106, he fought all through the Solomon Islands and New Guinea campaigns. His squadron was famous for its reconnaissance flights of 2,000 miles or more. It sank 43 Japanese ships, damaged

54 more, and destroyed three submarines and 20 planes, with 29 more probables. Hayward's record of 13,200 flight hours logged is the highest ever achieved by a flagofficer.

Since the war, Hayward has compiled one of the most outstanding records of scientific accomplishment in U.S. Navy history.

He became the first military recipient of the Robert Dexter Conrad Scientific Award. As Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Development, he shepherded the first nuclear-powered carrier, U.S.S. Enterprise, through construction. When the giant ship was commissioned, he took a demotion to fly his flag from its masthead.

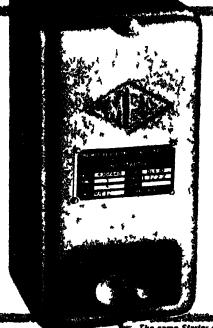
Nuclear Might. As the first admiral to command an atomic task force, Hayward's finger was on the button of the most awesome, death-dealing potential ever collected in one unit. Enterprise was Hayward's flagship in October 1962 when Task Force 136, under his command in the Caribbean, was the big stick behind President Kennedy's demand that Cuba get rid of its missiles.

Last year, when he finished his tour of duty as Chief of Anti-sub-marine Warfare Forces, Pacific, Hayward received an offer from an oil company which would have made him financially independent and provided a permanent home at last for his wife, Leila. Simultaneously, Paul Nitze, U.S. Secretary of the Navy, asked Hayward to

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#### READER'S DIGEST

accept the presidency of the War College.

For days Hayward brooded. But Leila understood her husband, saw his struggle and knew what he wanted. She urged, "Stay in the Navy. It's what you want, isn't it?"

So, exactly 41 years and 36 decorations after his first dismal experience in Newport, Chick Hayward went

back there and entered the admiral's mansion at the War College, less than a football field's distance from the training camp where his father had left him to stick it out. His achievement is proof that, with hard work and persistence, a man who has looked failure in the eye can go farther than he or anyone else ever dreamed possible.

#### Time-Prece

Our THIRD child was born exactly eight minutes after I arrived at the hospital. My husband had just completed the admittance forms, when the nurse told him that he was the father of a son. "Not me. I've only just got here," he replied.

—Margaret A. Polla

### Ways of the World

Kenya's hotel accommodations are among the world's most unusual. In addition to the well-known Treetops Hotel, Secret Valley, some 35 miles east, offers guests leopards outside their bedrooms. The charge is Rs. 105 a night, but guests need not pay if they fail to spot a leopard. However, the owner guarantees this occurrence by placing bait among the trees. If the leopard decides to jump into their room, there is, of course, no extracharge.

—s.n.c.

Economists detect a sign that better times are in store for Indonesia—forged currency is beginning to appear again in Jakarta. In recent years, the Indonesian rupiah has been so inflated that forgery wasn't considered worth the trouble.

—T.I.N.

THE TELEPHONE company in Sitka, Alaska, has designed a special service award for outstanding employees—an instrument on which hand-carved ivory animals are substituted for dial numbers. Since most of the area's Kaguyak Eskimos cannot read numbers, this specially designed phone may have some practical significance in the future by making dialling easier for the tribesmen. However, it could lead to some interesting experiences for long-distance operators—such as: "Operator, get me Sitka, Alaska. The area code is Fish, Fox, Whale. The number is Caribou, Seal, Seal—Walrus, Fox, Bear, Seal."



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# FORD v. FERRARI: the Battle at Le Mans



This gruelling 24-hour Grand Prix has become a fierce test of strength between two of the big names in motor racing

By LARRY COLLINS AND DOMINIQUE LAPIERRE

French farming town 134 miles south-west of Paris, 55 cars and 110 men take part in the most gruelling test in motor racing—the 24-hour Le Mans Grand Prix. For those 24 hours, Le Mans is a gigantic open-air carnival, a kind of overnight picnic for 400,000 racing enthusiasts who endure crowds, heat, noise and rain to watch racing machines go by at speeds so fast the eye can barely adjust to them.

Officially known as the Grand

Prix d'Endurance, the race is more than just a sporting event. For the past four years the rivalry of two contestants has given Le Mans a special flavour. The rivals are the Italian firm of Enzo Ferrari, whose blood-red cars long dominated the race, and America's Ford Motor Company, which entered long-distance motor racing in 1964 with one objective: to win at Le Mans.

Inevitably, the contest is cast as a battle between David and Goliath, between the artisan skills of the old world and the massed technological might of the new. But, as one Ford engineer observed, "You build racing cars only one way—with your hands, in a shop." Ferrari has only 498 employees, of whom 126 work on his racing programme. Ford has more than 365,000 employees, but only 50 are assigned to racing, backed up by another 75 or so in two firms that prepare Ford's cars for the race track.

What really sets the two competitors apart are their motivations and their techniques. Henry Ford II is a racing enthusiast, but it is hardly the consuming interest of his life. He races cars to sell other cars. Enzo Ferrari races cars because it is the only thing in the world he wants to do.

Dedication. Known as il Commendatore—the Commander—he cares little for the 800 Ferraris that roll each year from his factory, expensive baubles for the wealthy and the famous. Especially since his son died of leukaemia at the age of 24, Ferrari has devoted himself seven days a week, ten hours a day, to his racing cars. In the past two decades the 146 blood-red prototypes produced by the lonely genius of Maranello have gone faster and won more races than have those of any other racing outfit in the world.

Ferrari won the first two Ferrari-Ford encounters at Le Mans in 1964 and 1965, when all the Fords broke down. In 1966, it was Ford's turn. All the factory-entered Ferraris withdrew; Ford took the first three places.

This year il Commendatore was determined to pay Ford back for the 1966 humiliation. The car with which he proposed to do it was the P-4, a new prototype powered by a four-litre, 12-cylinder, 450-horse-power engine. Though Ferrari produces more powerful engines for his production cars, he looks for the best power-to-weight ratio in a racing car. The P-4 weighs only 1,875 pounds; it brakes faster, handles more deftly and offers a more supple gearbox than its rivals.

Ford's entry, the Mark IV, was a reflection of the company's commercial imperatives. Its engine, a seven-litre model derived from the basic production one, enabled the firm to link passenger cars and racing cars in its advertising programme. The engine gave Ford well over 500 horse-power and an advantage of 15 to 20 m.p.h. over Ferrari on the long back straight at Le Mans. But the car weighed 2,205 pounds and required more braking time and more sensitive hands at the wheel.

The 1967 race was run on Saturday, June 10. As the starting time of 4 p.m. drew near, Franco Lini, Ferrari's racing director, and Ford's racing director, Jacque Passino, paced nervously a few yards from the starting line. In those last moments the differences between the teams were most apparent.

Ford's team was a model of discipline and efficiency, its Le Mans



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days governed by strict schedules. On the workbench of each service pit, the mechanics had laid out their tools with surgical precision. Behind the tools were neat stacks of spare tyres.

Ferrari's area, a few hundred yards away, was by comparison a kind of miniature Naples—full of confusion, noise and charm. Mechanics dressed in scarlet overalls bearing Ferrari's symbol (a rampant black stallion) pushed, shoved and shouted their way through a clutter of tools, rags, spare parts and tyres. But beneath the seeming disorder lay a thorough-going professionalism acquired in more than 18 years at Le Mans.

Both Lini and Passino reviewed their strategy. Lini's tactics were simple: hang on just behind Ford and be ready to pounce when the Americans weakened. He was convinced that Ford wouldn't hold out for the full 24 hours.

Passino's race plan was just as prudent. He'd ordered his drivers to lap the 8-36-mile course in 3 minutes 32 seconds. Factory tests conducted with the aid of computers had indicated that his engines could run for at least 41 hours at that speed.

The Le Mans course is roughly rectangular in shape, with a variety of zigzag curves and straights. For the drivers, the dangers of Le Mans are posed not so much by the course as by what's on it—55 cars of varying engine capacity (some can reach only 125 m.p.h. on the longest

straight, where Fords and Ferraris top 200 m.p.h.) and 110 drivers of varying skill (including wealthy amateurs). The race is won by the car that covers the greatest distance in 24 hours.

This year's race began with the traditional Le Mans start—drivers sprinting across the goad to their waiting cars like a posse of ghosts in their white, flame-resistant overalls. One by one the cars screeched off, great black swathes of burnt rubber staining the pavement behind their fleeing tyres. Minutes later, every eye turned towards the long straight leading to the pits and grandstands, waiting for the first car to come sweeping into sight.

Early Lead. A shout went up from the American pits: a blue Ford appeared, then two more Fords. "I hope it looks like that at four o'clock tomorrow," Passino said. In the Ferrari pits, Franco Lini watched impassively. He knew much could happen in 24 hours.

After one hour of racing, Ford held the first three places, and shortly after six o'clock the second set of Ford drivers came forward, ready to take over from their partners. The crowd cheered as the flame-red No. 1 car of Dan Gurney, leading the race, pulled in. Gurney jumped out and leaped up to the stands where his co-driver, A. J. Foyt, waited.

A few minutes later Ludovico Scarfiotti rolled up to the Ferrari pits for fuel. As he prepared to start



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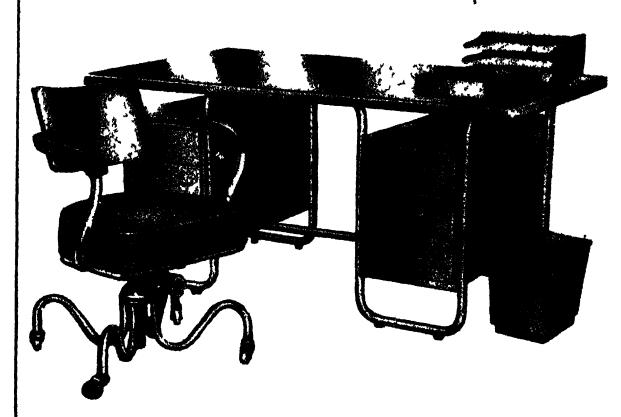
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out again, the official required to seal his petrol cap was missing. A furious Lini found him behind the pits having a drink. "Look," Lini yelled as he dragged him to the car, "he's risking his life to gain three seconds and you make him lose three minutes." Above, the crowd booed.

By 10 p.m. the lead of the Gurney-Foyt No. 1 Ford had lengthened to four laps; a Ferrari was in second place, but it was being crowded by two other Fords. Lini was beginning to show concern. Earlier, he had admitted that "if Ford has two laps on us by ten o'clock, we may be in trouble."

Briefly, he and the engineer Mauro Forghieri debated whether or not to speed up the pace. They decided to wait. It was dark now; their drivers, more accustomed to European night racing, might gain on the Fords.

A few minutes later, Ford suffered its first loss to mechanical failure. But Ferrari, too, was having troubles; an anxious Lini noted that his No. 20 car had failed to pass the stands. A mile away, its driver, Chris Amon, was trying to change a flat tyre, cursing in the darkness because no one had put a torch in his car and because the head of a defective hammer flew off every time he took a swing at his wheel.

Thirty minutes later, a mournful official entered the Ferrari stand and handed Lini a sheet of blackened metal. It was all that was left

of No. 20. Unable to change his flat tyre, Amon had tried to drive it back, but friction had set fire to the tyre and then the car, giving Amon only seconds to escape.

A few minutes later, a second Ferrari was out of the race—with tuel-injection trouble. Then, just before midnight, the lead Ferrari of Ludovico Scarfiotti and Mike Parkes was forced to have its brake discs changed. Eight minutes were lost, the equivalent of more than two laps.

Gruelling Battle. As the race wore on, the crowds thinned out. Behind the pits, Ford's team leaders sipped paper cups of black coffee, stubble speckling their checks. By 3.30 a.m., with the race almost half over, Passino, stamping his feet to drive the pre-dawn chill from his bones, could smile with confidence. Ford had three cars battling for first place, six cars in the first eleven.

There was less confidence in the Ferrari stands. Another Ferrari had been forced out with mechanical trouble. Behind his pits, Lini squashed a cigarette on the dew-wet grass and muttered, "If the Fords are going to break down, I wish

they'd start now."

Soon one did. The yellow No. 2 car of Mark Donohue and Bruce McLaren snarled up to the pits with a slipping clutch. Mechanics swarmed over it. Passino stood by, holding a torch for his workers. Suddenly a sound like the jangling of a burglar alarm split the air. Far

up the pit slope near the starting line, a yellow light was blinking. "There's been an accident," Passino said. "Start counting our cars."

Silence fell over the grandstands. The Ford mechanics massed on the edge of their pits, calling out numbers as each of their cars passed. "Has anyone seen 3 and 5?" someone yelled in the darkness. "And 6," another voice added.

The headlights poured past; then a flat, anguished voice said, "That Porsche went past before. They've all come round."

Ford driver Mario Andretti, in the rust-red No. 3 car, had come into a curve just beyond the famous Dunlop bridge at 150 m.p.h. when he lost control. The car bounced back and forth between the walls, finally spinning to a stop in the middle of the road.

Pile-Up. Behind him, Roger McCluskey in the gold No. 5 car hit the curve at the same speed—and saw Andretti's car smack in front of him. McCluskey put his car against the wall and went into a wild spin of his own, careering from side to side until he, too, came to a halt in the middle of the track. Fifteen seconds later Jo Schlesser, in the No. 6 Ford, tried to pick his way through the wreckage at 110 m.p.h. He got as far as the hulk of McCluskey's car. Then he, too, spun out.

None of the three was seriously hurt—the Fords had every driverprotection device—but the next driver to come in for fuel gasped, "It's terrible. There's pieces of car all over the road for 300 yards."

For Passino, the race that had been a walk-over 30 minutes before was now a most uncertain thing. He had three cars gone, another far back in the pack and his No. 2 car still sitting in the pits with its clutch under repair. "Tell Foyt to slow down to 3-minute 50-second laps," he ordered. "If anything happens to him, it's good-bye to first place."

The Ferrari pits were jubilant. Lini, with three red Ferraris now circling behind the lead Ford like a trio of hungry sharks, smiled again. As soon as the sun was up, he decided to attack. Ludovico Scarsiotti, driver of the lead Ferrari, was ordered to start lapping the course in 3 minutes 30 seconds.

3 minutes 30 seconds.

Ferrari's determined

Ferrari's determined pursuit began wearing into Ford's lead, but at 10.10 Scarfiotti came in with bad news. "Oil all over the track," he said. Lini told Mike Parkes, Scarfiotti's partner, to take it easy until the oil had dried.

By 11 a.m. only two Fords and two Ferraris remained among the 16 cars left; 39 cars were out of the race. Unaware how much Passino had slowed the lead Ford down, Lini was persuaded it was in mechanical trouble. "We finish with a sprint," he announced at noon.

Parkes came in, and Scarfiotti prepared to take over. He had spent the previous hour being massaged, but he was white and trembling LONDON:





AIR-INDIA

#### READER'S DIGEST

with strain and fatigue. Ford's lead was down now from almost seven to just over four laps, but four laps represented more than 12 minutes. To have a chance to catch up, Scarfiotti would have to lap in less than 3 minutes 30 seconds. Lini told him to try.

At two o'clock, Ford's lead had fallen to less than four laps. In the Ferrari pits, Mike Parkes took over and Scarfiotti slumped in a chair, too tired to care what was happening. Minutes later, when the lead Ford drew up to its pit, a wild rumour swept the Ferrari stands. "It's broken down!" someone yelled.

It had not, and the stop-watches soon began to tell a new story. Ferrari's brutal pace was beginning to tell on drivers and cars. Gradually, the Ferrari lap times lengthened until they equalled those of the Gurney-Foyt Ford, which was nursing its lead, holding back speed to decrease the possibility of mechanical failure. The slowdown of the Italian cars told the story: Ferrari's gallant chase was over.

An hour later, blinking his lights in glee, Foyt brought his red car home past the black-and-white chequered flag. Ford had set new Le Mans records for the total number of laps covered (388), and for average speed (135.482 m.p.h.). Ferrari's Lini forced a smile. Then he telephoned the result to the lonely genius waiting in his office in Maranello.

Another great race was history.



### Wise Words

You're only one in millions, so why bother to vote, to speak up, to get involved, to commit yourself? German author Hans Habe answers this way: "The world is one per cent good, one per cent bad, and 98 per cent neutral. And this is why what individuals do is important."—E.D.

#### Blackout

One MAN's prescription for putting himself to sleep: "I imagine myself looking at a blackboard. I have a duster in my hand. I try to keep the blackboard blank. Every time a thought enters my mind (the blackboard) I take the duster and wipe the board clean. If you can keep the board clean for 30 seconds, I guarantee you will fall asleep."

—R. W. W.











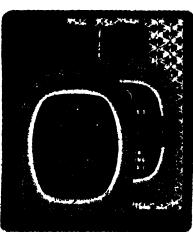








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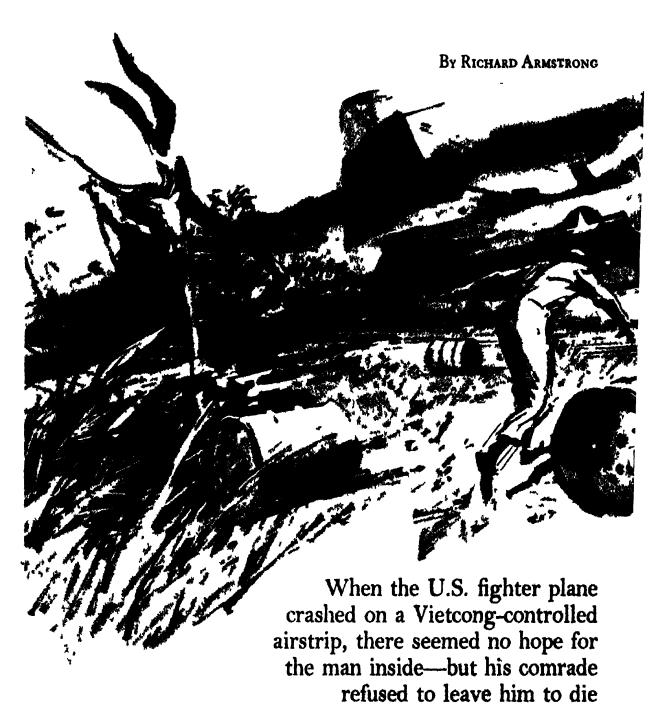
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# "A PILOT IS DOWN!"



"Major Bernard Fisher performed this rescue in the face of some 2,000 armed and nearly victorious hostile troops. His determination, his incredible display of courage in the face of a resolute and heavily armed hostile force, his complete disregard for his own life to effect the rescue of a fellow airman, and his resolve to continue despite the severe hazards involved, reflect the highest ideals of American fighting forces above and beyond the call of duty. I hold no reservations in recommending him for the Medal



HE WORKHORSE fighter of the air war in Vietnam is the Douglas Skyraider, officially designated the A-1E, an old plane commissioned just after the Second World War. It has a cruising speed of about 170 m.p.h. and can carry a huge load of what the pilots call "ordnance": napalm, high-explosive bombs, rockets, anti-personnel weapons.

Burdened with all this ordnance

up to three tons of it—a Skyraider

can still cruise above an advancing ground force for two hours or more, while high-speed jets have to strike and get home before they run out of fuel. Infantrymen are notoriously cynical where the air force is concerned, but many will admit that they are alive because of a strike at the right time by an A-1E.

One of the men who fly the Skyraider is U.S. Air Force Major Bernard Fisher; another is Lieutenant-Colonel Dafford Myers. Fisher is 39, a freckled, sandy-haired Mormon who does not drink, smoke or swear, although he is at ease, and much loved, in a squadron of men who do all three. "Jump" Myers, 46, is a chain-smoking nonconformist who once made his living running billiard rooms. Both are married with five children.

Fisher and Myers had known each other casually since 1959, when they were both flying air force jets in the U.S. North-west. They met again in Vietnam. Myers commanded a detachment of the 602nd Fighter Squadron at Qui Nhon in the central highlands; Fisher was 80 miles away in the First Air Commando Squadron at Pleiku. They met again during the battle of Ashau Valley.

Ashau is a desolate place, sere and brown, overcast by cloud most of the time. It lies 70 miles west-north-west of Danang, at the eastern point of a mountain valley which broadens out until it crosses the Laotian border only three miles away.

Attack. The U.S. Special Forces camp at Ashau was a fort, still under construction, with a 2,500-foot airstrip made of pierced-steel planking. It was a key spot for observing and harassing the infiltration of North Vietnamese across the Laotian border into South Vietnam; on March 9, 1966, the North Vietnamese decided to wipe it out with a major infantry assault.

That afternoon at Pleiku, Fisher was being briefed for a mission when he was ordered to go, instead,

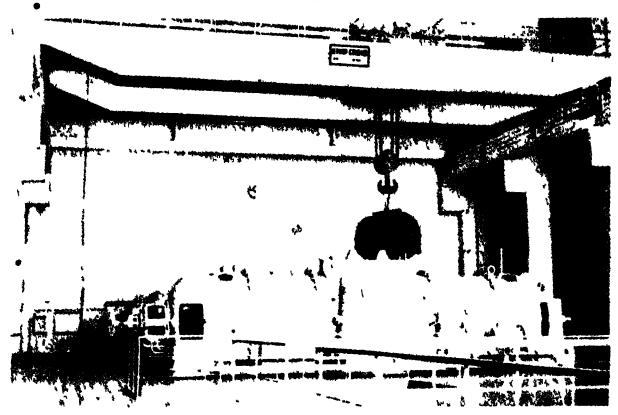
to a new target of top priority: the Ashau Valley. Fisher flew there and found a thick layer of cloud that began at 200 feet and extended all the way up to 8,000 feet, hiding even the mountain peaks. A covey of planes milled round on top, looking for a hole.

Fisher found one: "It wasn't exactly a hole," he explains, "but a kind of light spot in the clouds." Once he got down to the valley floor, he began his strafing passes round the fort. His co-pilot was much impressed. "He made his strafing runs in such sharp turns between the ridges that one wing was in the clouds and the other almost scraping the ground." Fisher went back up through the hole and down again three times that afternoon to bring in other planes.

Next morning Fisher took off on a routine bombing-and-strafing mission with another A-1E. They had been airborne only ten minutes when Control radioed a diversion order—once more to Ashau. Fisher reached the clouds above Ashau, to find four other Skyraiders—one of them flown by Jump Myers—looking for a hole. Once again it was Fisher who found a light spot in the clouds and led the other planes down. Two of the Skyraiders flew to and fro at a fixed altitude while the other three followed Fisher down the valley that led to the fort.

Pilots call this narrow valley "the tube." It is six miles long, less than a mile across, and the ridgelines

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along it were studded with anti-aircraft weapons. Every pilot who came into Ashau that day felt the bullets thudding into his plane.

The radio operator in the fort told them to hit the south wall of the fort, which had now been breached by the North Vietnamese. Myers had just pulled out of his second strafing pass when he was hit by a burst from an automatic weapon.

"The engine started spluttering and cutting out, and then it conked out for good," Myers recalls. "The cockpit filled with smoke. I got on the radio and gave my call sign, Surf 41, and said, 'I've been hit and hit hard.' Hobo 51—that was Bernie Fisher, though I didn't know at the time—came right back. 'You're on fire and burning clear back to your tail.' I was too low to bail out, and I said, 'I'll have to put her down on the strip.'

"I never saw the runway because of the smoke blowing back in my face, but I got a rough fix on it and Bernie talked me down. He was very cool about it, and that helped."

At the last minute he was going too fast, so Fisher told him to get his landing gear up and belly it in. As Myers touched the runway, his belly tank of high-octane fuel exploded with a roar. Surf 41 became a ball of flame that skidded 100 yards, veered off to the right and crashed into an embankment.

Myers had seen pilots burned alive. "It is my only fear about flying," he says. "But fear got the

adrenalin pumping, and I just went. through the motions I had thought out a thousand times." He stripped down to his flying suit, leaving survival equipment behind, so he would have some hope of diving through the flames. It took at least a minute. Then he pushed the hydraulic lever. "The canopy popped right open. A strong breeze down the runway opened a path through the flames that seemed to me like that path through the Red Sea. I ran out along the wing, jumped off and crouched in a patch of weeds.

"I still thought I was a dead man, because the strip was under enemy control, and they don't take prisoners in the middle of battle. I remember thinking, How is Betty going to manage with all those kids?"

"When Jump headed into the strip," says Fisher, "I told Control we had a pilot down and to get a chopper in there real fast. When he hit the runway and exploded, I was sure he was dead. And then I saw him scrambling out with smoke pouring from his flying suit."

The pilots overhead kept laying their ordnance on both sides of the runway, and hit the east ridgeline from which heavy fire was coming. Fisher called Control again. "They told me the chopper was having trouble finding the hole, and could I go out and bring it in? Well, that did it. I couldn't go off looking for a chopper, so I told Control that I



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was going in to get the pilot myself. I radioed the flight of A-1E's flying just north of the fort to give me covering fire "

The Skyraiders came in evenly spaced, flying in a tight-left pattern so that one or another was hitting the target every 15 seconds Meanwhile, Myers had crawled farther away from the plane "I was hiding against an embankment ten feet high just west of the runway The enemy were on top of the bank, but they couldn't see me Also, I think

they thought I was dead

"The last thought in my mind was rescue I knew a chopper could never survive the ground fire, and it never occurred to me that somebody would be crazy enough to put an A-iE down on that strip It was too short to begin with The steel planking was all buckled up into spikes by mortar rounds, and it was littered with 55-gallon fuel drums and debris from my plane When I saw Bernie circle and then head into the north end of the runway, all I thought was, Well, now two of us are down."

"I dropped my last string of bombs west of the runway to keep the enemy's heads down," says Fisher "All I remember thinking was, Can we do it? and Yes, I think we can. I was sure the poor guy down there was burned pretty badly.

"I was coming in to land when the wind blew a great big blob of smoke from the fort across the end of the runway. When I got out of the smoke, I saw I was moving too fast, so I put her down on the strip for just a couple of hundred feet. Then I accelerated and took off again I bent it round real tight and came in from the south, holding it at 110 mph. That's the key speed for short-field landings I touched down, put the flaps up and began hitting the brakes even before the tail came down

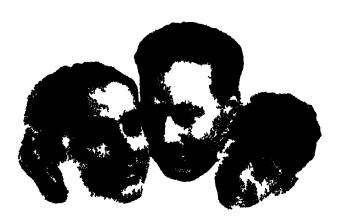
"Then I saw the end of the runway coming up much too fast I had to make a decision. do I slam on the brakes and probably tip her over, or do I take a chance on the over-run at the end of the strip? I decided to take a chance on the over run The ground was soft and littered with empty fuel drums, but it worked out real fine

"After going about 20 yards, I hit the left brake hard and swung the bird round in a big cloud of dust. Then I taxied back down about two-thirds of the runway Jump waved to me from the weeds, and I stopped as quick as I could, about 200 feet past him."

Bullets were now thumping into the plane, one of them two feet from Fisher's head.

Jump Myers still could not believe what was happening. "Even after I had seen Bernie make his turn and come in to land from the south, I was thinking, Well, they got another one. It wasn't until he had taxied back past me and waved that I knew. Why, that crazy fool has

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## **PHILLIPS**

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come in here to get me out! I started running for the plane."

The run seemed an eternity to Jump Myers, although it took only 10 to 15 seconds. He was dashing down the middle of the runway in full view of every North Vietnamese who happened to look his way. "The gunfire was deafening, and bullets were whining all round. I can tell you I made that run as fast as any old man of 46 ever could."

"I was just about to jump out and get him," says Fisher, "when I saw these two big red eyes looking at me over the edge of the wing. They were so red from the smoke that they looked like neon lights."

"I grabbed hold of the side of the plane," says Myers, "and then just scrambled across the wing on my hands and knees and dived into the cockpit head first, my legs flailing. Bernie grabbed me and set me right side up again. Then he just whipped the end of the plane round and got going."

"The take-off went real nice," says Fisher. "Real nice" is one of Fisher's favourite phrases, and his highest accolade about his own flying that day. "I had to give the bird full power, dodge the mortar holes and use up the last bit of runway, but I had hit flying speed by then, so I just lifted her off. I held her right down on the bottom of the valley until we got out of the tube.

Then I just took her up through the hole in the clouds and levelled off.

"Jump was a mess—mud all over, and the smoke from his flying suit stunk out the whole cabin. But we couldn't help turning to each other and laughing all the way home to Pleiku."

Heroism, and carnage, did not end then at Ashau. That afternoon the Special Forces survivors got orders to evacuate the camp; and for the next two days choppers scoured the area picking them up.

When Bernie Fisher and Jump Myers landed at Pleiku, Myers was whisked off to the flight surgeon, who gave him some drops for his red eyes and told him that otherwise he was in splendid shape.

Then they were both ushered in to see the deputy Commander of the Seventh Air Force. The next day Fisher's recommendation for the Medal of Honour (America's highest military decoration) was already being drafted.

"What can you do with a guy like Bernie?" says Jump Myers. "I'd like to give him a year's supply of whisky. But he doesn't even drink coffee. So I bought him a camera—he's crazy about photography—and had it engraved, Ashau, March 10, 1966.

"For the first few days I felt like a dead man walking. But I got over that, and it's great to be alive."

HAPPY is the man with a wife to tell him what to do and a secretary to do it.

—Lord Mancroft, quoted in The Observer, London



## **UNICEF:** Tomorrow Must Be Better

By LILLIAN AND OSCAR SCHISGALL

For 20 years this remarkable UN agency has been aiming at making the world a healthier, happier, friendlier place for 500 million needy youngsters

HORTLY before Christmas, 1949, a seven-year-old Czechoslo-🌙 vakian girl named Jitka Samkova drew a naive little sketch of children dancing round a maypole. She was in a school which was receiving free milk from the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, and her teacher, who knew that Unicef was collecting children's drawings for possible posters, sent the sketch to UN headquarters in New York.

There Mrs. Nora Edmunds had the happy idea of reproducing it as a Christmas card which Unicef could sell to raise funds for needy children. Eventually some 80,000 were sold.

Out of this simple beginning has grown a campaign, which now sells about 50 million Unicef greeting 138 .

cards a year in more than 100 countries. The cards bear reproductions of paintings contributed, free, by some of the most eminent artists of this century-Matisse, Dali, Chagall, Picasso, Dufy, Mirò and scores of others.

The Christmas card idea —just one of several money-raising techniques -- is a typical example of Unicef's humanitarian spontaneity. The purchase of a box of ten such cards for Rs. 7.50 this Christmas will provide cnough money to pay for the antibiotics needed to cure five children of trachoma, to buy anti-tuberculosis vaccine for 40 lifesaving injections, or to send a full week's supply of pasteurized milk to 50 undernourished youngsters.

The United Nations created Unicef 20 years ago as an emergency

organization to feed and clothe warravaged children, mostly in Europe. Its director until 1965 was the late Maurice Pate.

He did his job so well that by 1950 many felt that Unicet had tulfilled its purpose and was no ·longer needed. But when several nations moved to wind up the agency, others protested indignantly. Unicef's life was extended.

Now pleas for Unicef help began to pour in from all over the world. In Turkey, before malaria control began in 1956, some nine million children suffered from this killer disease. To help stamp it out, Unicef swung in with nearly Rs. 84 lakhs in the form of DDT and medicinal drugs, 2,900 sprayers, 102 vehicles, 13 microscopes.

To date, Unicef has provided Rs. 5 crores, and Turkey itself has put up Rs. 36-9 crores. Malaria has been all but wiped out, as in many other countries to which Unicef (always working in collaboration with the World Health Organization) has carried its anti-malaria

campaign.

The same can be said about yaws --- a discase that eats away the flesh of the hands and feet, reducing human beings to crawling animals. This disease, widely prevalent in the warm lands of the globe, can be cured in 10 to 15 days by a single injection of penicillin. So far, with Unicef assistance, more than 43 million people in 37 countries have been successfully treated.

One of the remarkable things about this agency is that it has accomplished its miracles with an international staff which has never exceeded 700 people. Moreover, it has never cost the UN anything, since all its funds are contributed by individuals and governments. Christmas card sales and other appeals bring in about Rs. 5.25 crores morc.

Unicef has accomplished so much with so little because it conceives that its main role is to stimulate local action. Every established nation that asks for help must agree to spend at least Rs. 21 of its own for every Rs. 21 of Unicef funds it receives. However, in the case of some struggling new countries, the rule may be waived.

"The welfare of the children is far more urgent than a strict adherence to rules," Unicef's present executive director, Henry Richard Labouisse, said to us. "When you become emotionally involved, you put life above regulations."

**Dedication.** We have seen many examples of this involvement. In a remote Turkish village, we found a young Swiss surgeon who was awaiting prosthetic equipment for the arms and legs of a leper group. We asked him how long he had been working there.

"Three years," he said, then added, "though I volunteered for only two." And how long did he intend to remain? He motioned toward leprosy-stricken the half-dozen

children waiting for him. "I'll stay as long as necessary."

Unicef found that along the Nile 90 per cent of all people were afflicted with bilharziasis, or "snail fever," a debilitating intestinal disease. The organization offered to equip urgently-needed health clinics, and the Egyptian government agreed to put up the buildings. But where would physicians be found who were willing to go to such remote communities?

The government solved the problem by conscripting young medicalcollege graduates to work in the health centres, as a substitute for military service and internship. No one anticipated that 60 per cent of the young doctors would ask to extend their service in the villages!

But health centres, doctors and drugs are not enough to cope with all emergencies. The world's high birth rate has made the midwife almost as essential as the doctor himself. Hence, Unicef has established a worldwide midwife-training programme, and to date has assisted in the training of more than 135,000 of them.

These trainees become so adept that they can assist in unilluminated midnight births by the sense of touch, and identify drugs in darkness by their smell. Upon graduation they are equipped with lightweight aluminium delivery kits and, in some areas, with muchneeded motorcycles.

Everywhere, Unicef works at a

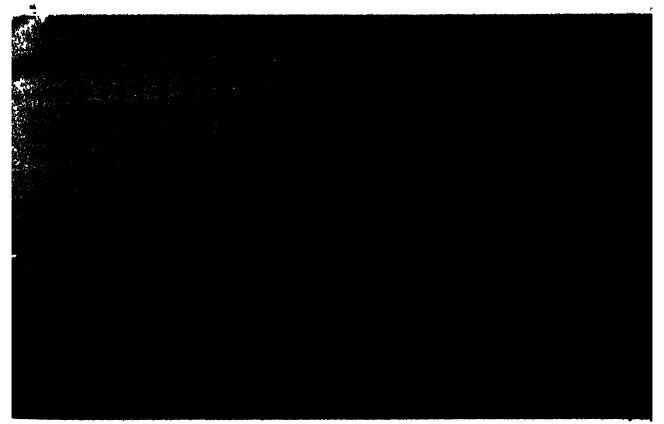
multiplicity of problems. In area after area we saw pure water being piped down from near-by mountains into communities which had never before had any knowledge of sanitation.

We found demonstration vegetable gardens which were showing people what they could grow with proper fertilizers. We found vocational schools that teach everything from agriculture methods to woodworking. And in regions that had never heard of pasteurization, Unicef has equipped 220 milkprocessing plants to provide safe milk, butter and cheese. More than 2,750,000 children today receive daily milk rations because of Unicef. "When we invest money in equipping a plant," Ron Hill, one of Unicef's dairy experts, told us, "we ask only that the plant gives free milk to those who cannot afford to pay for it."

**Expansion.** Unicef's efforts are constantly broadening in scope. The agency is now engaged in 485 separate projects in the 120 countries and territories that have asked for help. In the next few years, the scope of such projects is bound to increase, for Unicef is determined to keep pace with the demands of a fast-growing world population. There are now an estimated 800 million children in developing countries; about 500 million need assistance of one kind or another.

In many nations, private groups help to raise funds for Unicef's

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First on the Pecific First on the Atlantic First in Latin America First 'Round the World work. Nearly 80 organizations, including religious and youth groups, trade unions and professional associations, are affiliated to the United Kingdom Committee for Unicef. Last year the UK Committee, in addition to producing Rs. 27.9 lakhs from the sale of Christmas cards, contributed Rs. 10.45 lakhs from private donations.

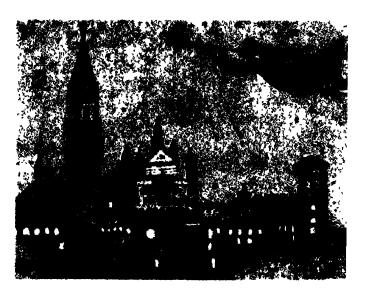
Of this sum, one-third came from

efforts by children, ranging from Rs. 31,500 raised on a 50-mile walk by sixth-formers to a few shillings earned by an infant class for—as one child proudly wrote—"woshin flors and clenin shoos." This does more than raise money; it teaches children to care about those in other lands.

Other British groups sell homemade confectionery, put on concerts and plays, run dances and record

Three of the 15 attractive cards which Unicef is selling this Christmas to finance its work. These cost Rs. 7.50 for a box of ten (registered postage for two boxes: Rs. 1.25). Leaflets and order forms are available from Unicef, 11 Jor Bagh, New Delhi-3, India. You may also obtain Unicef cards from the Y.W.C.A., 18 Madame Cama Road, Bombay-1, and at commercial houses in cities throughout India.







sessions, sell old toys, books and junk. Housewives raise funds at coffee mornings, husbands at gar-

findening or angling contests.
In the United States, children from 30,000 schools and churches collect nearly Rs. 1.89 crores each Hallowe'en. In Copenhagen, where Unicef has its big international warehouse, we saw children carrying huge stacks of old newspapers to school to be chopped up and used for packing Unicet supplies. Irish schoolchildren collected Rs. lakhs worth of pennies in three hours on Hallowe'en last year, and the Irish Committee for Unicef accepted from Anne, Duchess of Westminster, an offer of a proportion of the winnings of her famous horse Arkle, which has since become Unicef's muscot in Ireland.

In many countries, the national "Committees for Unicef" have "adopted" projects. The Netherlands is establishing rural schools in Colombia. West Germany is paying for vocational training in Tunisia. The UK Committee has Rs. 5.67 lakhs to improve maternal health in Malaysia, and has so far

contributed Rs. 4.41 lakhs to a similar, larger scheme in Nigeria.

The U.K. Committee's latest endeavour is the adoption of a nutrition project that involves 115,000 people in 114 villages in Mysore, India. The money raised will provide 30 community centres where seeds will be produced for the villagers--particularly the schoolchildren-who will be taught to grow and acquire a taste for nourishing foods that most have never seen, such as green vegetables and tomatoes. To provide protein, villagers will be trained to breed fish in tanks or ponds and to keep poultry.

All this, Unicet officials feel, is bound to tie peoples more closely to one another. Others think so, too. In 1965 Unicef was awarded the

Nobel Peace Prize.

"We believe," says Labouisse, "that by giving today's children a chance to grow into useful and happier citizens, Unicef contributes to removing some of the seeds of world tension and future conflicts."

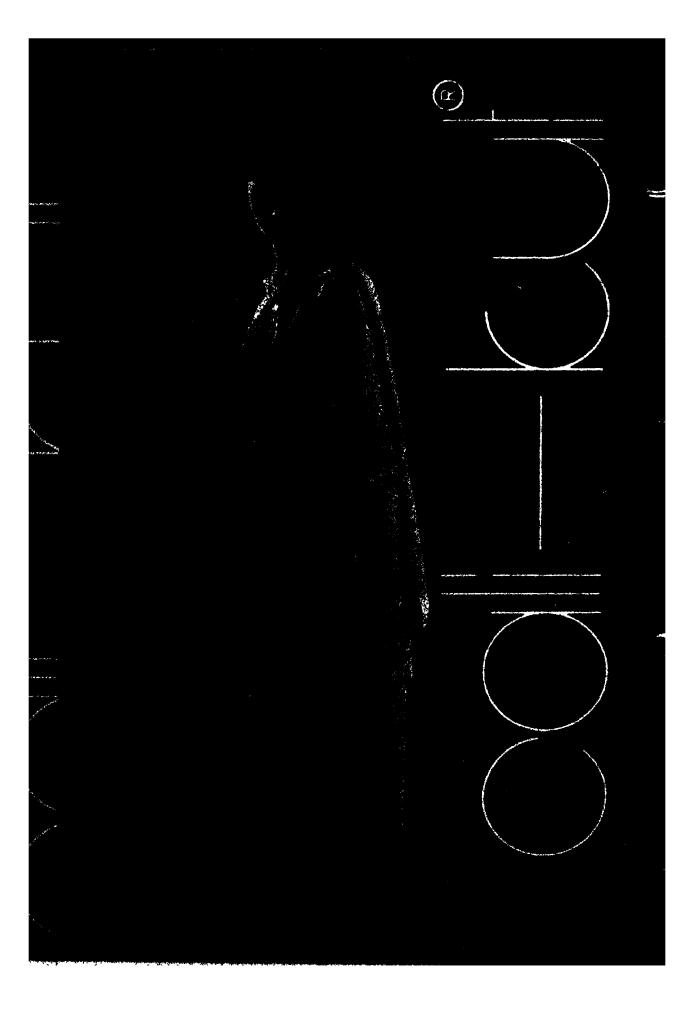
Obviously, most of the world agrees with him.



## Getting the Bird

During a downpour, a policeman directing traffic in Dallas, Texas, was wearing a bright yellow raincoat heavily labelled with the insignia of the Dallas police. At a particularly busy moment, a woman ran up. "Are you a policeman?" she asked.

"No, madam," said the officer patiently. "I am a giant canary." —F. B.



HAT WAS life like 20,000 years ago, when man had yet to discover agriculture, build permanent dwellings or domesticate animals? There is one place on earth where it is still possible to look back at this misty dawn -the 350,000-square-mile trackless wasteland of the Kalahari Desert. This is the home of the earth's most primitive human being, the South African bushman.

The origins of this little fellow he is rarely over five feet tall, and seldom weighs more than a hundred pounds—are unknown. Not related to the negro populations that

The Most Primitive

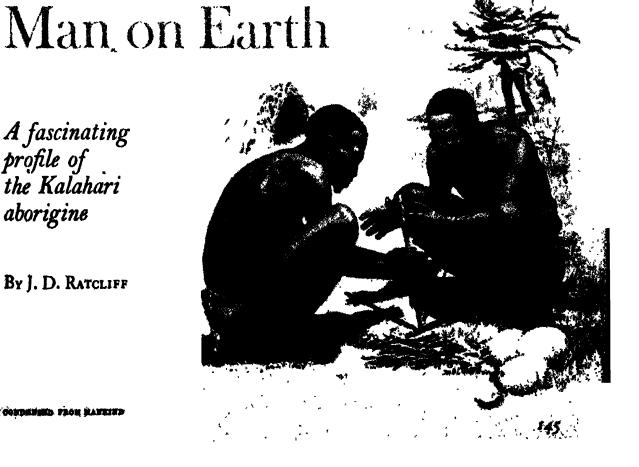
inhabit the rest of Africa, he may have descended from Mongolian bands that wandered thousands of miles from home.

At birth, bushman babies are yellow; later, they turn ruddy-brown. Like Mongolians, the bushman has a flat nose, high cheek-bones, slanting eyes. And at the base of his spine there is a small pigmented areathe "Mongolian spot." His speech is a strange "click" language in which consonant sounds are made by clicking the tongue against the palate. It sounds oddly Chinese.

Once, all of Africa was his home. But over the years, caught between

A fascinating profile of the Kalahari aborigine

, By J. D. RATCLIFF



white settlers in the south and Bantu tribesmen in the north, he and his people have gradually been driven into the hostile Kalahari where no one else could survive. Today, only about 15,000 bushmen are left.

To get a picture of what life was like for our distant ancestors, spend a day with a bushman. Tutei is only 25, but sun and exposure have wrinkled his skin so that he looks like an old man. It is just past dawn on a summer morning when he crawls from his tiny twig-and-grass hut, where he has slept in a grasslined depression in the earth. For Tutei and the other 59 members of his little band, chores must be done before the mid-day sun pushes the temperature as high as 130 degrees. Activity will then cease, and all will seek the merciful shade of a wild bush or stunted camel-thorn tree.

Bushmen live in a harmony not found elsewhere. There is no leader, for each individual has been taught his responsibilities from birth. There is no greed, because there is little to be greedy about. Food is shared, and possessions are kept at a minimum since the band is always on the move. There is little strife. Domineering adults and misbehaving children are simply ignored. Better behaviour usually follows after a few days of this treatment.

Among bushmen, who rarely live past 45, the old are loved and venerated for their wisdom. But survival of the band depends on mobility, and if an old one becomes too decrepit to keep up, he is left behind in a little hut with as much food and water as can be spared. There are no recriminations, no mournful farewells. He knows that when he dies he will be transported to the moon, which is hollow and filled with his ancestors.

Handing On. Until this sad day arrives, those too old to hunt lead useful lives, helping parents to teach the young. Before a girl reaches her teens, she will know how to locate water in a desert and how to find wild tubers when there is no aboveground evidence of their existence. Her grandmother will teach her to suck up precious droplets of water through a hollow reed, deposit them in empty ostrich egg-shells and bury the shells at various points in the desert for use later on when life may depend on a mouthful of water.

Meanwhile, the doddering grandfathers of 40 show the boys how to make snares for birds and hares, how to bait them with sweet gum, how to fashion bows of wood and animal sinew and to make arrows of reeds.

As Tutei gets up to start the day, he glances at Bhau, his wife. He didn't marry her for her beauty, or for love. He married her because she was a good worker. While she was still a child, he had watched her as she went on daily food-gathering expeditions. He admired the way she used her digging-stick, and respected the burden of food she brought





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home—wild melons, figs, cucumbers, potatoes, berries. As with all bushwomen, Bhau has enormous buttocks. To Tutei, this feature is a sign of good health; moreover, it serves as a storage depot for fat that will keep Bhau going during a food emergency.

Dressed in a little skin apron and a skin cape, Bhau is nursing their two-year-old son. Their six-year-old pushes the baby aside and has a few sucks of milk himself. All children do this, for total weaning is a slow

process among these people.

Bhau's first child was born while the little band was on the move. With an older woman, Bhau fell behind, squatted in the shade of a bush, and dropped her baby. The older woman cut the cord with a sharp reed, tied it and plastered the umbilicus with mud. With the new baby secured in the skin cape on her back, Bhau trotted ahead to rejoin the band.

Hunting. After breakfast—melon and a few small lizards—Tutei goes over his weapons. There are five arrows in his small bark quiver. His grandfather would have tipped them with bone, but Tutei uses steel fence wire stolen from a Bantu cattleman. The arrowheads are coated with poison made from beetle larvae. It is a slow-working poison that may take several days to kill a large animal. Tutei once tracked a giraffe for three days before it died.

But Tutei has extraordinary stamina. He can run 20 miles and feel no

fatigue. His vision and hearing are superb. (There is a case on record of a bushman who heard a single-engine plane 70 miles away.) His mind is sharp, full of knowledge related to survival. Every grain of sand, every bent twig, every scratched rock tells him a story. He can wander for weeks in his featureless land and never get lost.

He is the world's greatest tracker. Following game, he can tell how many animals there are, how fast they are moving and how long it has been since they passed. The

ground is his newspaper.

Before starting on the hunt, Tutei chats with his wife. They sit back-to-back so that two pairs of eyes can constantly scan the bleak expanse of dry waste for food on the hoof. Tutei spots something that would be invisible to most eyes—the twitch of springboks' ears in a distant cover of scrub brush. He informs his friend Thobaku—the two grew up together and work as a hunting team.

Tutei's bow is small, with a range of little more than 75 feet, so he gets as close as he can to an animal before shooting. He usually aims for the abdomen, so that the poison will spread quickly through the body.

Camouflaged with leaves and ostrich feathers, Tutei and Thobaku silently circle downwind, so that their scent will not forewarn the animals. It takes the men an hour to get within range. Tutei signals with his eyes the animal he has chosen as his

target. Thobaku chooses another. Both shoot at the same instant. The startled animals race away.

The hunters rush up. There is Thobaku's arrow. He has missed. There is the broken shaft of Tuter's arrow; the point must be in the springbok. Tracking begins, and soon the signs reveal that the wounded animal is dropping behind the others. Tutei quickens his pace. He is worried that a hyena or even a lion will find the animal first. Suddenly they see the springbok ahead, down, and dying. Tutei finishes it with a small spear.

By now, the sun is high and the heat is fearful. For a few hours Tutei and Thobaku rest in the shade of a bush. The sun is setting by the time they finish dragging the 125-pound

carcass back to camp.

With everyone helping, butchering begins—a joyous process. Virtually every part of the animal is used. The hide will be traded to a Bantu farmer for a handful of the tobacco that all bushmen, including children, crave. Bones will be opened for their marrow, and blood will be collected in lengths of intestine to make a tasty blood pudding. The stomach makes a serviceable water bag. Tendons and sinews are drawn out-string for a hundred uses.

Tutei has a steel knife (it cost him four animal hides in a trade with a Bantu). Hungry eyes watch as he cuts the meat into chunks for roasting. Wild potatoes, vile-tasting by civilized standards, are baking in the fires. Had the animal been large —an eland or a giraffe—part would have been dried in the sun for future consumption.

By now the moon is up. As the eating is finished, the encampment makes ready for the dancing which all bushmen love. Women start to chant, and dancing begins—all in imitation of animal movements. There is the prancing ostrich dance, \* the stealthy hyena dance, the capering baboon dance.

Or perhaps they will have some music instead of dancing. Gourd rattles, reed flutes and drums—calabashes covered with animal hide are brought out. Tutei gets his bow and his tapping stick. While a friend taps the bowstring, Tutei will move his finger along to sound various notes. They will play until the final wail of a lonely flute marks the day's end.

Thus it was 20,000 years ago for all men. Thus it is today for the dwindling bushmen of Africa.

## Holy Rite

A TEACHER, puzzled when a pupil brought a note from home asking to be excused from school for a religious holiday, phoned the mother to ask, "What is the religious holiday?"

"Oh," the mother explained, "that's the day we're off to the circus--B. G. we go every year religiously."

Whether at race-track, rodeo or circus, the amazing quarter horse is a winner

# 'A REAL GOOD HORSE"



Champion quarter horse Jills Lady "cutting" a calf from the herd

By James Stewart-Gordon

cently Prince Philip rode a five-year-old chestnut called Max Charge. Even the least knowledgeable spectator could see that this was no ordinary polo pony. Smaller, broader, much thicker in the shoulders and neck, the mare

was like a mastiff among grey-hounds.

Max Charge, a gift to Prince Philip from Canada, had arrived at Windsor for service as a polo pony after two years' training in Ireland. How good a performer she is likely to become will not be known until

next season—polo ponies are not usually worked hard before they are six—but her exceptional temperament makes her easy to train and play. Considering her breed, this is not surprising. Max Charge is a quarter horse, and the quarter horse is a remarkable creature that can do almost anything except play the banjo.

As recently as 1940 this horse was not sufficiently standardized to be officially recognized as a distinct breed. Yet there are now almost half a million registered quarter horses in the United States and Canada. Their number far eclipses all other registered breeds, and they are increasing at the rate of more than 50,000 a year.

Half America's quarter horses spend their lives on the open range, moving reluctant cows to greener pastures. The other half have mastered an astounding variety of careers. Many are racehorses. They can cover a quarter of a mile in less than 22 seconds, faster than any other breed—hence the name "quarter horse."

Others are in show business as circus horses, or in distinguished private service, such as those ridden by Eisenhower's grandchildren at his Pennsylvania farm. Other owners range from farmers to sportsmen, doctors, lawyers and oil-rich Red Indian chiefs.

In hundreds of horse shows from Canada to Mexico, quarter horses have demonstrated their range skills

in roping contests, cattle "cutting" (separating a designated calf from a herd), and other cowboy arts. In gymkhanas they challenge other horses in events from bending to jumping.

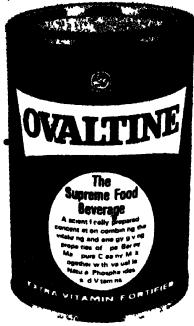
The quarter horse also competes on many U.S. race-tracks. The World Series of quarter-horse racing takes place every September at Ruidoso Downs in New Mexico. There thousands of aficionados in large wide-brimmed hats turn up to watch the running of the All American Futurity, a 400-yard sprint for two-year-olds. With a purse of 410,000 dollars (some Rs. 30.8 lakhs), it is the world's richest horse race.

Supremacy. Having established their lead at their special distance, quarter horses challenge even the machine age. For years, the star event of a Texas horse show was a 220-yard race between a Cadillac and a quarter horse. Every year the car lost. At last a delegation of motoring enthusiasts called on the show's manager. "We still believe in cars," they said. "But we know when we're licked." The race was withdrawn.

The secret of the quarter horse's amazing getaway speed lies in his heavily muscled haunches and short legs. But this remarkable animal is more than just a fast starter—he also has intelligence, exceptional alertness, manoeuvrability and endurance.

Joel Coffey, foreman of a ranch in Oklahoma, once had to separate

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800 cows into five different groups—an almost impossible task for one horse and rider in a day. But in 14 hours he and his horse, Old Baldy, had done the trick.

• Indefatigable. "A good quarter horse never quits," Coffey said later. "And this here is what you could call a real good horse."

In the matter of ageing, quarter horses are equally amazing. Take the inimitable Rusty Jiggs, a horse foaled in the Arizona scrub in 1940. For his first four years, Rusty served as a cow pony. But when a promising half-brother was sold to a California horseman, Rusty went along for an extra 200 dollars.

The new owner entered Rusty in a minor race. Surprisingly, he won. From then on, Rusty raced on tracks in Arizona, Oklahoma, California and New Mexico—always winning, even when he'd been ridden hard in a rodeo the day before. At eight, when most racers are long since ready for retirement, he was still beating three-year-olds across the finishing line.

At last, the owner of a star steed from Oklahoma named Fire Wagon sent a challenge: a match race for 10,000 dollars, under jockeys of 110 pounds. The old horse beat Fire Wagon by ten lengths. The next day a return race was run, this time with Rusty carrying a 180-pound jockey and a 60-pound-saddle. Again he won—by the same tenlength margin!

Unlike the thoroughbred, all of

whose roots go back to three Oriental horses imported into England in the eighteenth century, the quarter horse has in his background almost every animal with hoofs, mane and tail ever shipped to North America.

Probably among his ancestors were the blooded horses of Arabian extraction taken to Florida more than 400 years ago by the Spanish explorer, Ponce de Leon. Some escaped and over the course of 100 years munched their way north to the Carolinas, where they bred with horses introduced by the English colonists.

Later arrivals from Holland, Germany and France added new infusions of blood.

By the early nineteenth century, the breed was known as the American short horse because, while used mainly for pulling ploughs, wagons and buggies, it was already distinctive for its speed at short distances. When the Texas frontier was opened, some of the small, tough ponies used by Mexican vaqueros to round up cattle met the powerful short horse—and the modern quarter horse was born.

A Texas ranch-owner added additional refinement by selective breeding. He produced a strong but agile horse, able to "outrun and out-think wild cattle, hold a herd together, and get a cowboy there and back."

Unless a quarter horse is to be trained for racing, he is what cowboys call a "using" horse. The first real test a using horse faces is when, at about two years old, he confronts his first cow. If he lowers his head, moves his foxlike ears, and suddenly begins to caper round the cow seeming to know his job by instinct, he is marked as a ranch horse with a future. If he is one of the rare quarter horses which show little interest in cows, he will be sold and trained as a saddle horse, a child's pet or a show jumper.

One December night in Dallas, Texas, along with 7,000 fans and experts, I watched 15 of the finest young cow ponies in the world perform their magic at the final of the Futurity of the National Cutting Horse Association. The contest is open to three-year-olds of any breed, but every horse in the final was a quarter horse.

In turn, the contestants—their muscles rippling under the oiled silk of their hides—danced to the centre of the arena, their riders slouching easy in the saddle. Each horse glided into a close-packed herd of 15 yearlings, cut out a single designated steer, and separated it from the herd without stampeding the others.

Each rider was watched to make sure that the reins were slack, no spurs were used, and no signals other than knee pressure and shifting of weight were passed from rider to horse.

The duel between quarter horse and yearling was a combination of bloodless bullfight and ballet. As the yearling swirled from one side of the arena to the other in an effort to rejoin the herd, the horse—head held low in characteristic quarter-horse style—anticipated every move, and always remained a hoofbeat and a brainwave ahead of the game.

The winner was a chestnut colt called Chickasha Dan. When the results were announced, pandemonium broke loose, and thousands of girls cheered and began hugging thousands of men.

"Honey," the gorgeous girl beside me explained, "it's all so exciting, you just *have* to show other quarterhorse folks how glad you feel."

I plan to be in Dallas again next year, in a very big wide-brimmed hat. I've decided I'm a quarter-horse man myself.

## Winning Smile

Famous woman novelist George Sand was running a stall at a charity bazaar when Baron James de Rothschild stopped to look. He examined the objects for sale, then declared: "I don't see anything I like except your smile. Would you sell me your autograph instead?"

On a sheet of paper George Sand wrote: "Received from Baron James de Rothschild the sum of 5,000 francs for charity."

The baron sighed—and paid.

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# INSIDE LONDON

By John Gunther, Author of Inside Europe Ioday"
"Inside South America, Inside Russia Today," etc

A famous American writer describes his love affair with "the greatest city in the world"

N A GREY, silken day in the late spring of 1922, I fell in love with London—and have been in love with it ever since. It isn't as old as Rome, as luminous as Paris, as spectacular as New York, or as big as Tokyo, but to my mind it is the greatest city in the world. It

Going down the Strand



has all manner of negative qualities, such as the weather (ever seen a true West End Londoner without an umbrella?), its provincialisms (like the licensing hours in pubs), and its archaic preoccupation with class, even in the "lower" classes • (nobody can be more of a snob than a true Cockney) Nevertheless, it has grace, durability and style.

London has a population slightly over eight million, which puts it second among the world's cities, a bit ahead of New York, but behind Tokyo. The area of Greater London is 620 square miles, and the Thames bisects it in a series of loops like an intestine. It contains roughly a third of all rateable value in England and Wales, and holds one-sixth of the total population of England and

The city rose where it did because this was a convenient strategic location. The site was dominated by two small hills, and here was the first point where the river Thames, which has been nicely described as "liquid history," was narrow enough to be forded or bridged. And

Wales.

#### INSIDE LONDON



The Barbican and St. Paul's Cathedral in silhouette

the sea, with its pregnant opportunities for trade, was near by.

Today this colossus of cities is the third port in the world (after New York and Rotterdam), as well as one of the greatest financial, industrial and trading centres. It is rich in many other respects as well. London folklore is voluminous and is sedulously kept alive. Yeomen of the Guard still search ceremoniously for a modern equivalent of Guy Fawkes in the cellars of the House of Lords before the state opening of Parliament; this tradition dates from the Gunpowder Plot in 1605. And six pinioned ravens still prowl near the Tower of London' because a legend said that the Tower would "crumble to dust" and the British imperium would cease to be

if the ravens who clung customarily to the Tower ever flew away. The tradition of the ravens has, as it happens, outlived the empire.

In today's insufferably crowded and complex world London offers virtually every service. You can buy anything from a secondhand bus to, so I've been told, a knife with 1,851 blades. The telephone operator will ring you if your alarm clock isn't working. Mail is delivered twice or even three times a day. In certain areas plastic dustbins are provided so that there will be less noise. Yet the city has its share of non-amenities, too; the tube trains and most of the buses don't run all night and in some places central heating is virtually a joke.

Until a few years ago, except for

its constellation of majestic public buildings in a limited area, London stood from two to five storeys high. This is still largely true, but there have been sharp changes. Glass office buildings are slowly growing around St. Paul's, a new concrete skyscraper dwarfs Westminster Abbey, and dumpy old Victoria Street has been reborn into silverish glass blocks.

Another obvious change is what might be called continentalization, for the city is full of French, Italians, Spanish, Cypriots. Many Central European Jews settled in London after the war; soon after came a wave of West Indians.

Food has changed. Gay, small Beside the lake in Hyde Park



restaurants have sprung up almost everywhere, and serve exciting continental fare. Coffee shops and steak houses have also cropped up all over the place.

Even the weather has changed. Real pea-soupers, with the city dead and blind for days on end under greasy yellow billows of acrid fog, seldom occur now. This is largely because of the increasing use of smokeless fuel, not only by industry but in the city's millions of fire-places. Of course it still rains a lot. But rain in London doesn't come down in sudden torrential spurts; it makes a steady drizzle that seemingly never stops.

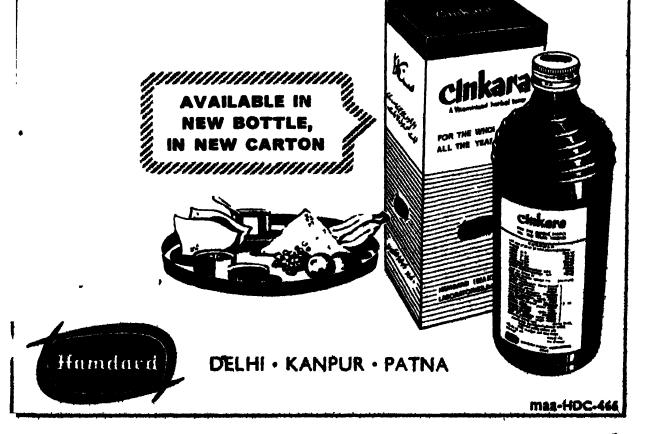
Britain as a whole is in the grip of a severe economic freeze, but—strange paradox—London gives a good many external signs of being prosperous. At the same time there is a certain amount of spiritual malaise, particularly among the middle-aged. Indirectly this may be due to the loss of empire and the blurring of class distinctions.

The whole social structure has, as a friend of mine put it, "loosened down." Nobody cares whether you are a "gentleman" or not, or what kind of English you speak, if you become a success. One indication of all this is that a whole new set of folk heroes has emerged, such as the Beatles and the present generation of film stars.

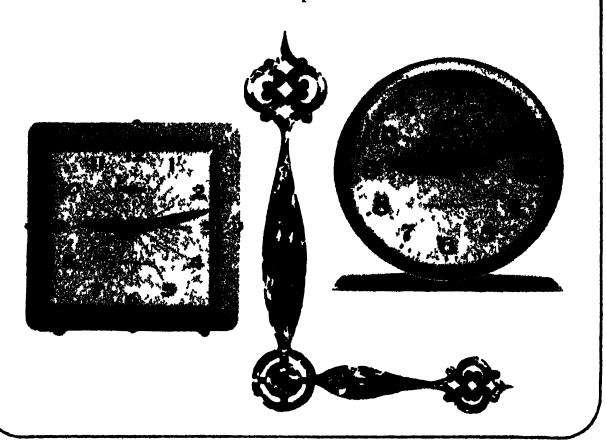
We come now to "Swinging London," a misnomer, because only a small element of youthful London

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swings. Most Londoners profess to be bored by the subject, but they cannot deny that the youngsters have given parts of London a new look, the brightest look in Europe.

Young people swarm into the pubs and discotheques, dance with mechanical frenzy, and make a place fashionable for a week—then move on to another. They have little interest in public affairs, and have washed their hands of taking care of the world. Some have no regular place to sleep and go about with three possessions—a sleeping-bag, a toothbrush and a guitar—with which they camp on any friend's doorstep.

What mostly distinguishes them is their dress, as a walk down King's Road in Chelsea will amply show. I saw one young man who, I thought, must be an actor who had arrived from some Shakespeare performance without changing his costume—a peach-coloured velvet jacket with lace cuffs and sequinned pants. But no; this was his "ordinary" dress.

Politically, London is, of course, a creature of the national government. It elects nearly a sixth of the total membership of the House of Commons. And the real decision-makers in London are the Home Secretary and the Ministers of Housing and Local Government, Transport, Labour, Social Security, Power, Health and Public Buildings and Works. They are responsible to the people of Britain as a whole. But

the city also has a complex and elaborate governmental structure of its own.

As extraordinary as anything about London is the fact that scarcely anybody knows the name of its titular head of government. The incumbent is Sir Percy Rugg. Officially, his title is the Right Honourable the Chairman of the Greater London Council (GLC). His term of office is restricted to a year, and his functions are largely ceremonial, with no politics permitted—a big difference from the practice of most other great cities of the world. The seat of power on the GLC lies in the office of the Leader of the Council—a position now held by

Late traffic swirls through Admiralty Arch



Desmond Plummer, who leads the majority on the council.

London government has two main tiers of authority: the GLC and the boroughs. The boroughs, a series of separate "cities," are the constituent parts of the metropolis. Some are very large—Lambeth has 339,400 people, Wandsworth 331,450. Largely autonomous, they maintain a staff almost twice as big as that of the GLC. The elected councillors are all unpaid volunteers who work for the borough in their spare time.

London is probably the only major capital where the municipal authorities have no jurisdiction whatever over the police. The Metropolitan Police District, whose headquarters are known universally as Scotland Yard, derives its authority from the Home Office.

Old Tradition. The London police do not carry arms except in special circumstances. This has provoked a bitter controversy since the wanton murder of three unarmed policemen by thugs in a London street last year. Scotland Yard authorities in general seem to feel that the old tradition against carrying firearms should be maintained for two reasons: first, if the police carried guns this would encourage criminals to do the same; second, police power should rest on the basis of complete, friendly co-operation with the people. Incidentally, police corruption is virtually unknown.

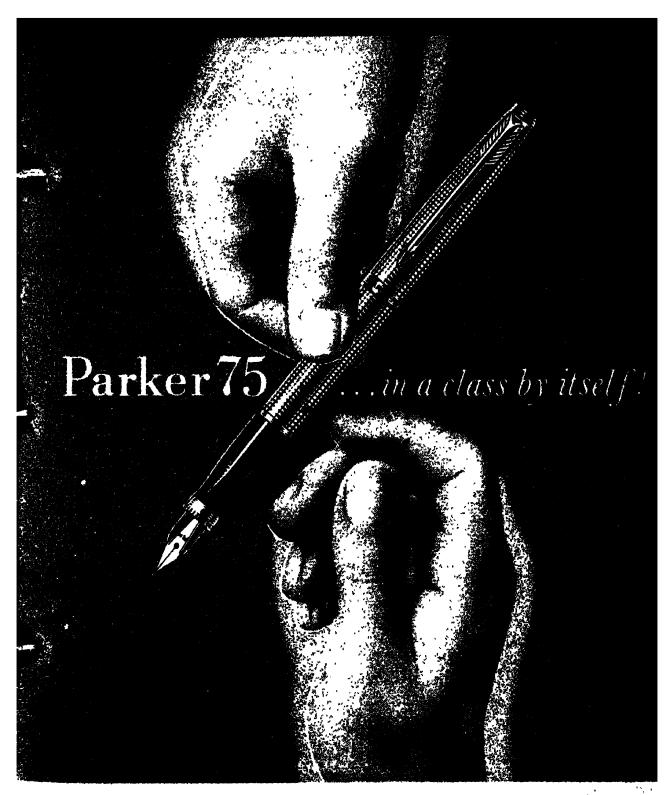
"The City" is London's central

bastion. A tiny enclave covering 1.03 square miles, it is the financial centre of the realm—containing the Bank of England, Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange. More foreign banks are represented here than in any other city, as well as 800 branches of British banks; a few of the old City messengers still wear top hats.

Officially, the city has no connexion with the rest of London; it even has its own police force. Its celebrated Lord Mayor, often erroneously thought to be chief executive of all London, has no jurisdiction whatever outside the City's pint-sized limits, yet within those precincts, he takes precedence over everybody except the Sovereign.

The City electorate is small, since most of its working population lives outside its precincts and votes elsewhere. Voters elect the 25 aldermen and 159 common councilmen who make up the Court of Common Council. Some wards have frontiers dating back to the thirteenth century, and bear pleasantly outlandish names, such as Cheap, Farringdon Within and Farringdon Without.

At the top is the Lord Mayor, who changes every year. A fantastic amount of pageantry is attached to his induction ceremony. The principal City officials, heavily robed in scarlet or blue, attend service at St. Lawrence Jewry, a Christopher Wren church. Next day comes the Lord Mayor's Procession, one of the great sights of London. The Lord Mayor rides down Ludgate Hill to



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the Law Courts in an ornate carved gilded coach drawn by six stupendous horses.

The final touch is the Lord Mayor's Banquet at the Guildhall, the single most ceremonial meal served in England, and the Prime Minister of the day makes the

principal speech.

The City is probably the repository of more antique tradition and fixed institutional forms than any other area of its size on earth. But in several respects it is changing just as the rest of London is. The skyline differs beyond belief from what it was before the war. Two "Pedways," enabling pedestrians to traverse various areas without having to pass through traffic, are open, and more are planned. And the travolator—a moving pavement, the

first of its kind in Europe—is in operation at Bank, one of the big underground stations.

As to London itself and its piebald assembly of different regimes and governments, the miracle is that it all works so smoothly. The Crown, the Parliament, the national government, the GLC, the boroughs, the City, with all their overbearings and underlappings, their inefficiencies and medievalisms, somehow combine to make a smooth and civilized amalgam—perhaps because the welfare of the citizen is a prime objective, and leadership is honest, modest and fair of mind.

The antique becomes the new, but the basic standards do not change. London is like a person who has performed the extreme miracle of getting over old age.



## Winning Words

THE subject set for a young people's essay competition was "My Favourite Character in Books—and Why." The winner was a 15-year-old girl; this is what she wrote.

"I admire a character who knows his faults and overcomes them, who finds his weak points and strengthens them, who acknowledges his strong points and uses them, who knows his needs and has the initiative to obtain them, who states his desires or opinions and has the courage to back them up with evidence, who realizes his obstacles and hurdles them, who trips over his own feet and picks himself up, who takes things in his stride and accomplishes them as they come, who realizes his goal and achieves it, who receives praise and accepts it with modesty. My favourite character is the tortoise in the fable, The Hare and the Tortoise."

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# The Life and Death of Casey Jones

Come all you rounders, if you want to hear
A story 'bout a brave engineer—
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On a six eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.

By Tom Mahoney

HUS BEGINS what has been called the greatest ballad ever written in North America. You've probably heard the song—all about an engine driver who was killed in a train accident. But does it tell the true story of Casey Jones?

Born in southern Missouri in 1863, his real name was Jonathan Luther Jones. When he was a boy, the family moved to the village of Cayce in Kentucky. His three brothers also grew up to be engine drivers, but none of them was as spectacular, in life or death, as Casey.

A handsome man, six foot four with bluegrey eyes, Casey was by 1900 one of the best drivers on the Illinois Central Railroad. Since the aeroplane had not yet been developed and there were few cars and no roads, railways were the quickest means of getting about the United States. The engineers who handled the big steam locomotives were among the most glamorous men in the land.

Like jockeys carrying their own saddles from mount to mount, many drivers took their own steam whistles from train to train. An admirer gave Casey his whistle, one which played an unusual mournful tune. He was so famous for being on time that people up and down the railway set their watches to the lone-some wail of his whistle. He had quite a reputation for speed.

The Illinois Central had four fast passenger trains a day running between Chicago and New Orleans the Cannonball expresses. Early in 1900, Casey then 36, was given the job of helping to pilot these trains over the 188-mile stretch between Memphis, Tennessee, and Canton, Mississippi, on a 50-mile-an-hour schedule, including stops. He was assigned a young fireman named Sim Webb, and given a new locomotive, No. 382. It was not "a six eight wheeler." There is no such thing. No. 382 was a fast ten-wheeler with six driving wheels six feet high.

On April 29, 1900, Casey brought Cannonball No. 2 north into Memphis exactly on time at 9 p.m. He was scheduled to rest there and take No. 1 south the evening of the next day. But he learned that Sam Tate,

the driver due to take No. 1 south that same evening, was ill.

"I'll take his place," said Casey.

He needed the extra money. He had a wife and three children, and he was planning to move from Jackson and buy a house in Memphis. His only condition was that he use his own engine, No. 382.

The southbound Cannonball arrived late. About 12.50 a.m., Casey Jones "mounted to the cabin" and the 12-coach Cannonball moved south out of Memphis, at least 95 minutes behind schedule.

Put in your water and shovel your coal

Put your head out the window, watch them drivers roll

I'll run her till she leaves the rail Cause I'm eight hours late with that Western mail.

"We'll have a tough time getting into Canton on the dot, but I believe we can make it," Casey told his fireman. Sim shovelled on coal. Casey poured on steam. With bursts of speed of more than 100 miles an hour, they made up 60 minutes in the straight, level 102-mile stretch to Grenada, Mississippi, the first stop. In the 23 miles from Grenada to Winona, Casey made up 15 minutes more. "The old lady's got her high-heel slippers on tonight!" Casey shouted to Sim.

Casey was almost on time when he made his last scheduled stop at Durant. It was a single-track railway, and he took the siding at Goodman, a little farther on, to let the

northbound Cannonball pass. This delayed him five minutes, and he sped onward at 75 miles an hour over a supposedly clear track. He was only two minutes behind schedule as he approached Vaughan, 14 miles from the end of his run. Incredibly, Cannonball No. 1 had made up 91 minutes in 174 miles. "This means," wrote Fred Lee, an Illinois Central engine driver of the time, "that there were times when she was driving through the night considerably in excess of 100 miles per hour, and hardly below 65 miles per hour at any time!"

Collision. Twelve minutes more and Casey would have finished on schedule. But as he swept round an "S" curve into Vaughan, the red lights of a freight train loomed up

in the foggy night.

"We're gonna hit!" shouted Sim. Casey Jones reacted swiftly. He shut off the throttle, applied the air brakes, pulled the reverse lever and sounded a blast on the whistle.

"Jump, Sim!" he shouted.

As the express slowed from 75 to perhaps 35 miles an hour, Sim jumped. Casey Jones stayed at the controls and just failed to brake his train short of collision.

With a crash heard for miles, his locomotive ploughed through a wagon of hay and on into another loaded with maize, tons of which were scattered over the scene. No. 382 then left the rails and turned on her side. The tender and all the coaches remained on the track.

Casey Jones was found with an iron bolt driven through his neck and bales of hay crushing his body. He was the only person killed. Sim Webb was picked up unconscious, but was only bruised, as were five passengers who accepted a total of 31 dollars in full payment of any claim against the railway. Engine No. 382 was later repaired and returned to service under another number.

How had it happened? Two freight trains had been ordered to a siding at Vaughan, but their combined length was longer than the 3,148-foot siding, so that four wagons extended on to the main track at the north end. To let a southbound train pass, the freight trains had to move south on the siding, permitting the through train to stop alongside on the main track. Then they would pull back until the way ahead was clear.

They were preparing to do this to let Casey Jones through when a rubber air hose broke and froze all of one train's wheels, leaving four wagons on the track in the path of the onrushing Cannonball. What happened next is still a matter of

controversy.

Regulations required that warning detonators (cartridges that explode under a locomotive's wheels) be placed on the track "30 telegraph poles away," that a flare be lit and that someone be sent with a lantern to intercept the oncoming train. A flagman named John Newberry



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Modella Modellagram, Thana Maharashta was dispatched from the stalled freight train to do all these things. According to an official Illinois Central investigator's report, Sim Webb and the crews of the trains waiting at Vaughan all agreed that Newberry had done his job and that the detonators had exploded.

"Engineer Jones was solely responsible for the collision by reason of having disregarded the signals given by Flagman Newberry," the report concluded.

For many years before his death in 1957, Sim Webb told and recorded a different story, insisting, "We saw no flagman or flare. We heard no detonators."

In any event, admirers of Casey rallied to his defence. One of his friends, Wallace Saunders, composed a ballad about the accident: "Casey Jones—Casey Jones, he was all right. Stuck to his duty both day and night..."

William Leighton, an Illinois Central engineer, passed Saunders' ballad along to his brothers, Bert and Frank Leighton, vaudeville performers, who sang variations of the tune and spread it throughout the United States. A professional songwriting team, T. Lawrence Seibert and Eddic Newton, copyrighted the best-known version in 1909. It was superior in tune and rhyme but

much less accurate than that of Wallace Saunders. They even placed the collision on a Western line near San Francisco and added a verse suggesting that Mrs. Jones had another husband "on that Salt Lake Line."

In the 1930's, a book, a film and a series of radio dramas based on the Casey Jones story added to the legend. A commemorative stamp was issued in Jackson, Tennessee, for the 50th anniversary of Casey's last run. The first-day-sale ceremonies drew the biggest crowd in the town's history.

The Casey Jones Museum was opened in 1956, after the city purchased the home where the Joneses lived at the time of the accident. The family gave the museum Casey's watch and other personal items. A locomotive of the same type as No. 382 was given by the city of Jackson, and many other railway relics were donated by the Illinois Central. The museum also had a duplicate of Casey's whistle.

A memorial pinpoints the Vaughan, Mississippi, wreck site. It reads: "Casey Jones: A famous ballad, the folklore of American rail roading and a postage stamp commemorate the colourful and courageous engineer who was killed in a wreck here in 1900."

## Child's Play

HAVING played all morning at cops and robbers and cowboys and Red Indians, my three children ran out of ideas. "I know," said the youngest, "let's pretend we're children!"

—David Lewis

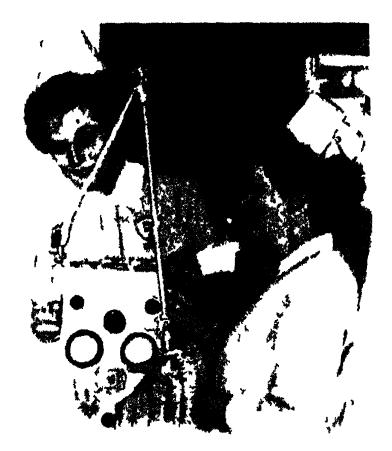


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# PRESCRIPTION FOR THE NURSING SHORTAGE

By DAVID MACDONALD

NE SUNNY afternoon last autumn 28 newly-qualified nurses in crisp white uniforms filed into a crowded Toronto auditorium to receive their diplomas. There were the usual congratulatory speeches, the usual applause. But this was no ordinary ceremony. As one nurse was handed her diploma, a child in the audience piped up excitedly, "Mummy! That's Granny!"

And Granny wasn't alone. Her classmates, including four other youthful looking grandmothers, were all between the ages of 32 and 52. The first students of Toronto's Quo Vadis School of Nursing—the only one in the world designed solely for mature women—they'd just completed a tough training course, usually scheduled for three years. But despite family responsibilities that their teenage counterparts never

face, they'd completed the course in two years.

It hadn't been easy. Launched in 1964 to ease the nursing shortage that plagues health services all over the world, Quo Vadis was from the beginning an experiment in adult re-education. The teaching staff had to devise ways to help the older women adjust to a curriculum that required full-time study.

At one time or another, most of the original 32 students came close to giving up. "After 20 years of marriage," explained one, "I couldn't bear to see my husband washing up every night while I was study-.ing." Yet in the end only four left. All the others qualified and are now engaged in their new profession.

Today, Quo Vadis is hailed as having opened up a whole new source of nursing aid at a time of great need—in Canada, scores of hospital wards are closed for lack of staff. In Britain Nursing Mirror has called Quo Vadis "one of the most significant developments in

nursing today."

Oddly enough, Quo Vadis (Latin for "Where are you going?") was begun not by a nurse but by a social worker—Catherine McLean. Asked by Catholic hospital administrators in Ontario to study trends in nursing education, Miss McLean found that few girls were going into the profession because of its long hours and low pay. At the same time, while hospitals were desperate for help, thousands of able women who

had already brought up families were eager to find useful, satisfying work outside the home. Why not meet the needs of both, Miss McLean asked, by offering a special course to mature women who couldn't or wouldn't go into orthodox nursing schools?

By autumn 1963, Quo Vadis had rented two houses in Toronto and been promised classroom and clinical facilities at a near-by hospital. Press reports on the new school led to hundreds of enquiries even before newly appointed Director Margaret Mackenzie had recruited her staff.

The first class, chosen in 1964, consisted of two nuns, three single women and 27 who were or had been married. Most had held jobs; most were now housewives. All had one thing in common: a firm desire to succeed in nursing.

Hard Work. They needed it. Ahead lay a difficult course of study, from anatomy to psychiatry, plus 1,500 hours of practical work in hospital wards and operating theatres. "Now that you're in nursing," Margaret Mackenzie warned the women frankly, "you won't get a moment's peace."

True, Quo Vadis made concessions to the maturity and family ties of its students: freedom to live at home or in shared flats; a convenient Monday-to-Friday timetable; little night duty and few of the menial jobs required of young trainees; low fees; a minimum of formal regulations. But age posed

special problems, too. After to to 30 years away from text-books, most women had trouble brushing up on physics, chemistry and mathematics. A few found themselves stymied by simple fractions, until an instructor reduced them to familiar household forms—slices of cake.

In some subjects, however, Quo Vadis trainees had been well schooled by the best teacher of all: experience. One housewife, for example, knew all about allergies because she'd spent years caring for a son who had several. She was put to work helping the rest of her class, as was another woman who had once taught microbiology.

Special Asset. When the middle-aged probationers donned pink striped uniforms and began clinical training at the bedsides of sick people, their maturity was a special asset. "Some skills and insights simply can't be taught," says Margaret Mackenzie. "They come only from living."

Unlike most nursing students, almost all the Quo Vadis women had been hospital patients themselves. They knew everyone's need to be treated as an individual—and thus found time to dispense kindness in many ways.

One went out of her way each day to get Chinese-language newspapers for a dying old man from Hong Kong. Others wrote letters or addressed Christmas cards for invalids, brought them books, games and television sets from home. In an cmergency at one short-staffed hospital, a second-year student took over a whole ward, supervising the care of 16 patients like a veteran.

Naturally, patients warmed to the "Pink Ladies," as they were dubbed, and confided in them. A Quo Vadis trainee, on her way off duty, once stopped to say good-bye to a young mother who was due to go home after minor surgery. To her amazement, the patient began weeping. Instead of hurrying away with an easy, "There, there," the older woman stayed to talk and listen, sensing a deep-hidden fear. Slowly, painfully—and for the first time the chilling truth came out. "I have the most awful urge to harm my children," the patient confesced. Thanks to the adult student's compassion and understanding, psychiatrists were alerted in time to treat an emotional illness that might well have led to tragedy.

The dedication of the Quo Vadis women inevitably disrupted home routine, but most husbands gladly helped out. One man allowed himself to be bound in bandages, bathed in bed and prepared for a lumbar puncture. But he drew the line at hearing a kidney operation described in vivid detail—at dinner.

Wives and mothers found the course easier than single women and divorcees did, for their families gave them a psychological lift. Typical was the ease of Alice Wadsworth. "When I enrolled," she says, "my husband and children thought it was

they bore up wonderfully." Mrs. Wadsworth left home each morning at 7.30 after preparing breakfast, and seldom got back before 6.30 pm. to cook dinner. Then she'd knuckle down to homework, usually with her teenage daughter. At weekends, the whole family pitched into household chores. "Before the final exams," Mrs. Wadsworth says, "they wouldn't let me do a thing but study."

Quo Vadis's demanding schedule paid off. In the exams for all of Ontario's 2,400 nursing candidate's, an amazing 70 per cent of the school's trainces won high or aboveaverage grades. Today its pioneers are at work on widely scattered frontiers of medicine.

Now in its third year, Quo Vadis has 76 active students and a waiting list of hundreds. The Ontario department of health has given a generous grant for a new building so that enrolment can be doubled to 150. Many other hospitals are now studying ways to set up similar schools.

As one expert points out: "By proving that older women can become competent nurses, the Toronto project is meeting one of medicine's greatest needs."

In short, Quo Vadis not only poses the question: Where are you going? It also points the way.



## Phrase worthy

• THE HLADLINE on a newspaper story read: Divorce Threatened in Double Triangle?" I asked my husband, a civil engineer.

"That's what is known in engineering circles," he said, "as a sextangle."

-Mary S Ramsey

### Power Failure

THE OLD native called on the trader. "I want to trade one 40-year-old wife for two 20-year-old wives," he said.

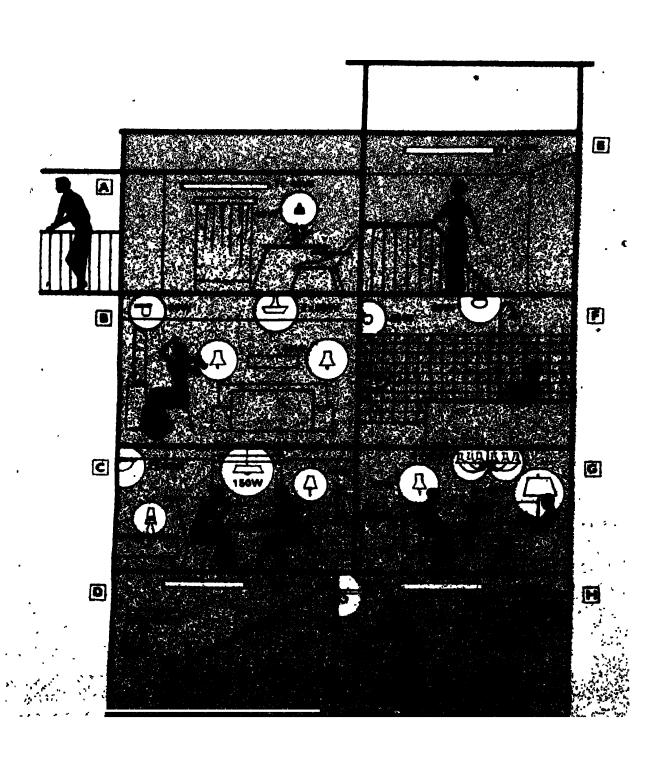
This was an unusual request, but the trader managed to fix him up and the old native went off happily. A week later he returned.

"What is it this time?" asked the trader.

"I want to trade two 20 for one 40," said the native.

"But fast week you wanted she opposite?" said the trader.
"Yes," replied the native, "but I fin I am not wired for 220!" "Tombo

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- The dining table must have good lighting—particularly if it is also used by the children for homework Directly above the table suspend a single 150 watt lamp in a suitable fitting. Wall lamp brackets provide balanced bright surroundings conducive to physical ease and a relaxed atmosphere
- Por the staircase Philips Cool Daylight' fluorescent lamp not only gives attractive lighting, but saves on electricity bills as well.

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- For bathroom lighting, a simple ceiling mounted 60 watt lamp in a globe fitting gives uniform illumination. Near the mirror and the sink install a matching wall-bracket fitting.
- The living room must combine good strong light for reading, sewing, etc. with soft general lighting, making it easy for your family to do whatever they like—comfortably (Make sure you have adequate light points.)
- The kitchen being a hot place, the lighting should be cool—use Philips 'Cool Daylight' fluorescent lamps. Make sure that the lamps and fittings are easily accessible for regular cleaning.



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Helen Hayes, doyenne of the American stage, made theatrical history with her performance of Queen Victoria in Laurence Housman's "Victoria Regina." The part, which required her to age some sixty years in two and a half hours, was exhausting and demanding. Yet so great was her skill that the play ran for nearly three years and won her worldwide acclaim. Here the actress recalls the role for which, more than any other, she will be remembered

Miller sent me the manuscript of Laurence Housman's play, Victoria Regina, I let it lie around for weeks. Those two words on the title page frightened me. Victoria Regina. It sounded so

pompous, something I just didn't want to get mixed up in. During that time a friend asked me what plays I was reading as possibilities for the next season. I mentioned Victoria Regina.

"What does that mean?" he

Condensed from a gift of joy ( 1965 by Ariche Hayre and I ewie fuwle, courtest cefdit to johathat Cape, Ltd., executors of the Hourman Setate



asked. And when I replied, "Queen Victoria," he said, "Oh, how dark brown." And that was the way I felt. Then one day Gilbert phoned and asked, "Have you read it? If you haven't, you must at once because I'm going to lose my rights to it."

Indeed, I had been rude to a dear and trusted friend. So I picked it up and, since it was spring and a beautiful day, went into the garden to read it.

I had got about half-way through the manuscript when I heard the voices of some neighbours who had come to view the garden. I was so scared my visitors would break the tremendous rapport between me and my play—I had become riveted to it—that I looked around wildly.

There is a bath-house at the end of our swimming pool—a little wooden thing that's pretty enough on the outside but hardly a place in which to sit cosily and read a play. I dashed into it because I couldn't get back to the house without running into those women.

As I huddled there, I could hear them saying to the gardener, "Where is Mrs. MacArthur?" The poor gardener kept saying incredulously, "Well, she was here a minute ago." And so, locked in that little bath-house, sitting on the floor because there was no chair, I finished. Victoria Regina.

Everything about the play was wonderful. Victoria was miscase by

life. She was meant by nature to be a little German Hausfrau, to raise a large family and to dote on her husband. Yet this little Hausfrau was a queen—the greatest queen of the largest empire in the world.

It is always so extraordinary and so exciting to me to see someone rise to a role for which he is not suited. And this Victoria did. She wavered just once, after the death of her husband Albert, and that was because she was primarily and completely a loving wife. At that time, she retired from public view. Only her Prime Minister, Disraeli, could lure her out—by flattery.

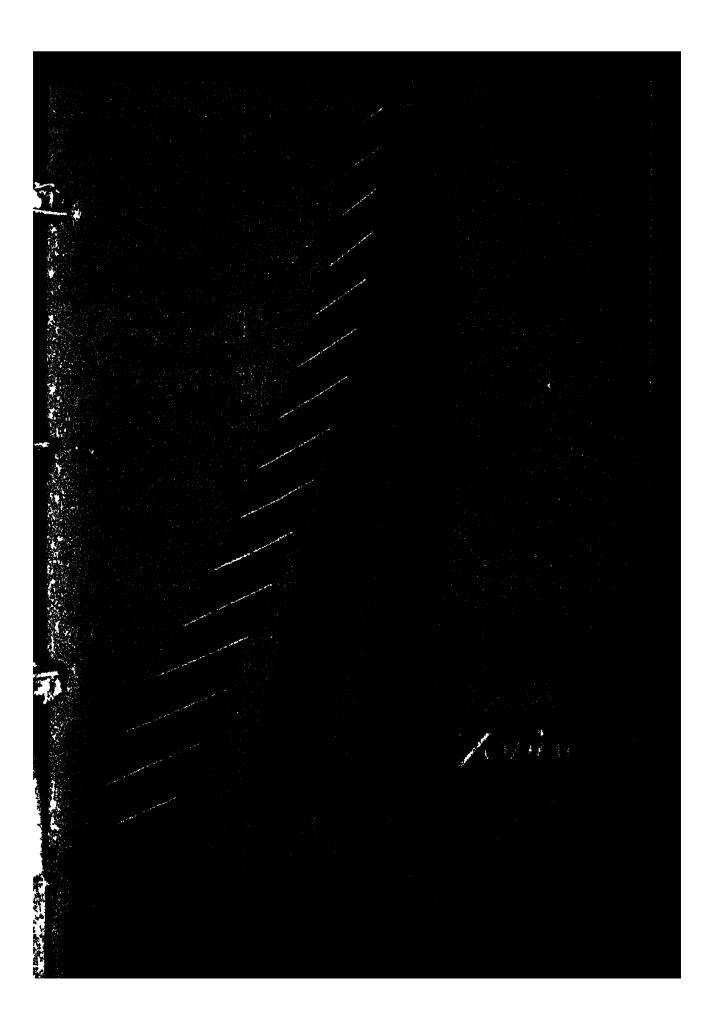
I loved the play and agreed to do
it. But I was scared of doing the old
queen. I'd never played an old lady.
I didn't know how to. To make matters worse, this old lady was rather
fat, pompous and choleric in the
three final scenes.

I went to England to see Housman. I argued that the play should end with Albert's death because that was the end of the great love story, and the rest was just tacked on.

Housman wouldn't even discuss it with me. Those last scenes, he said, were his reason for writing the play. It had to be done with them or not at all. So back home I went, defeated and desperate.

Through the rehearsh period, i with the old queen. We were playing in Balamore, and Latili

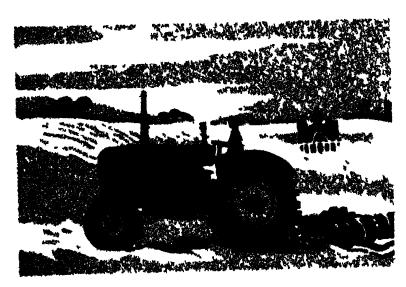
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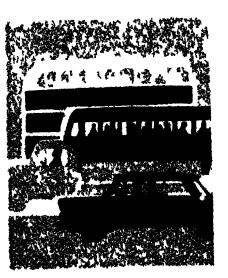


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blinded and confused, I was in a panic.

Then it happened. One night, as I lay in bed, my Grandmother Hayes marched across my vision. There she was and there was Victoria. She settled inside me and took over.

My Grandmother Hayes had been a devotee of Victoria. When I was a child, she used to describe Victoria's wedding procession. She had been in the crowd on the pavements in London to cheer as the Queen went by. Victoria died when I was one year old, but for ten years after that my grandmother wore the bonnet with the black egret that was high Victorian fashion and conducted herself like her idol.

I couldn't dissociate my Grandmother Hayes from Victoria Regina in her scenes as the old lady. I never saw anything but my "Graddy" in my mind's eye whenever I played the part. And that was more than a thousand times.

\*. During the play's long run, the ex-Queen of Spain, who was Victoria's grand-daughter, saw a performance. Later I went to have tea with her. "How," she asked, "did you learn my grandmother's every mannerism, gesture, idiosyncrasy of behaviour and speech?"

I didn't tell her I was just playing my grandmother. She may have been a far cry from the imperial Queen Victoria, yet they were simply two old ladies with the same inner spirit.

The poignant final scene—the one

most vividly remembered by everyone who saw the play—became for
me one of the high points of my
career. It is June 20, 1897, and the
magnificent old Queen has just experienced the culminating triumph
of her reign—the Diamond Jubilee
celebration marking the sixtieth
year of her accession to the throne.
In an open carriage she has ridden
through the London streets bowing
to the throngs of people, her beloved
subjects, who have come to pay her
homage.

Now, in the late afternoon, she is back home in Buckingham Palace, where more than 50 of her direct descendants have gathered, together with representatives of all the crowned heads of Europe.

She is exhausted, but the cheers from outside the palace can still be heard. She knows that she must not disappoint her subjects because her greatest gratification that day has been the realization that they still love her.

PRINCESS. Won't you go and rest now, Mama?

THE QUBEN. Not yet. That cheering means that my dear people are expecting to see me again. I must not disappoint them. Have the windows opened.

(The windows are opened by the Footmen; the cheering swells.)
THE QUEEN, speaking to the Prince of Wales. Now, will you, Bertie, and some of the others go out, and let them know that I am coming?

(Six members of the Royal Family

go out to the balcony, and the cheering grows louder. THE QUEEN makes a gesture of command, and the chair is pushed slowly up the ramp prepared for it and on to the balcony. Immediately the cheering becomes tremendous, and would go on without abatement for much longer than exhausted old human nature can allow. THE QUEEN gives the signal and the Royal Family retire, bowing, from the public gaze. The window is closed.)

. 3

THE QUEEN. It's very gratifying, very, to find—after all these years—that they do appreciate all that I have tried to do for them. We have been so near together today, they and I: all my dear people of England and Scotland—and Ireland and the dear Colonies, and India. From all round the world I have had messages. Such loyalty—such devotion! Most extraordinary! Tell Mr. Chamberlain how very much I approve of all the arrangements he made for the proper representation of all parts of my

Empire in the procession. Most gratifying.

Well, I must go now and rest or I shall never be able to take my place at dinner tonight, and that would never do. So happy! As we were coming back—you were in front, Bertie, so perhaps you didn't seeit was just by Hyde Park Corner, there was a great crowd there; and a lot of rough men-of course it ought not to have happened, but it didn't matter-broke right through the lines of the police and troops guarding the route; and they ran alongside the carriage, shouting and cheering me. And I heard them say: "Go it, Old Girl! You've done it well! You've done it well!" Of course, very unsuitable—the words; but so gratifying! And, oh, I hope it's true! I hope it's true! Hark! They are still cheering. Albert! Ah, it only you could have been here!

(And, having said her say, the great, wonderful little old-lady is slowly wheeled away.)

#### Cartoon Quips

CAR OWNER to mechanic: "No, I wouldn't describe it as a funny noise—not at the prices you charge here!"

—Dick Tumer

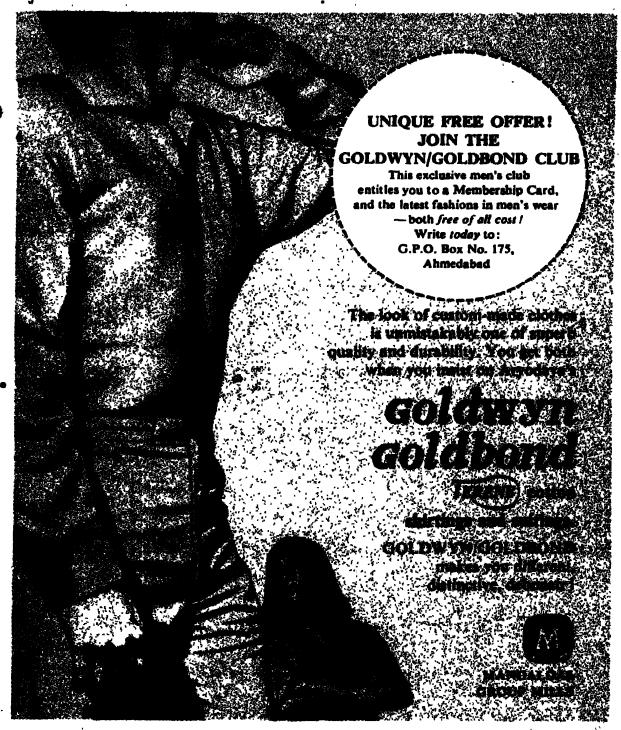
Man to doctor whose surgery is full of electronic equipment: "I think I'd like to call in a second computer." —S. H.

LITTLE boy to chum: "The way I see it, school is just a mouse race to get us ready for the rat race!"

-W.S.J.

Wife to husband: "I took one of those compatibility tests in a magazine today, and you failed."

L. G.



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and I frowned, and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back!".

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the road I spied you, down on your knees, playing marbles. There were holes in your socks. I humiliated you before your friends by marching you ahead of me to the house. Socks were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father!

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, timidly, with a sort of hurt look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms round my neck and kissed me, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and even neglect could not wither. Then you were gone, pattering upstairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. What has habit been doing to me? The habit of finding fault, of reprimanding—this was my reward to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected too much. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

And there was so much that was good and fine and true in your character. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. This was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good-night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement; I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours. But tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will be a chum to you, and suffer when you suffer, and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual, "He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!"

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your bed, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

#### Pressed for Time

A COUNTRY clergyman, wishing to please the Duke of Wellington who was visiting his village, asked if there was anything particular he would like the Sunday sermon to be about. "Yes," replied the duke, "about ten minutes."

—Robert Gibbings, Coming Down the Wye (Dent, Landon)



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### I Become a Judo Tigress

By JEANNETTE BRUCF

One girl's fling at throwing men over

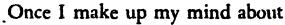
LL I knew about judo until a few weeks ago was what I L had once seen on television a demonstration showing two little girls (like me) throwing men built like King Kong right into the next studio. "Anybody can do it," said the announcer. "Right, dear?" He put his arm round one girl; she smiled and said yes, anybody could do it.

"Just a matter of proper training, isn't it, dear?" said the announcer. Yes, answered the girl, just a matter of proper training.

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Interesting. I turned off the television and picked up the evening paper, which was full of the usual things-burglars, thugs, bag-snatchers, all running loose in the streets. It got me thinking.

The thought of someone my size (five foot, eight stone) being able to master something like judo ntrigued me. I got some books on the subject, and they all agreed that height and weight were unimportant, since judo, "the gentle way," is the art of overcoming force by yielding, giving way-something I'd been doing for years during the rush hour. Apparently, all I had to do was to get an opponent off balance, then kick his legs out from





something, I don't waste time. I signed up for a judo course at once.

An instructor explained the programme. "Don't worry," he said, after a particularly nerve-racking whomp filtered through from the near-by dojo, or exercise room. "It doesn't feel nearly as bad as it sounds when you hit the mat." Crash! He got up and closed the door.

"We consider our courses a form of life insurance," he said. "Once judo becomes a part of your life, you can walk down the darkest alley on a moonless night without fear."

By the time I got home, I was composing newspaper headlines.

GIRL THROWS 14-STONE THUG Was one I worked out. Aarrgh! I was going to be a tigress!

My outfit, which I picked up the following afternoon just before my first lesson, didn't do much for the tigress image. Called a judo-gi, it came in three parts, all of them appalling from a feminine point of view. The white cotton trousers, designed to cover the knees, fell to my ankles. The kimono-like jacket, which should have ended just below my hips, hung to my knees. With the thick cotton belt looped twice round my waist and tied in a double knot, I looked like Madame Butter-fly's laundry bag.

The dojo was a large, cheerful room, furnished with 1,500 square feet of matting. This was made of grass or rushes, and filled with rice-straw padding. Rice straw? Had no one told Japan about foam

rubber? I was feeling the edge of the mat to see how thick it was when my first instructor came to greet me.

"I am Kanokogi Sensei," he said with a smile that charmed me right down to my bare toes. "That," he said, pointing to another Japanese instructor who was hurling a body to the mat a few feet away, "is Eguchi Sensei." The word sensei means teacher, but it carries all the import of the French maître.

"Come," said Kanokogi Sensei. "First we learn to bow." There was a brief bob of respect to the dojo, which the Japanese consider a cultural temple; next, the bow one makes to an opponent; and finally, the bow to the sensei, performed before and atter each lesson. "Judo," I remembered reading, "begins and ends with courtesy." Then I noticed that Kanokogi was staring at me.

"Why you got pants on backward?" he demanded. (In the dressing room I had decided there was no front or back.)

"Knee patches go in front," he said. He untied my belt, and for one delightful moment I thought I was going to have my drawers changed then and there, but he only retied the knot in some mysterious fashion, gave me another celestial smile and asked me to try a few warming-up exercises.

These seemed to include touching the back of my head with my big toe, doing a split and attempting a macabre impossibility called the judo push-up. Once you're in a horizontal position, rump in the air and legs wide apart, balanced on the flat of your hands at one end, your toes at the other, the idea is to lower your head inward as far as possible, then sweep forward and up, with your body only an inch or so off the mat.

"Ichi...ni...san...shi...," counted Kanokogi, doing the judo push-up ten times. The Japanese numbers were printed in large type on a wall poster, and I had ample time to read them, since I had collapsed on the first syllable of ichi.

"Judo push-up make you strong," said Kanokogi, beaming. "Now we fall—three ways. Back break-fall, side break-fall and forward roll."

They all sounded hideous, but there was no way to avoid it, since he was already sitting on the mat and patting a reserved seat for me beside him. Crossing his arms over his chest, he rolled backwards on to his shoulders, bringing his hands down to strike the mat hard at a 45-degree angle from his body. His chin was tucked in close to his chest to prevent the back of his head from striking the mat. Easy. Back I went. My head hit the mat with a resounding crack.

"Neck muscles weak," said Kanokogi thoughtfully. "Fall again, please." This time I saved my head by landing on my elbows.

"Keep arms straight. Otherwise, paa-boing!" Finally I was instructed to try the back break-fall from a

crouch, then from a standing position. It was paa-boing! all the way.

But, surprisingly, on the way home after my first lesson I felt fine. Nothing to it, I told myself, eyeing a man walking towards me. "Aarrgh!" I said softly. The man passed at a fast pace, glancing at his watch. Scared to death.

The next morning my body had news for me. If there was any muscle that wasn't sore, it had probably stopped functioning in infancy. Back at my judo class I got no sympathy. "Practise falling," Kanokogi said. So I fell—backwards, sideways and head over heels. Eventually I considered myself undisputed queen of forward rolls.

Now that I had learnt something about falling down, Kanokogi was ready to show me how to help someone else fall down. "I teach you only one technique first, the o-soto-gare," he said. "Too many make scramble in head." For someone who had been trying for days to give me con cussion, I thought his concern was touching.

Grasping my lapel with his right hand and holding my left sleeve under the elbow with his other, he took a deep step forward, pulling me off balance. Simultaneously, he swept his right leg behind my right knee. My leg flew out from under me.

Pulling me upright, he demonstrated again, faster this time, his feet barely grazing the mat. Each part of the technique was performed

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in a continuous, flowing movement, as subtle as a watercolour.

Next day, the skill I had acquired was put to its first test—against one of the other beginners, a patronizing young man who grinned down at me as I laboured to upset his balance. As I pushed, pulled and tugged, I began to get angry. My opponent yawned. "Maybe fragile little girls ought to forget about judo," he said after my umpteenth failure to budge him.

That did it. Running behind him, I gave him a couple of swift kicks

and dragged him down.

Kanokogi was on me like a shot, pulling me up by the scruff of the neck. "Use technique. When attack fails, you withdraw. No run round behind and kick, understand?" I retreated to the back of the cultural temple, disgraced, and did a few penitential forward rolls.

In time I was judged ready for my first randori, which is variously translated as "free exercise," "free struggle" or "free fight." My own translation was "brawl." Randori is dreaded by most beginners. It's fun when you're fast enough to make your techniques work. Otherwise it's like running into a windmill.

Eguchi found me hiding at randori time, and lined me up with a slim boy who looked as if he couldn't wrestle a plate of spaghetti to the ground. At the word "Go," we bowed stiffly. It was the last thing I remember about that day.

But at last the spirit of judo began to get through to me. One day, I found that I couldn't wait to get out on the mat. That afternoon Kanokogi worked with me on the single shoulder throw, patiently explaining what I was doing wrong, which

was just about everything.

"Pull my arm tight, or I escape, then paa! No, bend knees before attack—how many times I tell you that? You don't bend knees, I can choke you as you step in. Now, move in fast, turn, back into my hip, all one movement. Again! Again! Again! Good. Much better. We do form five times now, fast. Then you throw, understand? Ichi ... ni ... san ... shi ... go!"

On the count of five my reflex was automatic. Thirteen-stone Kanokogi went over my shoulder and landed at my feet. I stared in amazement. A rare smile as bright as a Japanese lantern illuminated his face. "That

is judo," he said.

As I left, I felt uplifted. It didn't matter that I knew he had let me throw him. For one fleeting moment my mind and body had worked in perfect co-ordination and he had let me know it.

It might never happen again, but it had happened once.

A REPORTER seeking statistics on Britain's manpower was told by a Whitehall press officer that the only published figures were for "the total number of people broken down by age and sex." —The Financial Times, London



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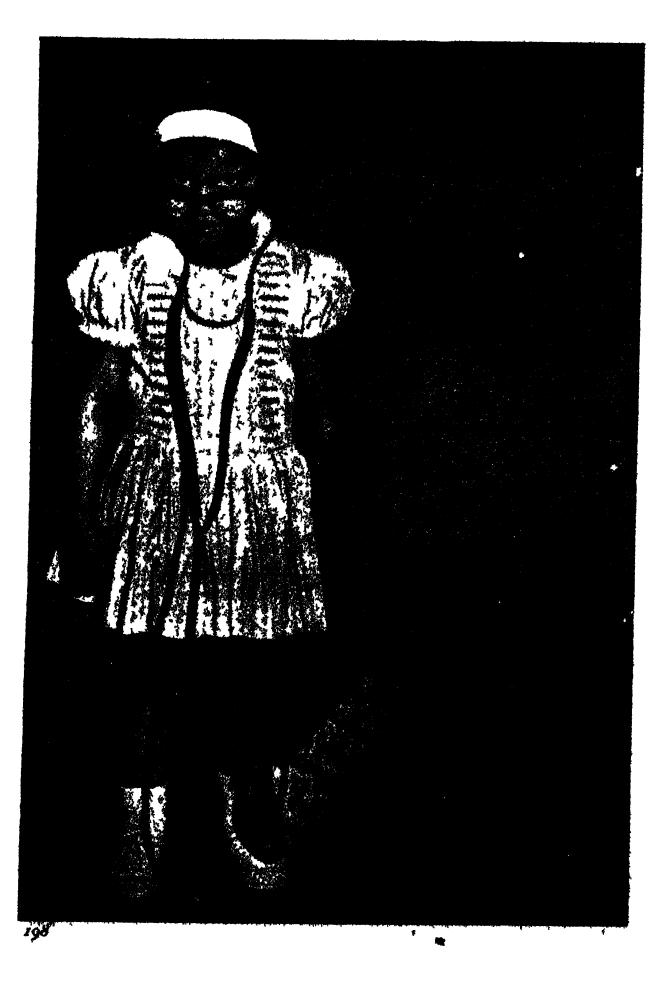
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## Stretch Your Imagination!

It is the unique gift which sets man above the animals and launches him on his greatest adventures

BY JACOB BRONOWSKI



enchanted and moved and perplexed by the power of their imagination. Imagination is a specifically human gift. To imagine is the characteristic act, not of the poet's mind, or the painter's, or the scientist's, but of the mind of man.

My stress on the word human implies that there is a clear difference in this regard between the actions of men and those of other animals.

This is shown by a classical experiment which Walter Hunter thought out in Chicago about 1910. Scientists then were agog with Pavlov's success in forming and changing the reflex actions of dogs. Following Pavlov's lead, Hunter taught some animals that when a light came on over one of three tunnels leading from their cage, that tunnel would be open; they could escape down it, and would be rewarded with food if they did.

But once he had fixed that conditioned reflex, Hunter added to it a new dimension: time. He no longer let the animal go to the lighted tunnel at once; instead, he put out the light, and kept the animal waiting for a little while. In this way Hunter timed how long an

JACOB BRONOWSKI, 59, well-known author and scientist, left Britain for the United States in 1964. He is now a senior fellow and trustee of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies in California. Among his most famous books are Science and Human Values and The Identity of Man.

animal can remember where he has last seen the light to his escape route.

The results were staggering. A dog or a rat forgot within a matter of seconds which one of the three tunnels had lit up. Hunter then made the task much simpler, giving the animal only two tunnels to choose from. Even so, the best that a dog could do was to remember for five minutes which one of two tunnels had been lit up.

Hunter's experiment, now more than 50 years old, had faults of detail. But the facts are still startling. An animal cannot recall a signal from the past for even a short fraction of the time that a man—or even a child—can.

Animals make up for this by other gifts. The salmon and the carrier pigeon can find their way home as we cannot; they have a practical memory that man cannot match. But their actions always depend on some form of habit: on instinct or on learning, which reproduces by rote a train of known responses. They do not depend, as human memory does, on calling to mind the recollection of absent things.

Where is it that the animal falls short? We get a clue to the answer, I think, when Hunter tells us how the animals in his experiment tried to fix their recollection. They most often pointed themselves at the light before it went out, as gun dogs point rigidly at the game they scent. It is as if the animal were trying to fix the light in its mind by fixing it in

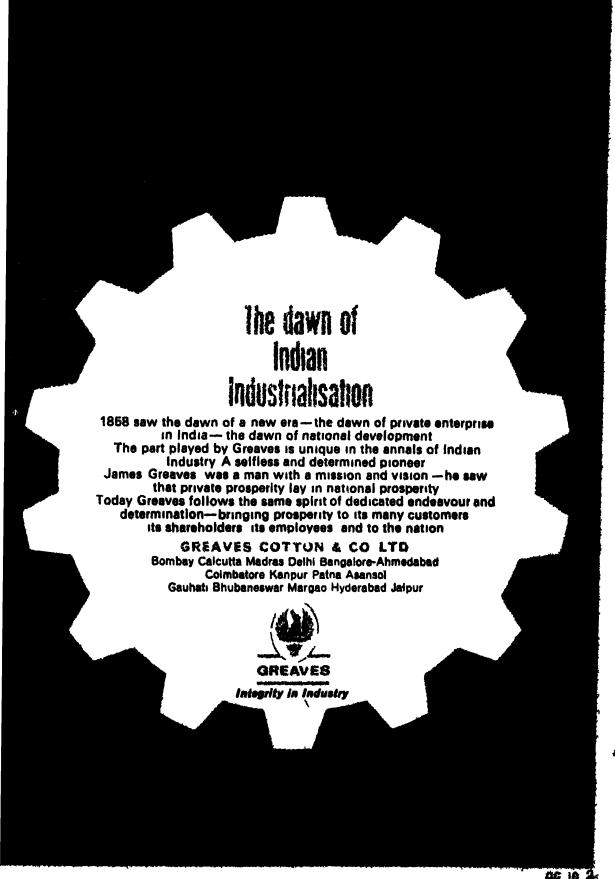
its body. And, indeed, how else can a dog mark and (as it were) name one of three tunnels, when he has no such words as *left* and *right*, and no such numbers as *one*, two, three?

I used the verb to imagine a moment ago, and now I have some ground for giving it a meaning. To imagine means to make images and to move them about inside one's head in new arrangements. For us, memory does not demand the, preoccupation that it demands in animals, and it lasts immensely longer, because we fix it in images or other substitute symbols.

The most important images for human beings are words. Animals do not have words, in our sense: there is no specific centre for l'anguage in the brain of most animals, as there is in man. In the last one or two million years, evolution has greatly enlarged the front lobes in the human brain. These govern the sense of the past and the future; and it is a fair guess that they are probably the seat of our other images. (Part of the evidence for this guess is that damage to the front lobes in primates can reduce them to the state of Hunter's animals.)

If the guess turns out to be right, we shall know why man has come to look like a highbrow: because otherwise there would not be room in his head for, his imagination.

The images play out for us events which are not present to our senses, and thereby guard the past and create the future—a future that does



not yet exist, and may never come to exist in that form. By contrast, the lack of symbolic ideas, or their rudimentary poverty, cuts off an animal from the past and the future alike, and imprisons him in the present.

Of all the distinctions between man and animal, then, the characteristic gift which makes us human is the power to work with symbolic images: the gift of imagination. The power that man has over nature and himself lies in his command of

imaginary experience.

Almost everything we do that is worth doing is done first in the mind's eye. The richness of human life is that we have many lives: we live the events that do not happen (and some that cannot) as vividly as those that do. If thereby we die a thousand deaths, that is the price we pay for living a thousand lives.

One of man's ageless fantasies, as much alive today as it was 300 years ago, has been to fly to the moon. I do not display this to you as a high scientific enterprise; on the contrary, I think we have more important discoveries to make here on earth than on the moon. Yet I cannot belittle the fascination which that ice-blue journey has had for the imagination of men long before it drew us to our cinema screens to watch the tumbling of astronauts. Plutarch and Lucian, Ariosto and Ben Jonson wrote about it even before the days

of Jules Verne, H. G. Wells and science fiction. The seventeenth century was heady with new dreams about voyages to the moon.

It was all in 23-year-old Isaac Newton's head that day in 1666' when he sat in his mother's garden and thought about gravity. This was how he came to conceive his brilliant image, that the moon is like a ball which has been thrown so hard that it falls exactly as fast as the horizon, all the way round the earth. The image will do for any satellite; therefore Newton modestly calculated how long an astronaut would take to travel once round the earth. He made it 90 minutes, and we know now that he was right.

In that telling figure, imagination that day chimed with nature, and made a harmony. We shall hear an echo of that harmony on the day when we land on the moon, because it will be not a technical but an imaginative triumph. All great acts of imagination are like this, in the arts, in science, in life. They convince us because they fill our reality with a deeper sense of rightness.

We start with the simplest vocabulary of images, with left and right and one, two, three, and before we know how it happened, the words and the numbers have conspired to make a match with nature: we catch in them the pattern

of mind and matter as one.

Think twice before you speak—and you'll find that your wife has changed the subject. -The Truk Digest





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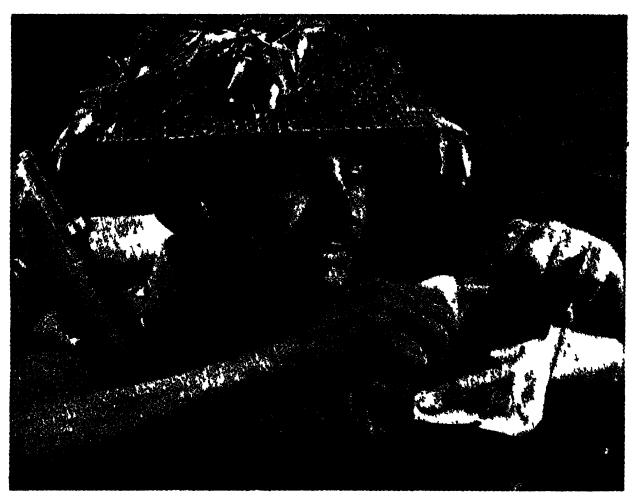
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In a remarkable rehabilitation programme thousands of addicts are breaking their dependence on drugs—and finding self-respect in a new life

## How California is Beating Drug Addiction

By IRWIN Ross

DRAMATIC breakthrough has occurred in the fight against A drug addiction. In the largest treatment programme ever undertaken in the United States, thousands of addicts are learning to "kick" their habit and return to society as normal citizens.

Launched in California in September 1961, the plan consists of compulsory treatment in a rehabilitation centre, followed by enrolment in an outpatient programme. In mid-1967, some 2,100 addicts were at the centre, participating in a process of group living and group therapy designed to end their psychological dependence on drugs. Another 2,300 were outpatients, allowed to live in the community as long as they stay off drugs.

Results have been impressive. One-third of the outpatients have remained drug-free for from one to three years; the other two-thirds, who began the programme later, have been "clean" for periods under a year. When the ex-addict succeeds in staying off drugs for three years, he is formally discharged. By July 1967, 239 men and women had

gained their discharges.

This achievement is in marked contrast to the traditionally high relapse rate among addicts who have had the standard hospital treatment: physical cure through a gradual reduction of drugs plus some psychotherapy—but with no outpatient programme to sustain them after returning to the community. Follow-up studies showed that more than 90 per cent went back to drugs, usually within six months.

It is by no means easy for a drug

addict to change his pattern of life. Old friends and haunts are a constant hazard. Any bad luck—loss of a job, rebuff from a wife or girl friend—can send him back to drugs. Actually, about half of those released from the California Rehabilitation Centre return within a year. But, once bolstered by additional treatment lasting several months, they return again to the community. This second round gives them a much better chance of success.

Especially heartening are the personal histories of addicts whose lives have been transformed. One young woman I interviewed had been an addict for nearly four years before beginning treatment. Introduced to drugs by her husband, she recalled that "it took me a year to fall out of love with him and in love with heroin." As time passed, they required more funds for drugs, and her husband sold his share of the family business. After that money was exhausted, he took to rifling telephone boxes. In the end, they were both arrested and assigned to the California programme.

New Life. The woman began treatment first and spent eight months in the centre. Released before her husband, she found life alone pretty humdrum without the clandestine excitement of searching for the elusive "fix." Yet she was determined to stay off drugs. She found a job as a switchboard operator, made new friends.

Several months later, her husband

was released. When I last saw them he had been out for two years, working as a building contractor. She proudly displayed photographs of their handsome new home which he had built himself. They were both 32; there are many years ahead.

To produce such changes in drug addicts, California employs a treatment that, in the beginning, is compulsory but later voluntary. At the outset, 97 per cent of the addicts are committed involuntarily to the programme by court order. But once an addict is inducted, the therapy will not work unless he co-operates.

Commitment is for addiction—or "imminent danger" of addiction— ' to "hard" drugs like heroin, but not to pills, such as the amphetamifies and barbiturates, Compulsory commitments are for six months to a maximum of seven years; the relative handful of addicts who enrol on their own stay for six months to two and a half years. How long an individual actually remains depends on his progress. Release from the centre to outpatient status is possible after six months; discharge from the whole programme requires a continuous three-year period of drug-free life in the community thereafter.

Even if the therapy proves ineffective, an individual must leave the programme after seven years; he can be recommitted for another seven years if he again gets in trouble with drugs.

The entire programme costs about

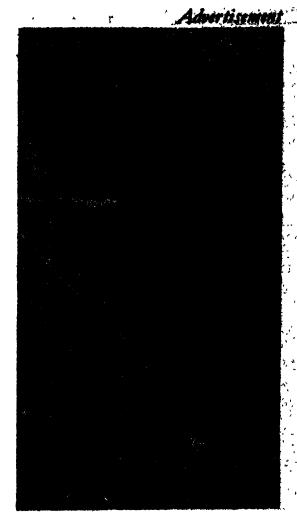
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seven million dollars (Rs. 5.5 crores) a year. The Rehabilitation Centre, some 50 miles from Los Angeles, is technically a penal institution, but its only resemblance to a jail comes from the two parallel wire-mesh fences, 12 feet high, that surround the elaborate grounds. Now run by a staff of 500, the centre has dormitories for 1,900 men and 580 women. It also has a sports field, theatre, chapel, library, hospital and classrooms.

One problem the rehabilitation centre does not have to face is helping the addict, physically, to give up drugs. Before his arrival at the centre, the resident has already gone without drugs in jail or hospital wnile awaiting commitment. His system no longer craves them; the problem in treatment is to deal with

the psychological addiction.

The programme has one main object: to eliminate the drug habit by changing the addict's way of life, orientating him away from the delinquent sub-culture he has known and teaching him to live in the "square" world. The basic treatment unit is the dormitory of 60 residents under the supervision of a staff counsellor. Here the resident lives throughout his stay; here he returns for any follow-up therapy. It constitutes his home; its members are his "family." The aim is to help him act as a loyal and concerned family member.

The "therapeutic community" developed from the premise that the

average addict, whatever he was like originally, has suffered an atrophy of his social feelings. He is essentially a loner, hostile to the values of society, unconcerned with the normal satisfactions of living, with no purpose or ambition in life but to get the next "fix." He will cheat, steal, betray family and friends to get money for drugs. The dormitory life is intended to break this pattern of self-absorption.

Once a day, for an hour, all the members of the dorm gather for a verbal tree-for-all. The sessions differ from traditional group therapy, where the effort is to excavate the painful, half-forgotten experiences which originally caused the aberrant behaviour. There is nothing wrong with such "insights," the staff claims, but often addicts use them to rationalize their addiction—in effect, saying, "I had an unhappy childhood, so you can't blame me.'

Responsibility. The stress here is on teaching the addict to blame his plight on himself. His willpower must be mobilized. When he encounters a situation of stress, he must learn not to retreat into drugs but to handle the problem. The addict is aided, almost forced, to look at his own behaviour through the eyes of others like him. When he breaks a rule or steals from another resident, he hurts others in the community and his fellow residents reprimand him in no uncertain fashion. He then begins to feel the effect of social control, and this may

stimulate the first stirrings of conscience.

The group meetings are supplemented by various smaller sessions. Sometimes residents, without staff assistance, run small groups of 10 to 12 to handle special problems. Family-counselling groups are held for residents and their spouses who visit the centre once a week. Staff psychiatrists and psychologists hold more traditional group-therapy sessions for individuals who need special treatment.

But the intense, self-conscious life in the dormitory is not the whole programme. Half the day is spent either on work assignments—in the grounds, kitchen, laundry—or in class. Most residents were failures at school, and some are illiterate. Vocational courses are also available. These include upholstery, baking, dry cleaning, landscape gardening, hotel maintenance and secretarial work, providing residents with adequate skills to get a job.

When a patient has progressed sufficiently—as measured by changed attitudes, enhanced self-awareness and self-control—the staff recommends him for release to the outpatient programme. Each release must be approved by the fourmember Narcotic Addict Evaluation Authority. Before a person leaves, a job has usually been secured for him, and his living arrangements in the

community approved. In Los Angeles, there are male and female "half-way houses" where the newly released can live for a few months.

The outpatient operation is an essential part of rehabilitation, for it is only "on the street," where temptation abounds, that an addict can really prove that he has overcome his habit. He gets moral support and close supervision from his probation officer, who sees him at least once a week. The outpatient still attends group sessions, and the frequent medical tests for use of drugs reinforce his self-control.

Gratifyingly few outpatients get into trouble with the law. Indeed, many individuals who feel that they are slipping ask their probation officers to send them back to the centre before they can get into trouble.

"A man's return here is not a failure," says the centre's Superintendent, Roland Wood. "When a man goes out of hospital after a case of pneumonia, the doctor keeps his eyes open. If he sees a sign of relapse coming, he gets the man back into hospital. That is what we are doing."

The fact that one-third of the programme's current outpatients have stayed off drugs for from one to three years gives solid ground for optimism. With this remarkable scheme California has proved that large-scale rehabilitation can work.

"It's good to be home," says a traveller, "where you can be swindled in money you understand."

—Personality, South Africa

### Still Quiet on the Western Front

Fifty years after: a pilgrimage to the battlefields of the First World War

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By GENE SMITH Page 212

### Time is Short and the Water Rises

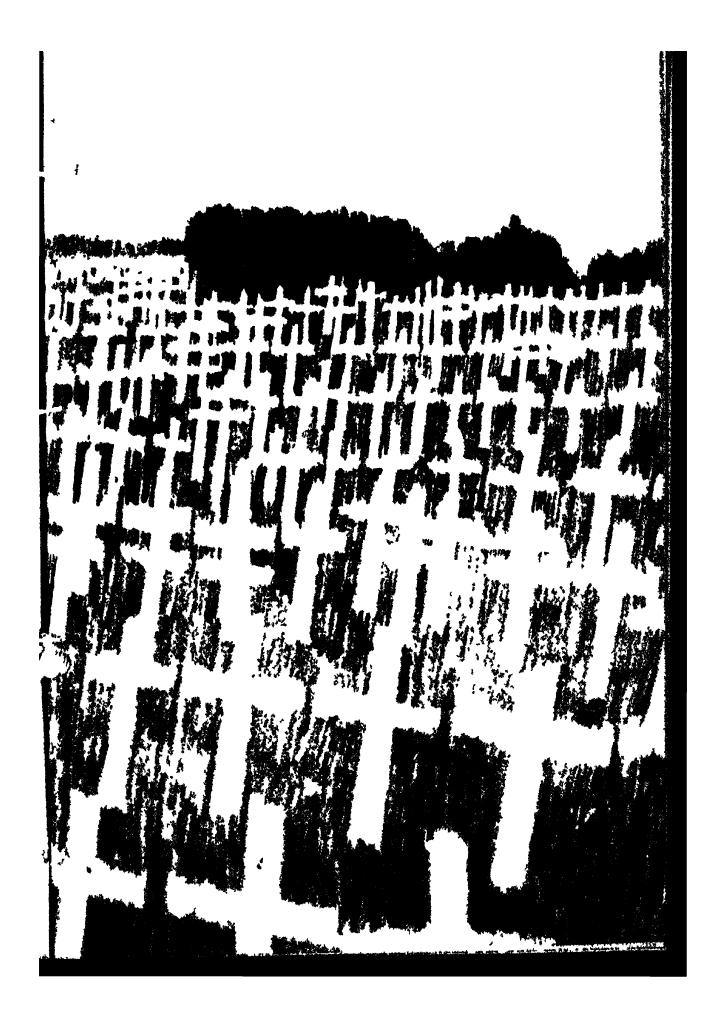
An engaging story of wild-life rescue in a vast South American rain forest

By JOHN WALSH Page 243

### Still Quiet on the Western Front

from the book by Gene Smith

Fifty years ago the great guns roared across the Western's Front, and the world was torn apart in a bloody war that killed more than three million men. Decades after those troops marched, Gene Smith followed them in a 2,000-mile journey which took him to Ypres, Verdun, the Somme, Passchendaele. In this memorable book he describes the scenes of war as they are today, reliving the horrors of the front line and paying moving tribute to the brave young men who fought—and died—for freedom



#### Still Quiet on the Western Front

THE road to the village of Joncherey only comes alive in the late afternoon. Then, the cows amble back from the fields, driven by old women and little boys. The few cars and tractors crawl along behind the slow cattle; chickens scrabbling in the mud run clucking away. When the cows are in their barns, the road falls silent. After nine o'clock it is completely empty and not one car an hour will go by.

They say the First World War began on this road in eastern France. On August 2, 1914, some 30 hours before the declaration of war between Germany and France, Corporal Jules André Peugeot and four other soldiers posted their let-

ters home.

A young girl from the farmhouse where Peugeot had his look-out post went across this road to the spring for water. At the edge of a field she saw horsemen. They wore spiked helmets. The girl ran, screaming, "The Prussians!"

Corporal Peugeot came out of the house carrying a rifle. He stood on a slight rise by the road and saw, coming towards him at a gallop, a German officer on a horse. He raised his rifle and shouted; "Stop there!" The German, Lieutenant Albert Camille Mayer, had a sabre in his hand. As he struck the





Left: Corporal Jules André Peugeot Right: Lieutenant Albert Camille Mayer

Frenchman, Peugeot fired back. Mayer swayed in his saddle and rode on. Peugeot staggered and fell.

It had been a very hot summer, and the roads and fields of this wet region would have been drier than usual. So when Peugeot fell to the ground and Mayer slid from his saddle moments later, each would have found dust rather than mud. The site of their encounter was never to be important again, for there was little subsequent fighting there.

The nearest big battlefield is a few miles north, on a high peak named "Vieil Armand" by the French soldiers of 50 years ago. It is part of the eastern face of the Vosges Mountains, which look down across the flat plains of Alsace lead-

ing to Switzerland.

On Vieil Armand the trench lines wind away in all directions, looking like choked moats. Moss grows on top of dugouts and it is difficult to walk over the area; the barbed wire hidden in the undergrowth tears at your shoes, and you fall into shell holes. Parents warn their children to be

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careful of the rusted sheet metal dangling from the dug-out ceilings, and scold them when they scratch themselves on the barbed wire.

There is a cemetery and a crypt on Vieil Armand. In front of each grave, with its insignia Mort Pour La France, a rose bush grows. On some graves are little memorials—a crucified Jesus Christ, a few stone flowers—put there long ago by relatives. People pose their children in front of the tall flagpole with the tricolour waving in the wind over the graves of those who; had it all been different, would have been grandfathers to children like these.

In Joncherey there is just the monument to Corporal Peugeot. But only a little imagination is needed to project one's mind back to the summer of 1914—that beautiful time ever after remembered as the sweetest months of men's lives—to where Corporal Peugeot and Lieutenant Mayer lie dead. Peugeot was only 21 and had been a school-teacher in civilian life. Mayer was no more than 22.

After them, the first of millions who died, the Schlieffen Plan would crash into action in the north, and an all-out bayonet offensive would rush forward in the south. One day, 40 years after it was put in place, a giant mine detonated by lightning would blast the slates off the roofs of a hundred Belgian houses, not far from-where Lieutenant-Colonel Winston Churchill and Obergefreiter Adolf Hitler

both served. And the million widows of France—people called them The Weeping Women—would be a political force of tremendous power.

Today, the priest of Joncherey does not speak of the German and the Frenchman who died there. Only of two boys who were killed.

#### Le Moulin de la Caille

THE wind always blows here; it was a good place for the windmill they called Le Moulin de la Caille—The Windmill of the Quail. There are no cars on the winding road, no passers-by or motor-bikes. It is said that along the line of the Western Front from Belfort to Ostend there has been an emptiness and silence since 1918, and here, where the French and the Germans fought the battle of Le Moulin de la Caille, it does seem so.

The barn still stands, although the mill has fallen into ruins. The son of the farmer who owned it in August 1914, when the Germans came, can remember very well what his father told him: there were the same trees, and the stream was the same. Perhaps less of the countryside was given over to forest. Perhaps it was less lonely. French soldiers were living in the mill. A worker was cutting hay when he saw the Germans. He came running to the mill and banged on the door with his scythe.

The French captain came out and quickly told his men to turn

#### READER'S DIGEST

over the carriages and carts by the stream as a barricade. The captain was tall, about 35 years old, and his name was Japy. The French got down by the carriages under a red tile roof, which juts out from the walls in order to protect the wood piled up for winter, and they began to shoot. The Germans fired back. Look, here are bullet marks on the wall. It was about three in the afternoon and very hot. They fought for five hours or so, until dusk.

The next day the French left Le Moulin de la Caille and went back about a mile and began to cross this canal. They thought the Germans were still at the mill, but the Germans had followed them. They were wading through the water when the firing began. It was a carnage. The water turned red.

Captain Japy was killed, and when Lieutenant Bolle came from Belfort, the Germans fired at him, too, and he lost his arm. And so it was over.

Captain Japy's widow lived until a few years ago. She had kept coming, Sunday after Sunday, birthday after birthday, Armistice Day after Armistice Day, to visit the place where her husband died for France. She never remarried. Lieutenant Bolle, who lived until very recently, became a history professor in Paris. His wife remained friendly with Madame Japy, and each Armistice Day they went together with all the other people to hear Professor Bolle deliver a speech at the little monument by Le Moulin de la Caille.

The one-armed professor's war had lasted less than an hour, but

The ruins of Le Moulin de la Caille in Alsace, burnt in the action on August 13, 1914







for 45 years, each November 11, he spoke eloquently of the "glorious fight" and of the "valiant soldiers" who had died there.

### Verdun: The End of a Century

ALL along the road from Bar-le-Duc there are concrete posts with concrete helmets on top and raised lettering saying that this is La Voie Sacrée, The Sacred Road At Souilly, Pétain's headquarters building is unchanged from the way it looks in the photographs that show him standing on the steps to watch the youth of a nation go northwards to its fate.

Seventy per cent of the French Army went up this road. Night and day the lorries rattled by; battalions of men stood and flung crushed stones under the tyres so that they would not sink into the mud. This was the only road the German shells were unable to reach.

Today it is strangely silent, however much one strains to hear the noise of engines and sloshing boots and the mumbled throbbing of the distant places where, for months on end, the guns were never quiet. But the visible signs of battle are still present. Here are the long trenches, 12 feet deep then, only 6 feet now that nature has half-filled them up; here are the craters where now there are cows, kept back from the road by war-time barbed wire 50 years old; here is the metal plate used for protection against the shells, and

now used to roof sheds and support garden walls.

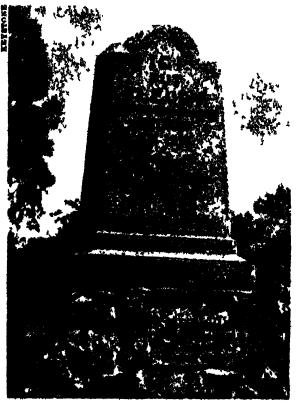
Farther on, it is impossible to walk for long without seeing rusted metal protruding through the wet moss; here, if you leave the road and go past the signs warning "Danger of Death," you will soon lose yourself in the scrub pine planted in the 30's, when experts finally decided the soil was too gasand shell-corrupted to reclaim for agriculture.

Under trees or in stream-beds are rusted grenades and shells. Dig, and you will find bullets, shell fragments, broken rifles, empty tins, decayed canteens. It requires but a few minutes' work to hold in your hand what was last seen two generations ago by a boy in field grey or horizon blue. Now he' is an old man in Leipzig or Nancy or, more likely, he is known as the grand-father or great-uncle who perished at Verdun.

The name on the signposts, seen from a moving car, catches the eye and holds it as the car sweeps past. Verdun. In the town itself, in one of the long, deep galleries of the citadel where the French troops found rest during their infrequent respites from the ever-wet trenches, a young soldier in November 1920 selected for France her Unknown Soldier from among the eight unidentified bodies brought from the battlefield. When he placed his flowers on the coffin, it was taken away and, with the great and the mighty looking.

on, carried to Paris and buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe. The other seven were taken to the military cemetery of Verdun, where they lie round a white stone cross. The plaque above them says that among these seven could be your father, your son, brother, friend.

Beyond the cemetery is the road leading up to the right bank of the Meuse and the heights where, for ten months, Crown Prince Wilhelm's army sought the town. The Meuse itself is a dreamy stream where old men with long fishing rods laze away the afternoons. The villages in the hills are composed of but a few score houses each. Signs say: "This ground has been the Calvary of soldiers. Every square



Only a monument marks the place where the village of Fleury stood before 1916

foot bears the marks of its bloody progress. Complete silence is requested out of respect for the thousands buried here."

A village signpost points to Fleury. The town is shown on all maps, but there is no town. Immediately after the war, when all this was wasteland, and the returning refugees smoked constantly to dull the stink of the rotting boys, the Government published notices saying that those who had lived here must not return. It took a lot of convincing before those who had lived in Fleury finally gave up and settled down elsewhere. Each year for decades they returned on one day, prayed at the little chapel in the woods, and elected a new maybr every five years. They put up a sign where once their main street had been. It says: HERE WAS FLEURY.

Past that terrible sign is a great cemetery. On a hill facing the graves is the Ossuaire. At the back there are a score of windows at waist-level. You must bend and shade your eyes to see what is there. Bones are there—the bones of 150,000 unidentified men of both sides. Here is a window: see the neat piles of leg bones. Another of arms. Another of skulls. Through other windows in the ossuary can be seen bones piled in unsorted confusion. This 'collection is evergrowing; often a wild boar rooting in the earth will show where more bones lie. Or during a forest fire a shell will blow up, 50 years late,





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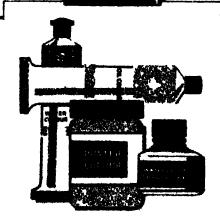
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Veterans assemble in front of the Douaumont Ossuary to commemorate the Battle of Verdun

uncovering more unknown soldiers.

Beyond the ossuary is the Trench of Bayonets. A shell buried alive a squad of French soldiers here. Only their bayonets protruded above the ground. The soldiers are still there, and their rusting bayonets and rifle muzzles also.

A horn blows commandingly from a bus with German number plates; its passengers must climb aboard so that they may ride to Fort Douaumont. The fort today is a giant shapeless ruin with a few scarred gun turrets on top. Near it is the Ravine of Death through which the Germans came in 1916 to capture the fort and stun a France that believed Qouaumont to be the strongest land fortification in the world.

At the top of the fort you can look

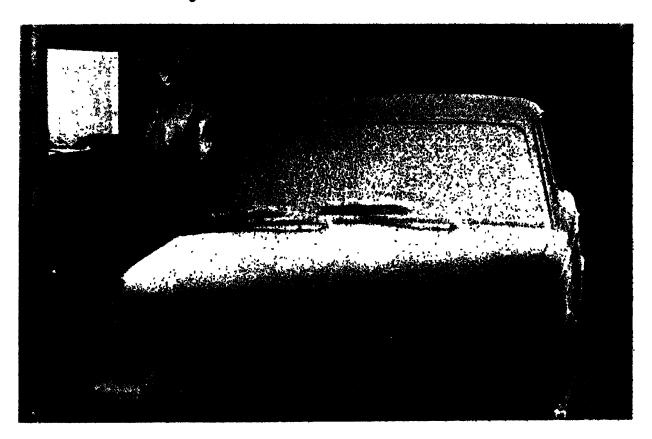
out over much of the battlesield where the terrible guns, lined up wheel to wheel, made this the most shelled part of the world's surface and left this endless ugly collection of pockmarks. Across these wet fields, under these dripping skies, the trench lines wind away between the barbed-wire entanglements.

The neatly paved roads—for there are numerous tourists—are the only flat surface in this area. Everywhere else the tortured land rises and dips unevenly. The topsoil has in many places simply vanished, and it is said that any man who lived through Verdun must never have stood still. For every square inch was hit not once but dozens of times. Even so, alone in the pine woods or the silent ruins, it is difficult to realize that this

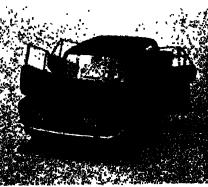
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dead place was the scene of a great turning-point in history. After terrible Verdun, after the horses drowned in this shell hole, after the disembowelled boys screamed in this collapsed dug-out, the nineteenth century was over.

### A Last Visit

For the second time in five years, ex-Sergeant-Major Robert Polle is looking for the place where he stood when he was wounded 45 years ago. His daughter is with him, and his elderly sister. There was a quarry near by, he remembers, and a little hill. The trenches of the Germans were no farther away than the length of an average living-room. You could hear them stamping their feet to keep warm, and once he and the others spent half an hour standing up in the little no-man's-land talking to They exchanged the Germans. newspapers and tobacco, but a French officer saw the meeting and said, "Get back into the trench or be shot down by our own fire." So there was no more fraternizing.

Polle was wounded by a mine that knocked him off his feet. When the Germans came pouring into his trench, one of them fired a revolver at him as he lay on his back. The bullet hit him in the chest, went through his greatcoat and his wallet but ricocheted off a metal button on his uniform, wounding him in the arm. Now, in a light rain, he looks for the precise spot where he fell in

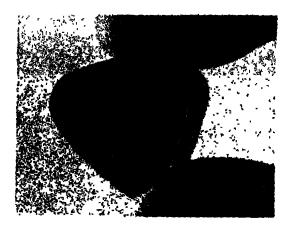
this formless forest. His daughter's map notes that the dug-out of the Crown Prince was located there.

He is sure he will know the place, in spite of the years that have passed. He would know the place even though his eyes are too weak to read the map. Why does he want to find it? Why does he come back?

"Well . . . I will not come back again. I've not much longer to live. It reminds me of my youth. I was near death here. Now I am near death again."

The daughter says, father?" and he says no, it is not the right place, not the exact place. He sits down on a folding chair taken from the car, drinks a little wine and eats some cake. His daughter tells how, when she was young, the old people kept artillery shells on their mantelpieces, and polished them till they gleamed. Not so many people do it now, but children still find hitherto hidden shells in the forests and try to open them up. At school, posters are put up with pictures of shells and grenades, warning children that if they ever come across these things they are to tell an older person. But the children continue to play with them. Still you can see newspaper stories saying that the First World War has blown the legs off yet another child.

Monsieur Polle gets up and wanders through the old overgrown trenches to the dug-out of the Crown Prince. But he is too old to go



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down the steps, and he is growing tired. Gently his daughter suggests that they drive on to visit some of the graveyards. And so they go to the Forestière Cemetery a mile or two away. At the entrance is the Cemetery Register and she reads out the names of men in his regi-

"Did you know this one, Father?" But he does not recognize any of the names. So they drive on until they reach the tiny hamlet of Le Claon. He tells her to drive up a track towards a little ridge. He was in the house there, he says, when his company was taken out of the line. They stop in front of the house and an old woman comes out. The exsergeant-major asks her if she was' here during the war. She says she

"My father was in the 89th," the daughter says. "He was in this house." The old woman begins to smile. She knows the 89th, and all the others. She recites the numbers of all the regiments whose men were here. This house on her property was the hospital, and when boys died there they were buried under this apple tree. At the end of the war there were 15 graves or perhaps 16. They are all gone now, removed to a big cemetery.

Polle asks her if the cooks once worked here, and she says that they did. They had big fires going up on the ridge, and at night men would carry food to the line. They used to give her food to do their washing, and so she was never hungry during the war. They were great fun. They used to come into the houses and sing and dance and play jokes on her. They used to drink a lot of wine too. She laughs, and the old man laughs with her in his quiet way. Does he remember how the boys said: "Well, if you don't let us buy wine we won't go back to the line." Yes, he remembers that also. She ends her laughter and says, "Poor boys. The war lasted so long."

The old man gets into his daughter's car, and the old woman comes up and says, "Thank you for coming." His daughter reaches out and touches her.

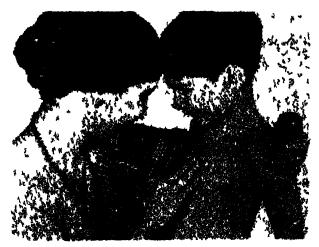
### The Supreme Sacrifice

Ir was in early 1917, along the Chemin des Dames—some 15 miles long and running east-west in the centre of the triangle of Reims-Laon-Soissons—that General Robert Nivelle's offensive failed. He flung his army up the steep slopes leading to the road, and into the very teeth of the powerful German fortifications there. In a few quick days he threw away one of France's greatest battles. Oceans of blood poured forth into the cabbage fields, and when he had finished, France's army was in rebellion.

The emphasis of the war then shifted north and west to where the British were. The Chemin des Dames became known as a quiet sector, and after a time British



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troops were sent there to rest after their battles. But in 1918, in Ludendorff's last great offensive, the Germans suddenly came pouring south, scattering the weak French and the British Fifth Army and headed towards Paris.

In their rush the Germans stormed over the Chemin des Dames. A section of that road was held by determined British troops, and most of the British there that day are still there.

At the entrance to their cemetery is a large stone upon which is written: THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVER-MORE. The same kind of stone with the same words is in most British Western Front cemeteries. It is called the Stone of Remembrance.

There are more than a thousand British cemeteries, and tens of thousands of filled-up visitors' books dating from the 1920's. Mostly, the visitors have been English. Many write: "Beautifully kept. Thank you." One wrote, "I have been so moved to visit my father's grave." Another in quavering handwriting, "On behalf of your brother Bert and family may you rest in peace, dear Ned. From your old friend Jim, still going at near 71." From a London woman: "A little corner of a foreign field that is for ever England."

Just down the road is a memorial erected to the Second Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment which repulsed successive attacks on this spot, thus permitting the defences in the south to be reorganized and

reinforced. The inscription on the memorial says: "Without hope of assistance they... fought to the last with unhesitating obedience. Thus the whole battalion, Colonel, 28 officers and 552 other ranks responded with one accord and offered their lives in ungrudging sacrifice to the sacred cause of the Allies."

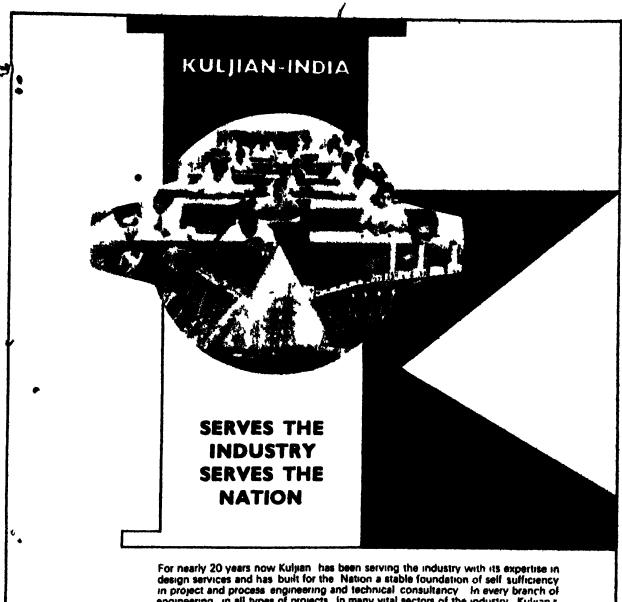
#### The Somme

ROLLING Picardy is flat, with neat stone houses and long haunting roads where once the British marched under tall swaying poplar trees.

In Amiens—the base for the entire British effort on the Somme—there remains one thing utterly unchanged from the time of the war. It is Godbert's Restaurant. In those days the rear-line officers al ways made for Godbert's when they had a few hours free, appreciating the attractive entrance and the tasteful, quiet, paved yard where staff cars could be left in safety.

Today the yard is still quiet, and the entrance is the same as it was. At the desk where the cheerful little fat patronne sat, the patronne's daughter sits now. The food was excellent then, and it still is. At the beginning of the war, Godbert's was unknown to the great people of this world, but since then it has played host to many famous names. "The Prince of Wales was here," says the patronne's daughter, "when

he came to dedicate the memorial at



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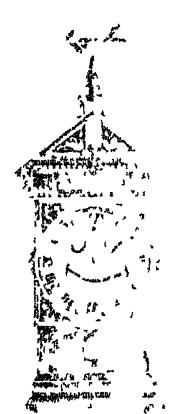
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Thiepval. And the King of England was here, too."

Along the roads east of Amiens, thin metal canisters of unexploded mustard gas lie under the soil, and corrupt the growth of trees whose roots burrow down and break through. It is not easy to plant a straight row of trees along the Somme. Too much "stuff" is down there—the canisters and boots and shells used to fill up the holes made by other shells. And the bodies of those who answered Kitchener's call: Your Country Needs You.

Along the Somme the best, finest, sweetest of England's youth perished. They were nearly all volunteers. In their long lines they rose from their trenches on the first day of July, 1916, and strode forward dress-right-dress and died that way—in long, perfect ranks, bayonets fixed, each man just so, with leather polished and metal gleaming. British courage That first of July was the worst day in the history of British arms.

Now, people come past the Somme on their way back from holidays on the Continent. Knowing vaguely that Uncle Will died somewhere around here, they stop their cars and wander among the graves looking for his resting place. They don't find it, of course, and eventually they end up in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission office in Albert, where they learn that in this tiny area of northern France there are not tens, but

hundreds of thousands of graves. They have grown up knowing that all Mum's boy friends except Dad died along the Somme, and all Auntie's, too, but they have never stopped to think of just how many graves there must be.

The war-graves officials and gardeners try to help them, and proudly detail the fact that every man who died for Great Britain and the Empire has his name, beyond a shadow of doubt, written somewhere on a memorial. Either he is under a stone with his name on it, or there is a stone that says he is Known to be Buried in this Cemetery, or one that says he is Believed to Be. Or his name appears on one of the great memorials erected in Belgium and France to those who have no known grave.

Forty years and more have gone by since the Armistice, and veterans still come to wander through the graves with their old war books and maps in their hands. They smile and nod at the gardeners trying to help those failing trees whose growth is being ruined by the debris of 50 years ago. Sometimes on the roads they pass cars with "D" for Deutschland above the number plates. These people are also looking for graves. Their cemeteries, severe and cold, are maintained by the French at the expense of the German Government. There are no flowers in them, for many of Germany's dead are unknown.

Along the road from Amiens to

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That is if you believe that time is money. Productive time lost is money wasted. How much is it per hour? A person earning Rs. 650/- per month is worth at least 5/- per hour, apart from his allowances, Provident Fund, fringe benefits and overheads. Just add the value of his time spent on surface travel to the

cost of a First Class rail ticket, add to it the cost of meals, porterage and other incidentals. and you will find that flying does work out to be a less expensive form of travel.

INDIAN AIRLINES



The Somme, 1916. British troops wait to go up to the front line

Albert, the Golden Virgin of Albert stands high above the horizon, glittering, gleaming. Once, that Virgin sagged over the shell-ripped streets from the top of a church the British called the Cathedral, and the soldiers said that when she fell, England would lose the war. (A French engineer climbed up and stayed the statue with thick steel wire. No sense in taking chances.)

Visitors go through little Albert, where once there were thousands of gun limbers, ammunition lorries, artillery emplacements, and pass over roads where the hundreds of thousands marched; the great guns rolled, and the poor cavalry horses galloped; on to where Peel Trench

was, and Centre Way, and Dead Mule Corner.

Many of the cemeteries' visitors carry Flanders poppies to place in front of known graves. Upon the bases of the gravestones are words which close relatives were allowed to designate after the war. In Loving Memory Of Our Dear Horace Aged 21. From Mother and Father and Family . . . God Be With You Dearest Tom Until We Meet Again. From Mother and All . . . Rest In Peace Sweetest Husband and Loving Father. Alice and The Girls.

Always there is that immense Western Front silence that speaks of what was lost in those years and which haunts all who come here. There are hillocks where you can stand up as no soldier could have stood and see graveyards in every direction.

The Stump Road cemetery, one of hundreds, lies along a road so narrow that only one vehicle can pass. Last summer in the visitors' book, an Englishman quoted the words of Field-Marshal Douglas Haig, before the slaughter: "I consider the machine-gun to be a greatly overrated weapon."

#### Of Men and Metal

In the years just after the war all of the Salient was mud. The roads had vanished, and rotting horse carcasses lay everywhere, providing limitless food for giant rats. Overturned gun carriages lay half in and half out of the stagnant pools of water in the shell craters. It was difficult to cut down the few remaining trees; saw blades broke when they bit into the bullets and pieces of metal in the trunks. Machine-guns rusted in the collapsed tunnels and dug-outs, and Chinese labourers, brought over for military construction work and allowed to stay on after the British had left, lived in the cellars of ruined houses.

In the midst of all this were the peasants coming back to reclaim their land. Belgium in those days had a kind of prosperity, for there was work for all. Labourers blew up the great bunkers with shell

powder and used the concrete for new roads. Gangs of men made a living by flattening out fields that war had made as rough as a stormy sea.

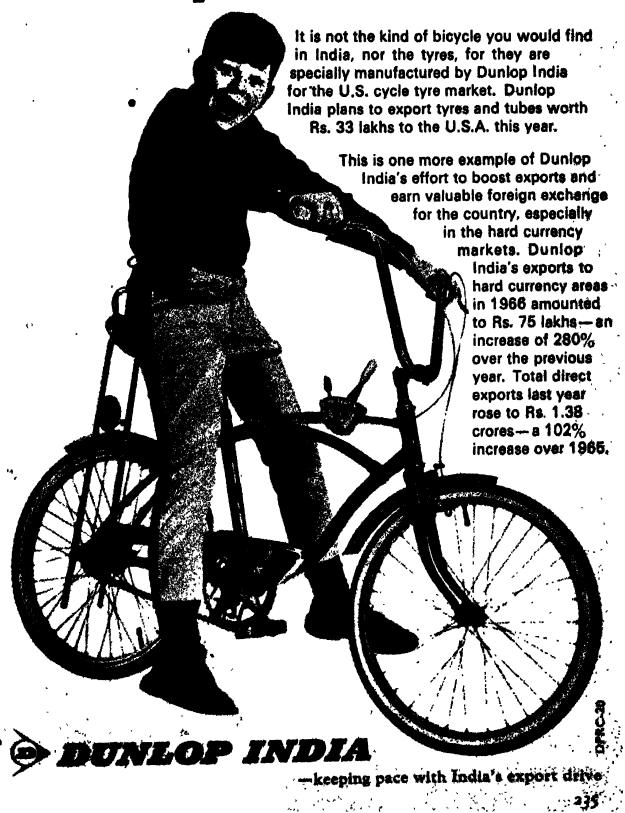
They did not charge the farmers for their work; their profits came from selling the metal under the mud. That metal filled thousands of trains pulling out of Ypres for 20 years.

By the time of the Depression, the Salient was functioning as a farming area. But during the early 30's, Belgium had thousands of unemployed. And so they came back to the fields and dug down farther than the earlier workers had done. They used the long bars made for cleaning machine-guns, shoving them in the earth four or five feet down, and then examining the tip. Yellow meant copper was underneath; rust meant iron.

Vast ammunition dumps were found, with thousands of live shells, and a great industry grew up. Itse workers were men who knocked the detonation tips off the shells and poured out the powder and sold the metal. Sometimes the trick did not work; scores of men died in accidents.

Some of the shells were too dangerous to dismantle, and for these there were special fields where, at certain times each day, red flags were flown to warn people away as Belgian Army experts detonated the shells and sent new blasts over the fields with the terrible names of

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Passchendaele: an abandoned tank lies in the muddy battlefield over which the Canadians advanced in 1917

Passchendaele, Wytschaete, Polygon Wood.

Men on the dole still go into the fields to search in the slow winter months. During rainy periods, the metal seems to rise to the surface cleansed of its clinging soil and shining brightly.

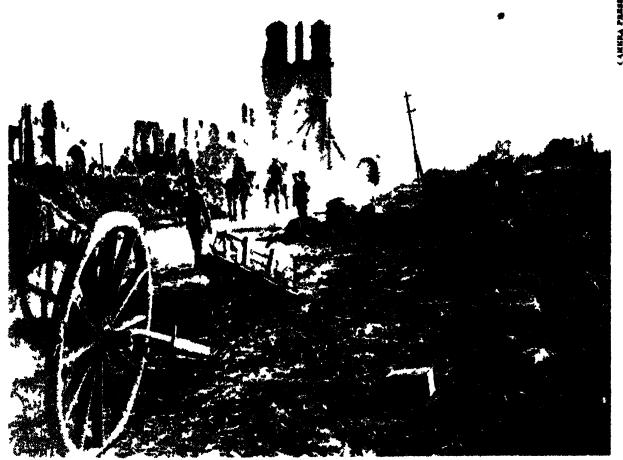
There is something else the Belgians find: men. In the winter of 1964, seven bodies turned up during construction work for a new foundry. Four bodies were discovered in February and three in March. The group of four were sitting on their heels with pistols in their hands and grenades strapped on. The uniforms were still identifiable—good British material. You could read just what was in their minds. They had been about to go on a raid and were waiting crouched in their trench when a shell came over and

killed them by concussion and covered them with earth. Then there must have been other shells tossing up more earth and hiding the place where they were.

So the four sat for 50 years holding their pistols and waiting for the foundry to be built so that they might come to light and be taken to a British cemetery in the Salient.

Ypres has always been the focal point for the British who come to tour the battle-fields. During the period between the wars, pilgrimages were arranged at cut-rate prices, and people came over on the boat trains to spend the day there.

Visitors went down streets whose names they had obtained from comrades of the dead, and knocked on doors saying that they understood their boy had died in the cellar of the third house from the left at the



Ypres, 1918

end of the street Now there seemed to be no house at all and could the people help? Someone might be able to point to a heap of rubble and say that this was where the house had been The visitors would take photographs One old man came each year to a tiny wood where he would sit for hours by himself. He said he derived comfort from being where his only son had died.

In the summer of 1964, the fiftieth anniversary of the war's outbreak, there were a record number of visitors. One man who came back was quieter than most. He was A. J. Arpal, an ex-cavalryman who had seen the war through from the

very beginning and so wore in his lapel the insignia of the Old Contemptibles—who took their name, from the Kaiser's description of them as "the contemptible little British army" He had never been back before, but now with his grandchildren at school and his wife dead, he joined a tour that went all over the British zone—transport, hotels, and meals provided for a week, all for Rs. 380.

For Arpal the symbol of that war has always been Kenney. Years and decades have passed since Kenney died, but Arpal has never forgotten him. He was a laughing boy, 22 or 23, who always wore his cap to one



side. A happy kid. Arpal has thought of him a lot over the years. While he himself has turned old and grey and a grandfather, Kenney has remained young in his lost grave in Belgium.

Arpal was right there when Kenney died. They were moving up the road when shots rang out. Kenney was knocked out of his saddle, and Arpal thought to himself: Thank God he wasn't dragged along by his horse. Arpal and the others leaped into a ditch and opened fire. By next morning the Germans had gone and Kenney was still lying in the road. Arpal saw at once that it wouldn't have mattered a damn if his horse had dragged him or not, for he must

have been dead before he hit the ground. When they opened his coat to get his letters and things, they saw that sewn into his collar, where it buttoned next to his throat, was a Union Jack. They buried him, but his grave soon disappeared in shell-fire.

### Ypres: The Menin Gate

It was for Kenney's name that Arpal looked when he came back to Ypres and saw the giant memorial where the names of the missing are inscribed in stone. Arpal wandered through the tens of thousands of names and saw all the familiar British regiments, and those of the strange overseas ones too. Finally he found Kenney's name, and all the

The Menin Road, Belgium. The most famous and terrible crossroads of the Western Front—Hell Fire Corner, where to attempt to cross was suicide



noise and traffic faded away. He had found Kenney. That was at the Menin Gate, not far from Hell Fire Corner

The road goes eastward through the little red brick Belgian towns, and finally ends at the French border At the road's beginning in Ypres is the Gate, bearing this inscription

TO THE ARMIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WHO STOOD HERE FROM 1914 TO 1918 AND TO THOSE OF THEIR DEAD WHO HAVE NO KNOWN GRAVE HERE ARE RECORDED NAMES OF OFFICERS AND MEN WHO FELL IN SPRES SALIENT BUT TO WHOM THE FORTUNE OF WAR DENIED THE KNOWN AND HONOURED BURIAL GIVEN TO THEIR COMRADES IN 194AIH

Kipling wrote the words. Under them are the names of the missing.

The Gate was dedicated on July 24, 1927, by Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, who stood with the King of the Belgians before a giant audience from England Among those present were some 200 women, many aged and infirm, who had come on excursion trains at the expense of the Gate's engineer-constructor The women brought rambler roses, snap dragons, lilies from their gardens They sat in the hot sun facing the Gate with their backs to the Menin Road leading out to the Salient, while buglers of the Somerset Light Infantry sounded the Last Post Then six pipers of the Scots Guards, standing on the

The Menin Road today—only the railway crossing is the same Cars pass where hundreds of thousands marched to their deaths

